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The Summit of Mount Collie.

[The atmosphere was still full of smoke, and objects a mile away were nearly invisible.]

A NEW PLAYGROUND IN THE NEW WORLD

By Edward Whymper

ILLUSTRATIONS MADE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. W. FRANCKLYN AND THE AUTHOR

I SAILED from Liverpool on board the *Australasian* on May 23, 1901, left Montreal on June 5, and arrived at Banff, in Alberta, on June 9. Banff is in the Valley of the Bow, at a point where the valley is itself broad, and is joined by several other large ones. It is an excellent centre for excursions, in a very agreeable situation, and we could have passed the whole season there pleasantly enough had it not been determined to work farther to the north. No distinct programme had been fixed, except that we were to occupy our time in the neighborhood of the crest of the main range of the Rockies. But the conditions were not favorable upon our arrival. Although fine enough down below

> The snow upon the lifeless mountains
> Was loosen'd into living fountains.

Through my powerful Ross telescope it could be seen pouring down in streams, and we knew that those cascades brought stones along with them; and, besides carrying one off his legs, were capable of burying him up, and could smash a skull or shave off a head before one could say Jack Robinson. So we kept down below, and boated on the Vermilion Lakes, fished in the River Bow, and bathed in the Cave—which only wants the introduction of a few mermaids to become very attractive.

Four professional mountaineers accompanied me from Europe, of whom the leader was Christian Klucker, of Sils, in

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the Engadin—a strong man, who can hold me off the ground with one arm. Two of the others also were Swiss, and the fourth was a Frenchman, a rapid walker, who, a few years ago, came down from the top of the Brévent to Chamonix (a descent of 4,840 feet), in sight of a number of persons, in thirty-one minutes. We were joined in Montreal by my photographic assistant, Mr. Francklyn, a great-grandson of Sir Samuel Cunard. All pined for work, and to prevent their limbs from rusting went out to capture eagles, which were rather over-numerous in the neighborhood. Half a dozen or more could usually be seen at a time, soaring about. They found the nest of a white-headed fishing eagle on the top of a burnt tree, shot the parent birds, climbed the charred trunk, and brought back the babe in a sack. Papa measured six feet four inches from tip to tip, and went to Montreal; mamma was not much less in dimensions, and now floats in the hall of the Banff Springs Hotel; and as the little one, although nearly four feet over, was unable to fly, it was at first put into a washing-basket and hung up in the back premises. Guests complained of its voice, and it was then shifted a hundred yards farther away, and swung from a tree in a huge cage made for it by the hotel carpenter, and there it did very well, until some Sons of Belial let it loose, saying that it was an indignity to the noble bird to be kept in confinement. Whether that was so or not, the manager of the hotel required them to reinstate it, and the operation caused them a good deal of trouble; and if it had cost them much more it would have served them right for interfering with private property. In the middle of September we were obliged to part with our pet, and it went to the aviary in the park at Vancouver, convoyed by Mr. Francklyn. Free transmission was claimed for it under the company's regulation, as it was less than twelve months old, but the station-agent was obtuse, and had the barbarity to charge for it as an "express package."

In the middle of June the weather showed signs of improvement, and we started out of Banff, accompanied by a couple of packers and nine patient Indian ponies, who meekly followed one another in a row, and seldom tried to stand on their heads, or behaved in the naughty manner of mules. They browsed on grass or anything that could be picked up, and had nothing else except an occasional handful of salt. On the first day we went seventeen miles up the River Bow, and camped by the side of the stream, close to Castle Mount Station, and on the next morning went over the Vermilion Pass. This is one of the ways across the main chain of the Canadian Rockies, which were brought into notice, and in a sense, were discovered by the Palliser Expedition in 1858, and although it was put aside by the Canadian Pacific Railway in favor of the direction which is now taken, it may possibly become one day an alternative route for that line, for its summit is scarcely 5,200 feet above the sea. The trail which now leads to this pass from the Valley of the Bow, like most others in these mountains, is fundamentally an Indian one, and so far as the summit it can be readily found. On the western side it becomes nominal, and it is easier to travel in the torrent bed than to follow it. According to report, the pass is seldom traversed by anyone—perhaps not more often than once a year. We passed two Indian camping-places, with poles left standing, but they did not appear to have been visited for a long time.

We came here to look for a mountain that would give an unimpeded view to the northwest, the direction in which it was proposed to go; and as the peak on the western side of the pass appeared likely, camped at the foot of it, at a sharp bend in the stream, close to a place where an avalanche had wrecked a corner of the forest; and on the first opportunity ascended the gully down which the avalanche had come, and, when the direct course toward the summit was interrupted by some cliffs which ran across the face of the mountain, turned to the left and finished the ascent from the west. The height was 9,280 feet, or about 4,200 feet above our camp. The nearest mountains of any size were those around Lake Louise, and they could be identified, although only the general forms and no details could be seen. Away to the west there were five fine, steep peaks in a row, which were located later on. They looked more than five and twenty miles away, though actually they were scarcely fifteen. The atmosphere was hazy, and this want of clearness prevailed all through

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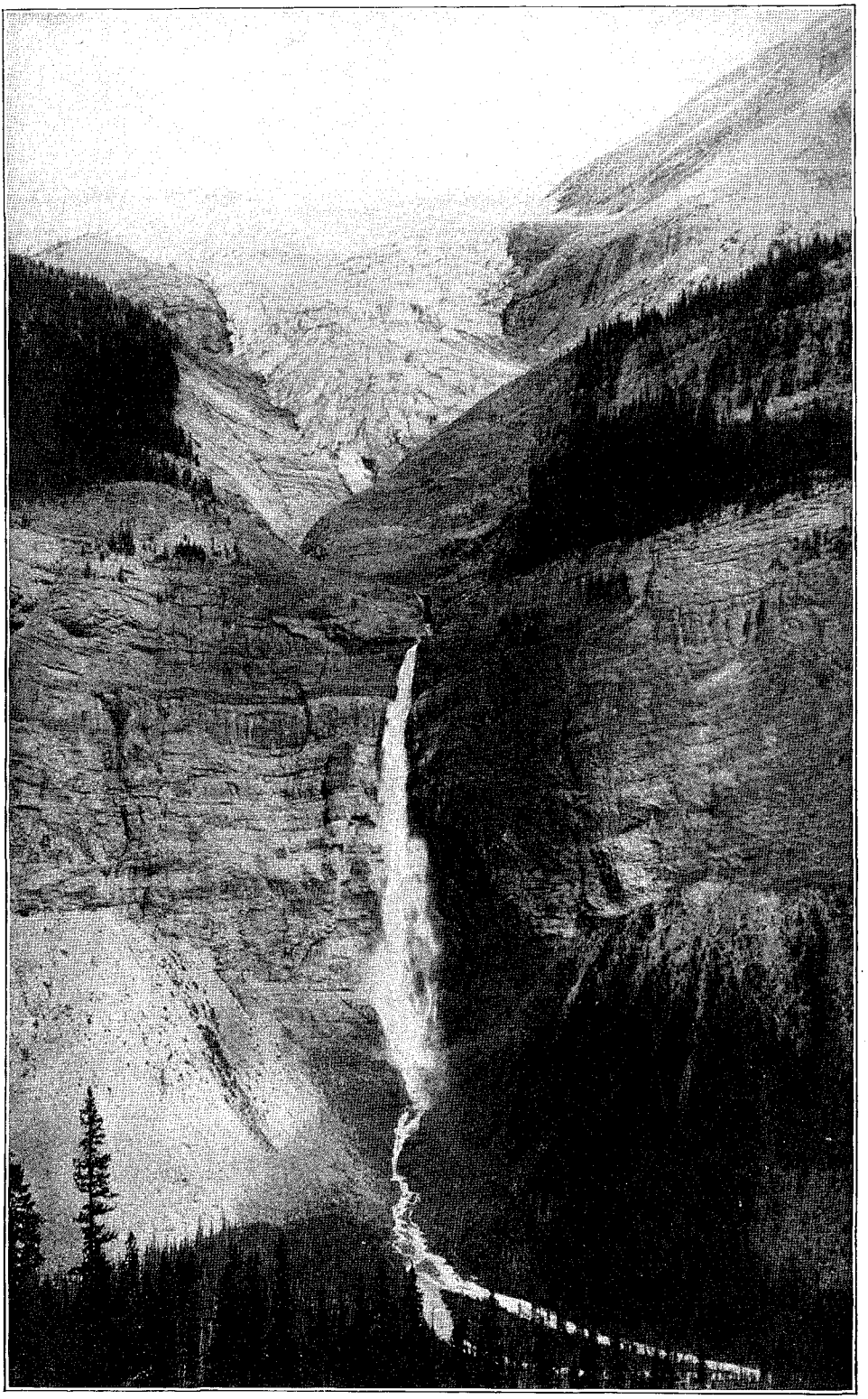

The Great Takakkaw Fall. Yoho Valley.

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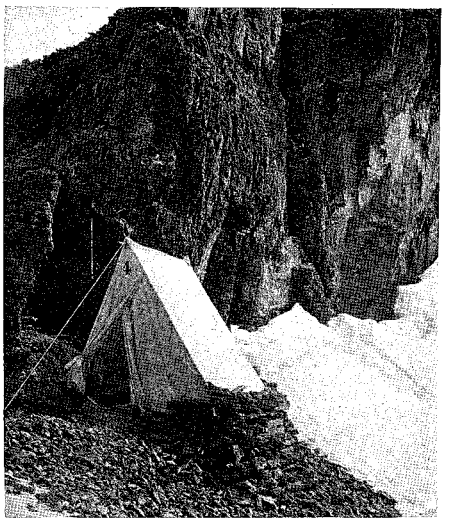
the season, principally in consequence of forest-fires.

The ascent of Mt. Francklyn, for that is the name suggested for our peak, showed that there were no mountains of importance to the north and west beyond those that were already known, so we came back into the Valley of the Bow, to go round to the *north* of the Lake Louise group, and by taking a short cut, to strike the river higher up than we had quitted it, got into a stretch of burnt forest. Before the bottom of the valley was reached, it was found that more time had been occupied in getting through the few intervening miles than would have been taken if a circuit four times the distance had been made to avoid them. The loss of timber that occurs in Canada through forest-fires is deplorable. Millions of trees have been killed along the course of the railway alone—killed but not consumed, and they form a serious hindrance to travel. Immediately after a tract has been devastated by fire, it may *sometimes* be easier to traverse than it was before, but in course of time the reverse is sure to be the case; for wind brings down a quantity of the naked, half-charred stems, another wind throws more across them, and some come down by themselves, which pile up and ultimately form an intricate interlaced jungle, impenetrable by laden animals.



Camp on Pope's Pass.

The River Bow was rather high and running fast, but our packers would have got everything across dry, if the youngest of the party had not slipped from his steed when two-thirds way over, and finished the rest of the transit holding on to its tail. We then tramped up the rails to Laggan, the station for Lake Louise. Soon after passing this station, the Canadian Pacific Railway leaves the Valley of the Bow (which continues in a north-northwesterly direction along the *eastern* side of the main range of the Rocky Mountains) and bends round toward the west in a great curve, almost a semi-circle, twenty-three miles across. The Lake Louise mountains are on the inner or southern side of the curve. They are the best-known group in the Rockies, and among the principal peaks comprise Mts. Victoria, Lefroy, and Temple—each more than 11,000 feet high, and several others not much inferior in elevation. Those who wish for information about them should turn to the book by Mr. Wilcox, published by Putnam, which has maps and illustrations. We remained in this district fourteen days. To ascend its mountains was not the errand upon which we were bent, though in idle moments two of the party did cut off the head of the Mitre (an *aiguille* between Mts. Lefroy and Aberdeen), and some others took the same liberty with Mt. Whyte—summits which had not been reached previously.

Our business here was to spy out the country to the northwest, and we found no spot more suitable than the ridge or neck connecting the two mountains called Mt. Whyte and Pope's Peak, above Lake Agnes, which commanded a view in the right direction. There are three lakes hereabouts, one above another. Lake Louise, 5,630 feet above the sea; Mirror Lake, about 800 feet higher up, with Lake Agnes, 400 feet higher still; and at the head of the latter there is a rocky amphitheatre, with Pope's Peak on the right and Mt. Whyte on the left [page 647]. As it was intended to camp upon this neck or *col* for several days, there was a good deal to be transported, and some of it was placed out in advance, against a large boulder at the upper end of the valley. When we returned two days later, it was found that marmots had attacked the cache in the interim, had wrecked my wardrobe, munched our moc-

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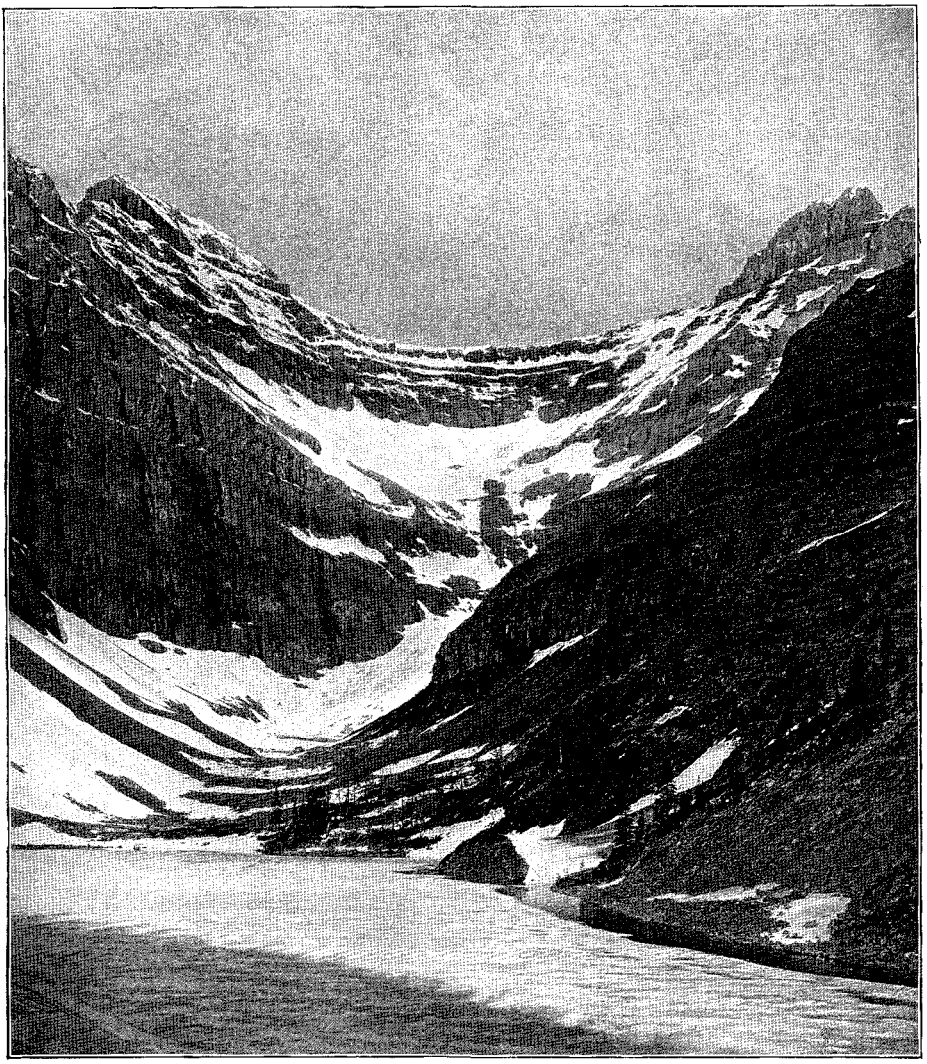

Lake Agnes and Pope's Pass.

The lake, which is sixty-eight hundred feet above the sea level, was on July 7th frozen over with the exception of a narrow margin round the shores.

casins, and torn the precious woollen headpiece into shreds, which was intended to protect my ears. Having first gnawed the cords of the kit-bag, they pulled every article out, and must have had a grand time trying on socks and woollen wristlets. Then they dragged the things off toward their abodes, and a boot was found here and another somewhere else, distributed over a couple of hundred feet—and there they sat, all around, at the mouths of their holes, grinning at us.

The snow in this district was in a bad state. It was newly fallen snow that came down when the temperature was high, and had not had time to bind to the rocks. During our stay at the end of June on the Vermilion Pass, there were falls on the neighboring summits to the extent of several feet in thickness; but as the temperature at that time was well above freezing-point during the day and below it at night, the fresh snow settled down, cemented itself to the rocks, and got into "good order." It was not unduly soft, and had no tendency to slip. In the Lake Louise group, a fortnight later, the opposite conditions prevailed. Snow fell frequently, although the

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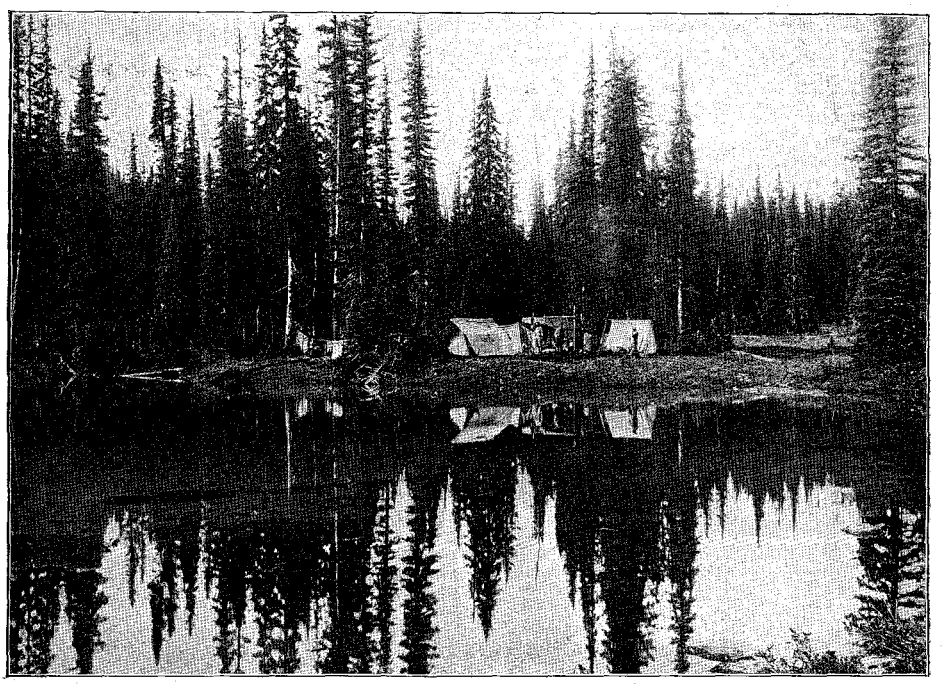
temperatures were high; and snow-slides, or small avalanches, poured down from the cliffs of Mt. Whyte, cutting grooves in the slopes underneath. We mounted to the right to avoid them, and divided into three parties, and took three different lines of ascent, so that, in the event of anything being dislodged, those below should not suffer.

The only place on the *col* where protection could be obtained from wind was at the foot of the cliffs of Pope's Peak, and by building up *débris* a sufficiently large space was obtained for the tent [page 646]. This spot (9,420 feet above the sea) is probably the highest point at which anyone has hitherto camped in the Rocky Mountains of Canada. It was a sort of wrestling-place for the winds from the Atlantic with those from the Pacific. Squalls came from all directions, and the temperatures experienced were abnormal. It was sometimes warmer at midnight than at midday. During the first *night* (July 9) the minimum was 52° F.! but at *noon* on the 10th, it was 41°. At Banff, 5,000 feet lower down, the lowest during the night of the ninth was 37°.2 F., or more than 14° lower than with us; although, allowing a decrease of 1° F. for every 400 feet increase in elevation, we ought to have been at least 12° colder than Banff, and if it had been so the continual snow-slides would not have occurred. I remained here three days and two nights with one of my people, and no other company except the ubiquitous mosquito, which in the Canadian Rockies ranges high above the tree line. In the meantime some of the others turned the *col* into a pass by crossing it and descending a small, nameless valley on the northern side, got down exactly on the summit of "The Great Divide." We afterward re-united at Laggan, and went by the railway to Field, which became our headquarters for the rest of the season.



In Camp on Emerald Summit Lake.

In descending toward the west from the Great Divide—the highest point reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway—there are two attractions that no one can overlook—Mt. Stephen on the left, and the Yoho Valley on the right. It may seem strange that Dr. Hector, the discoverer of the pass which is used by the railway, said nothing about them, though he camped at the base of the one, and crossed the mouth of the other. The explanation probably is that he was at the time impelled by *force*

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Emerald Summit Lake.

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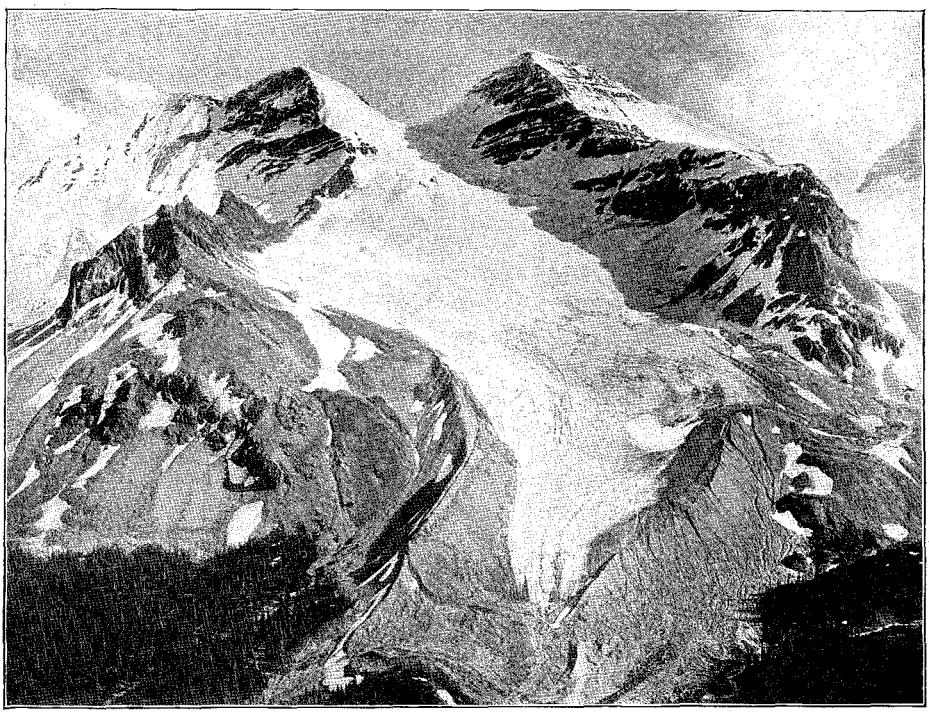

Mount Shaughnessy and Mount McNicoll.

Two of a group of mountains named by the author "the President's Group."

majeure to move on, without either looking to the right or left; for when he started on the journey upon which this pass was discovered, he was provided with a very insufficient outfit. "I did not take," he said, "any provisions excepting a little tea and a few pounds of grease." He relied upon shooting game, and from want of it became pinched for food. They began to run short after the first fortnight, for it was found that there was not the slightest prospect of getting anything upon the western side of the main range; and in little more than a week later, upon arrival at the summit of the pass, which ought to bear his name, the party was reduced to extremities. Supper for five persons on that night consisted of one grouse, which Hector had killed, boiled "up with some ends of candles and odd pieces of grease." There was not much to share; yet, curious to say, *this* is the spot which is now called "The Great Divide." It has acquired this name, not in commemoration of Hector's banquet, but because it is on the water-parting. The streams on the east of it flow into the Atlantic, and those on the other side into the Pacific Ocean. The young doctor (now Sir James Hector), though getting an old man, cherishes a love for the Rocky Mountains of Canada, and only a short time ago wrote to me, saying, "I wish I could visit them again."

Mt. Stephen is one of the most prominent mountains in the Canadian Rockies, and was one of the first to be ascended. It looks its best when newly fallen snow illuminates the architecture of its terraced limestone crags. On the southwest side (a little more to the right than can be seen in the illustration) [page 655] it is rich in trilobites, many in good preservation, which are scattered over an area 200 feet high and several hundreds long, about 2,300 feet above the level of the rails—*débris* of strata shattered by frost. Old as the trilobites are —as there are more than 2,000 feet of rocks exposed below the place where they are found—there is a possibility that some organisms still more ancient may one day be discovered in the strata underneath, which will create a flutter in the paleontological world.

The Yoho Valley, on the contrary, has

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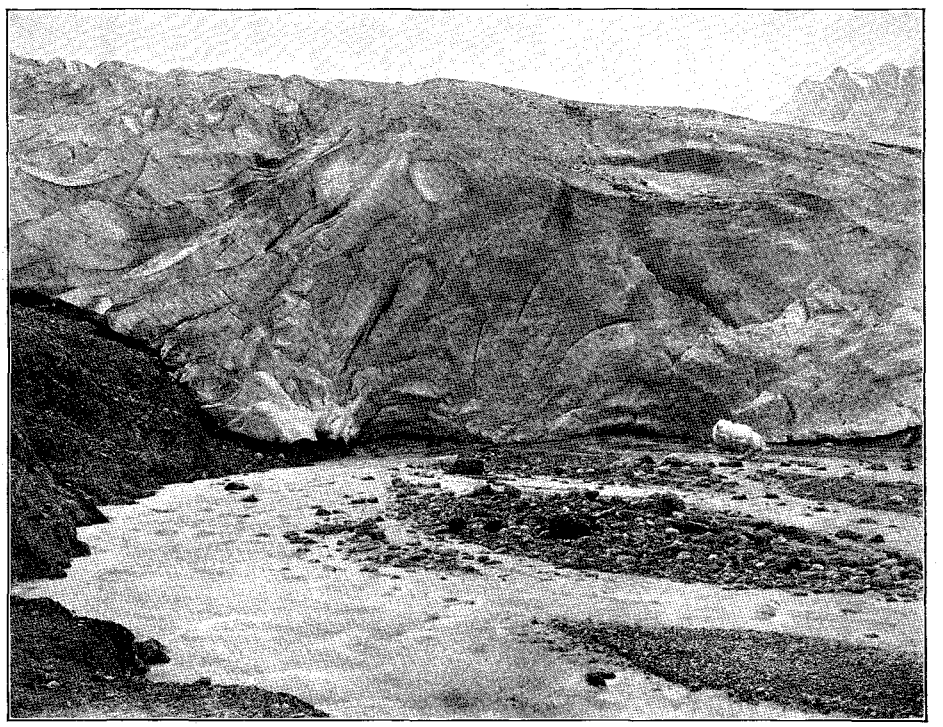

End of the Great Collie's Glacier.

A man may be seen on the side of the glacier a little to left and above the centre.

only begun to be talked about quite recently. Although its mouth, since the opening of the railway, has been passed and repassed annually by many thousands of persons, no one seems to have thought about exploring it, and until five years ago it had not even got a name! In 1897, the late Herr Jean Habel, of Berlin, went to its head, and, short as the distance was, took seventeen days to get there from Field and back again. But at that time there were no paths or trails of any sort in the Yoho, and travel was laborious and slow. This was brought out very clearly in the paper that Herr Habel contributed to the publication of the Appalachian Club of Boston. Most of his troubles arose from keeping along the bottom, in virgin forest. Desirous to avoid them, we sought for a spot which would enfilade the valley from one end to the other and give a *coup d'œil* of the whole, and found one about 2,000 feet above the railway, half-way up between Mt. Stephen and the Great Divide. This was the place whence the illustration on page 653 was taken.

Our first glimpse of the Yoho Valley would have delighted the heart of J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Snow-clad mountains in the far distance, partly veiled in mystery; clouds and cloud-shadows floating about, letting in light here and causing gloom there, leaving play to the imagination; bringing out in a manner, that perfect sunlight would not have done, the movements and accidents of its undulations and the picturesqueness of its forms. There is no way, as yet, made through its mouth, just where it joins the Kicking-Horse River, and to make one will be a matter of considerable trouble and expense. To get in, on leaving Field, we went at the first part of the way by the same route as Habel, *via* the Emerald Lakes [page 649]; but at the back of Mt. Wapta (the prominent mountain on the left of the view of the Yoho Valley) [page 653], instead of descending to the bottom of the Yoho, as he had done, we bore round to the left, between Wapta [page 657] and a group of mountains to the north (subsequently named the President's Group); and, after two days spent in trail-cutting through the forest, made the rest of our way along the comparatively open ground

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between the top of the trees and the ends of the glaciers, parallel to the bottom of the valley, though 1,400 to 1,500 feet above it, and passed in front of and level with the top of the Takakkaw Waterfall, the loftiest cascade in the Dominion—a sort of Canadian Yosemite.

The crest of the main ridge of the Rockies at this part, proceeding from south to north, is composed of Mts. Niles, Daly

Till in this rapid race
On which it is bent
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent,

and leaps into the air, falls and jumps again, strikes the rock and bounds for a third time, smashing itself into spray; and then re-unites and rolls down to join the main stream of the Yoho Valley. Between the spot where the water takes its first

In Camp at the head of the Yoho Valley.

(named after the late chief-justice), Balfour, and Gordon. On the eastern side of these mountains there is the Valley of the Bow, and their western slopes and cliffs dominate the Yoho. The water of the Takakkaw Fall comes from Mt. Daly. A torrent issuing from the southern branch of a large glacier on the western side of that mountain, rushes down through a deep-cut channel, and descends for several hundreds of feet, almost out of sight:

Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound!
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding.
. . . . . .

spring into the air and the point where it flows into the torrent, the difference of level is 1,325 feet. The height of the fall itself is about 820 feet. The top and the bottom of it are 6,230 and 4,905 feet, respectively, above the level of the sea [page 645].

We continued onward intending to descend to the bottom of the valley, but no way down could be found, for upon our side of it, as upon the other, a line of precipitous cliffs intervened between the upper and lower ground; and from that cause we were driven more and more to the left. At this part one of the most prominent features of the landscape on the opposite or eastern side is a pinnacle that was named Trolltinder by Habel, after a well-known

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The Yoho Valley.

One of the most picturesque and attractive valleys in the Canadian Rockies.

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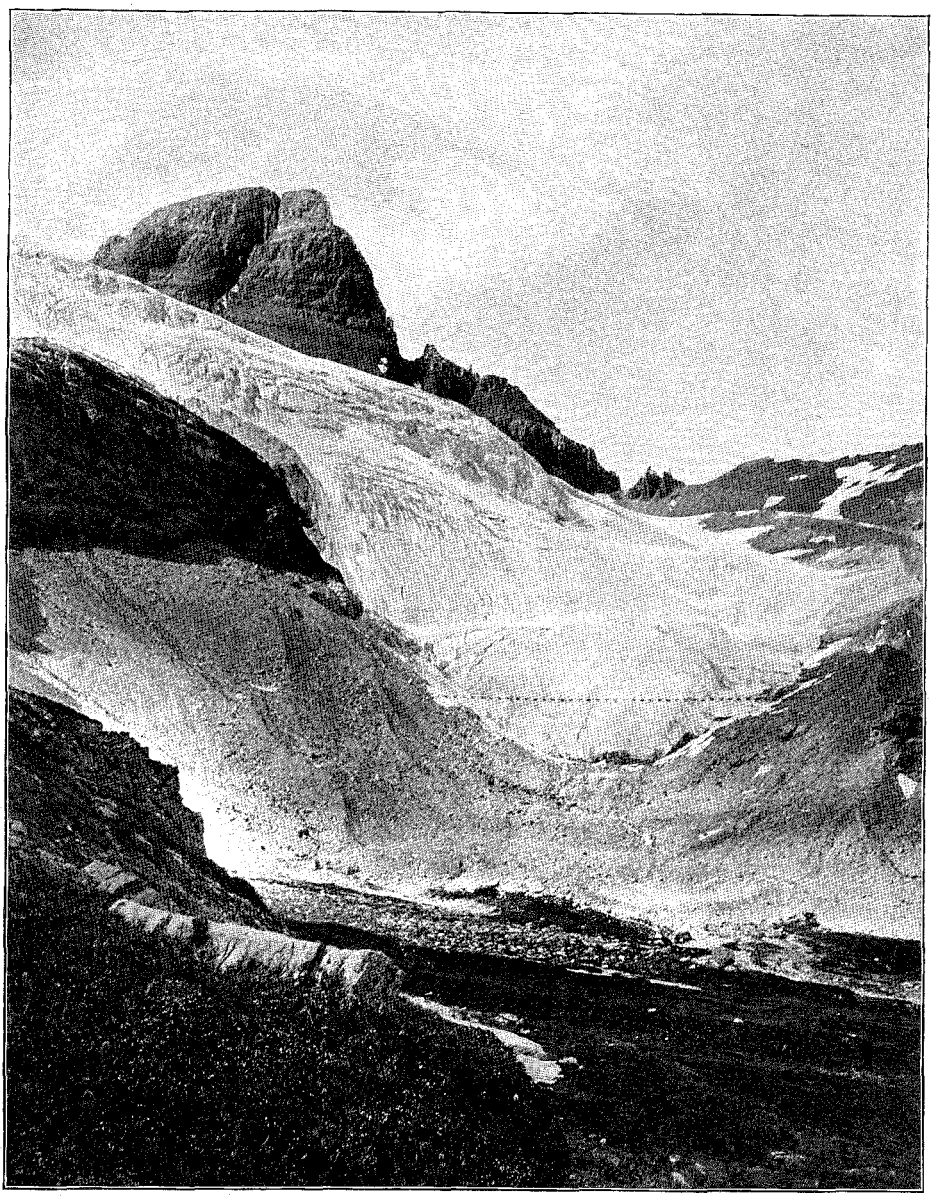

Insulated Peak.

mountain in the Romsdal, in Norway. The original is about 6,000 feet high, and the summit of the duplicate is about 9,300 feet above the sea. Only the last 60 feet or so require climbing—the rest of the way up it is a walk. The Canadian Troll-tinder is a pinnacle on a buttress of Mt. Balfour, terminating in a sort of rocky finger, pointed straight up, with precipices on all sides, convenient for persons with suicidal tendencies.

In the afternoon we came to descending ground, and got into a virgin valley, the existence of which had not even been suspected. It ran nearly east and west, and as it formed an upper extension of the main valley I called it the "Upper Yoho." At the bottom of it there was open ground, affording good camping-places, and we settled down on a grassy spot near the middle of it [6,624] feet for sixteen days. Our valley was bounded on the south by the

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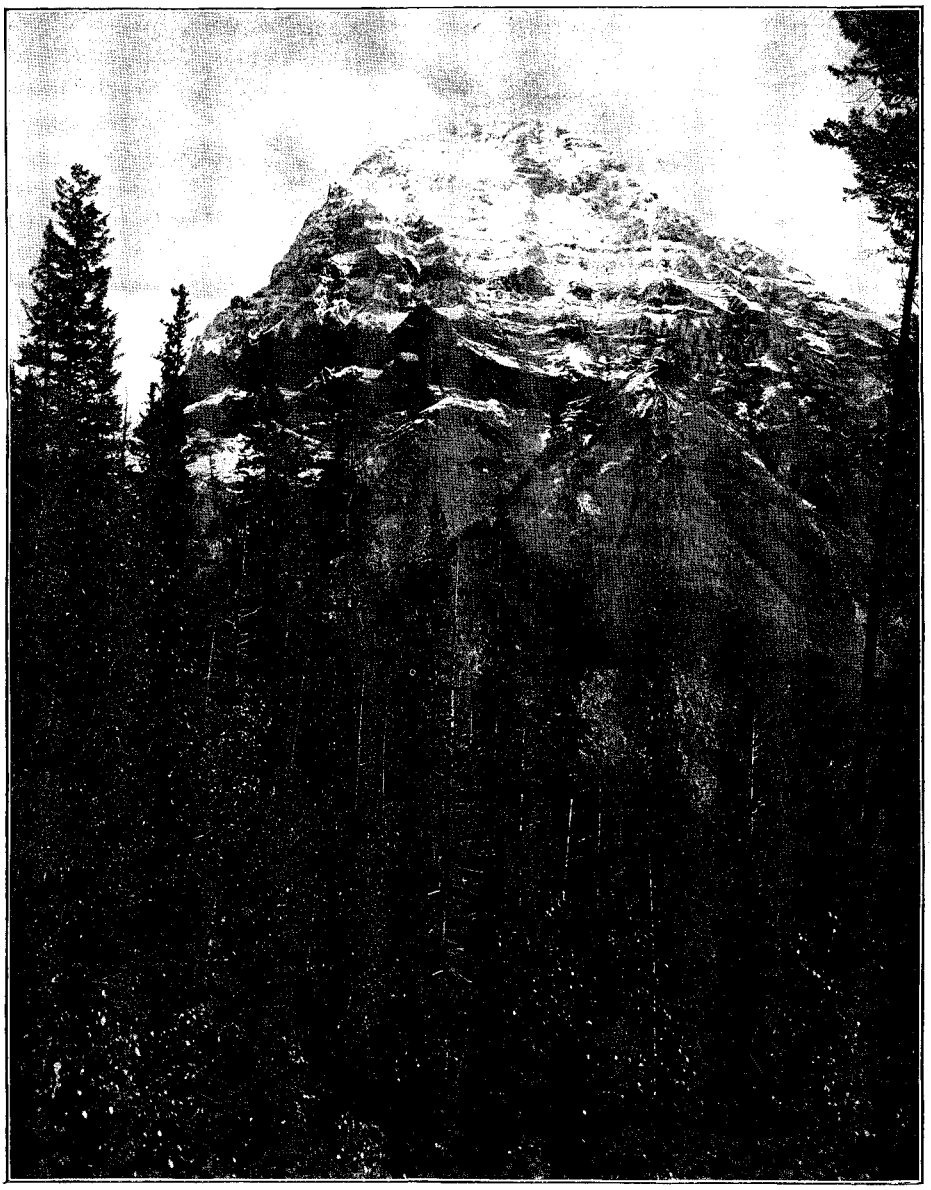

Mt. Stephen from the trail to Burgess Pass.

northern peaks of the President's Group, which stream with glaciers from summit to base. The two loftiest points, both over 10,000 feet high, were named Mts. Shaughnessy and McNicoll, in honor of the President and Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway [page 650]. On the northern side there were five mountains in a row, the two westernmost of which I called Mts. Kaufmann and Pollinger, after two members of our party; another opposite to us was named Insulated Peak, and the easternmost one—a rather shapeless mass—the Whalesback. The head of the valley terminated with two peaks which were christened Mts. Kerr (9,150 feet) and Marpole (9,400 feet).

The smaller wild animals were numerous round about the camp, and, free from timidity, seemed to desire our closer acquaintance. One of our most precious possessions was a large quilt, which was

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thrown over all, after we were stowed away in blanket-bags—"a dear, duck of a quilt," made up with the expensive article called eider-down. One night the middle man began to fidget, and vowed there was *something* crawling about in it. "I'm *sure* there's something," said another. "I can feel it *moving*," cried a third, and presently *it* escaped, and so did the contents of the quilt. The down wouldn't keep down, and flew all over the place, while the poor, little mouse who had been revelling in the eider-down flew away.

In the course of these sixteen days my party effected ascents of all the mountains in the Upper Yoho, and made passes out of the valley to the north, south, and west. On the first day (July 31) we bagged the heads of Kerr and Marpole, which, like those of the neighboring peaks, are composed of hard calcareous matter. On the other side there was another valley corresponding with the Upper Yoho, running toward the west, with an imposing array of snowy peaks beyond, all unknown—hazy and dim from forest-fires. It seemed likely that this fresh valley ran into the Beavertail River; and, later on, that was found to be the case. Two days afterward Klucker and I crossed the snowy *col* which will be seen on the west of Mt. Shaughnessy (Shaughnessy Pass, 8,977 feet), leaving the rest to carry on exploration round about the camp in our absence, and walked through to Field in ten and three-quarters hours, halts included. On the southern side we found a valley leading down to the eastern end of Emerald Lake (4,210 feet), which is one of the prettiest bits of water in this land of lakes. A good trail—a sylvan path—runs around its western side, but all the rest remains in its primeval simplicity. In 1901, the only habitation by the lake was a log-hut, termed "the shack." Those who visit it now will find a Chalet Hotel established on its shores, with every "modern comfort"!

After going up the Beavertail River to make sure that the valley leading westward from Mt. Kerr actually fell into it, we returned to camp by the same route as before, past Emerald Lake and Emerald Summit Lake, which is 1,650 feet higher up, lying between the southeast end of the President's Group and Mt. Wapta—a capital bathing-place, with water constantly remaining above 50° F., and with good camping-ground in the open glades at its western end [page 648]. We were accompanied back to camp by Tom Wilson of Banff, the best-known man in the Canadian Rockies, who is at home in the trackless woods. Next morning we started out with Klucker to cross Kerr's Pass (8,050 feet), and walked round to Field in sixteen hours and a half. Tom slid like an eel through the fallen timber, leaving us wiggling in the rear, and but for his local knowledge of the last part of the way, we should have been benighted, for several hours were through dense forest, in the dark. During these absences, or while I was engaged by measurements, or in other ways, the rest made various ascents in the Upper Yoho Valley, including Mts. Shaughnessy and McNicoll, and brought back specimens of their topmost strata—which are found, upon examination, though closely allied to those of Kerr and Marpole, to be tinctured with iron—"they are rather ferruginous," says Professor Bonney.

We then tackled Insulated Peak (so called because it is surrounded by ice), going at first up the right-hand side of the glacier that is seen in the illustration [page 654], then across the base of the mountain, and finishing the ascent by its left-hand or western ridge. We passed more than five hours on its top (9,250 feet), which commanded views over a new area and a fresh set of mountains. It is situated on the southern edge of the glacial amphitheatre at the head of the Yoho Valley, which resembles that on the Swiss side of Monte Rosa, on a minor scale. From the summit of Monte Rosa to the end of the Gorner Glacier is seven miles and three-quarters, while the Yoho basin is less than five miles in length. On the north it is bounded by part of Mt. Balfour and by Mt. Gordon. A ridge starting a little to the northwest of the latter mountain sweeps round to the south and connects with Insulated and the Whalesback on the southern side of the basin. Toward the middle of this ridge there are two peaks which are now called Mts. Habel and Collie. The former is the loftier of the two, and as it evidently would give an extensive prospect to the west, we set out from camp on August 15, in order to enlarge our horizon; and, passing through the lowest gap (8,360 feet), de-

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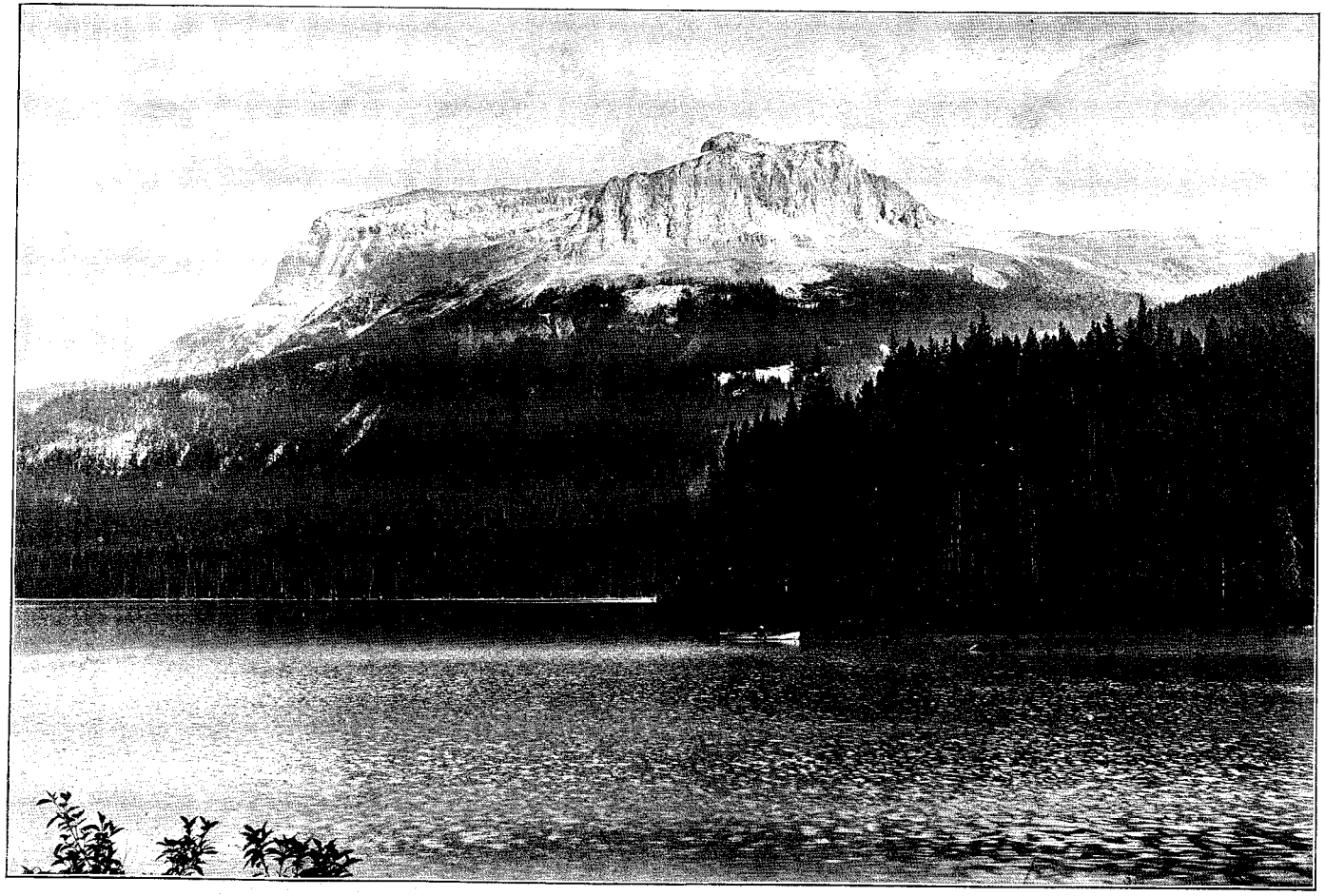

Mount Wapta from the shack at Emerald Lake

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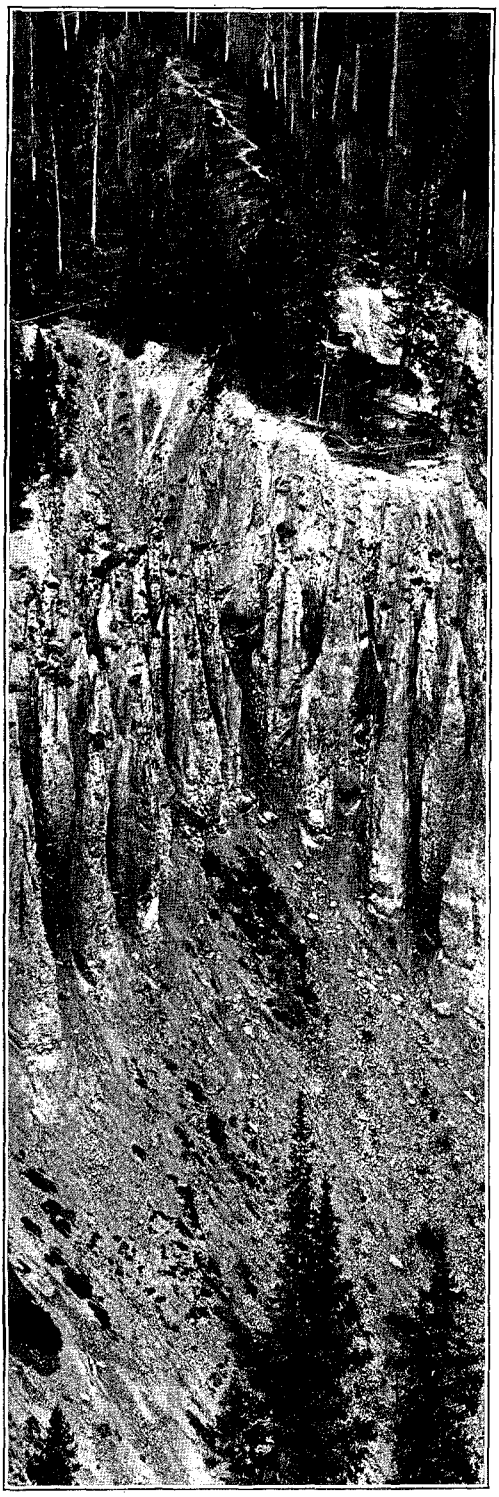

The Hoodoos of Hoodoo Valley.
One of the most remarkable groups of earth pillars (as they are termed in Europe) to be found anywhere.

scended on the other side to the Habel Glacier, made for its head, and completed the ascent by the southern ridge of the mountain. The summit was found to be 10,450 feet above the sea, and about 150 feet higher than its neighbor, Mt. Collie. The western faces of both these mountains are precipitous, and overlook a basin rather than a valley (with a beautiful blue-green lake at its farther end), which possibly connects with the Beavertail Valley, or perhaps not—no one can say; and beyond this there was range after range of snow-clad mountains, all unknown, bewildering by their extent and through being half-obscured by smoke from a forest fire, which was said to be raging in the valley of the Columbia, sixty miles to the south of Golden, and distant from us as the crow flies about seventy-five miles.

The next day we cleared out of the valley, and shifted camp [page 652] to the head of the Yoho (5,710 feet), half a mile from the end of the glacier that originates on Mt. Collie. The trees around us were larger than usual, some being as much as ten feet in girth; and in the earlier part of the season the flora hereabouts must be attractive, for even after the middle of August, arnicas, dryas, saxifrages, veronicas, and a number of other plants were blooming, conspicuous among them being my old mountain-acquaintance *Epilobium latifolium* with its showy lilac flowers. Collie's glacier (5,600 feet) is the principal source of the Kicking-Horse River. It is a glacier in the prime of life, full and round, without the attenuated, shrunken look of one that is diminishing. A few hundred yards from its termination it appeared to be about 400 feet thick [page 651]. The edge of the forest was scarcely a quarter of a mile away from it, and outside the trees, quite a short distance off the ice, we found, among other things, a number of currant bushes (*Ribesla custre*, Poir) in fruit.

Preliminary examination from the neighboring heights showed that there was nothing to hinder a direct march to the summit of Mt. Collie, and we finished in the Yoho by scaling that mountain and Trolltinder. The season was

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The head of the Ice River Valley.
This is an almost unknown valley.

wound up in Ice River Valley [above], the head of which is only about a dozen miles to the south of Field in a direct line, though treble the distance by the course that one has to follow to arrive at it. The directions to get there are simple. Take train from Field to Leanchoil (14 miles), then go up the Beaverfoot Valley as best you can for twelve miles more, and turn to the left. Although this is one of the minor valleys it is not upon an insignificant scale. At its upper end it is more than three miles across, from crest to crest of the ranges bounding it on east and west, and in picturesqueness it is scarcely second to the Yoho. We did something in the way of trail-cutting at its upper end, but for the path which has recently been made up the lower two-thirds of the valley, the public are indebted to some prospectors who think they have struck oil there, in the shape of zinc; and one day there may be a Zinc City here, though when we came away, at the end of October, only the foundations were commenced, consisting of a few dozen empty meat cans, and seven emptier whiskey bottles. A more direct way to Ice River might be made by going over the head of a small valley leading eastward from Leanchoil, which I have called the Valley of the Hoodoos, on account of the remarkable group of earth-pillars that are represented in the accompanying illustration [page 658].

The Rocky Mountain goat was the only one of the larger wild animals that we saw —all others seem to have become extinct,

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or nearly so. In 1859, although even at that time game was known to be scarce, Dr. Hector, in twenty-three days, while traversing the same ground as ourselves, killed or saw bear, moose, wapiti, and mountain-sheep, besides goat. Only sixteen years ago, Mr. Green, when travelling in the Selkirk ranges of the Rockies, found that the so-called goat "was comparatively tame from never having been disturbed," and said that it "was inclined rather to seek our company than to shun it," and mentioned an instance of a full-grown animal coming "within five yards" of himself and his two companions. I do not think that they ever came within 2,500 yards of us. In August, while encamped in the Upper Yoho, we saw seventeen in a clump at about that distance, and never saw any others closer, though it may be done occasionally. By a rare piece of good fortune, one of the Swiss guides, stationed at Field, captured a kid in the early part of the season (1901). The little animal was tied up at the back of the Mt. Stephen House, and became nearly domesticated in the course of a couple of months. Hasler sold his treasure to an American gentleman and it went to Philadelphia. The smaller wild animals, however, were numerous, and not difficult to catch; but some did not thrive and died in confinement.

The Swiss guide Hasler and a young Rocky Mountain goat.

When I started back for home only three members of our menagerie remained alive —a pair of Parry's sousliks (*Spermophilus empetra*) and a Hudson Bay squirrel (*Sciurus hudsonius*). The sousliks were sleepy, but the squirrel seemed to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and gyrated in its cage quicker than the eye could follow. It resented my first approaches, by biting a forefinger, but after that we became friends, rubbed noses, and began to understand one another. In Montreal, where it had the run of my room, it soon observed that there was a resemblance between the trunk of a tree and a human body, and that arms were substitutes for branches. Nothing pleased it better than to gambol around me, turning its head up with an arch look when it came to a stop, as much as to say, "Here I am; catch me if you can;" then going off like a flash of lightning over the shoulder on to my head, down an arm, and away with a leap to something else. Our last frolic had a quite unlooked-for result. On the voyage back, two days before we got to land, while standing in the middle of the cabin, it took a spring at my head from the topmost berth, and (probably through miscalculation of the distance) alighted on my forehead. Two of the claws went in the outermost corners of my eyes, and the rest were distributed round about. Usually, the pricks were of no consequence; but this time it had somehow poisoned its claws, and the tiny punctures turned into sores, which ulcerated and grew to formidable dimensions. On landing at Liverpool I might have been supposed to be suffering from small-pox, and for several weeks afterward I was obliged to keep out of sight. So the last state of this man was worse than the first. That notwithstanding, he will presently be again in the New Playground in the New World, and if any of his *confrères* of the mountain-clubs should chance to see the smoke of his camp-fire curling up in "the forest primeval" among "the murmuring pines," let them come along.

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THE WAR DEPARTMENT

MILITARY ADMINISTRATION

BY BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM H. CARTER, U.S.A.

THE great administrative branch of the Government known as the War Department, and presided over by the Secretary of War, ranks second to none in real importance. The vast business carried on under the direction of the Secretary is of the most varied kind, involving expenditures in the aggregate probably exceeding those of any department of the Government during the century just passed. Much of this business has little or no connection with the military arm of the Government, but by a process of accumulation of statutes and authorities, resulting often from the expediency of the moment, the present dimensions have been reached—dimensions so vast in extent that it is beyond the physical power of any Secretary of War to exercise more than a general supervision of the great administrative machine under his control.

When the Colonies, through the Declaration of Independence, found themselves confronted with a contest, upon the result of which their liberties depended, they were without any form of administrative government calculated for war, which in all ages requires certain fixed elements—men, munitions, arms, clothing, food, a military hierarchy, and last, but not least, a substantial money chest. There was much groping in the dark, for, while the minute men were also riflemen of the highest type then known, there was wanting that cohesion and system which can be supplied in no other way than by a properly organized military department.

When one considers the Declaration of Independence and the wonderful document embodying the Constitution of the Republic, it becomes difficult of belief that the same talented men who so wisely framed these incomparable State papers could have had any part as members of Congress in the conduct of military affairs during the Revolution. The student of military history stands aghast at the revelation of stupidity and jealousy which characterized the conduct of Congress in dealing with the practical business of establishing and perpetuating independence after having proclaimed it.

After considerably more than a century of successful government, accompanied by an agricultural, commercial and mechanical development hitherto unknown to the civilized world, the indomitable and persevering courage of Washington stands out in bold relief in an all too small group of forceful men to whose personality and persistency in presenting the military necessities of the infant Republic the country owes the adoption of a military system, which, however feeble, was far and away superior to the unbusinesslike proceedings of Congress in its earlier efforts to control, as a body, the details of discipline and army administration in a fight for political existence.

During the Revolution Congress issued the commissions to generals and staff officers, and, by resolution, frequently dictated the control of military affairs in minutest detail. At the earnest solicitation of General Washington, a committee, consisting of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, was appointed to hear Colonel Tudor on the subject of the insufficiency of the disciplinary articles for the government of the army, and this resulted in the adoption by the Continental Congress, September 20, 1776, of the British Articles of War, which, in turn, had been bodily drawn from those in use by the Romans. In writing of this committee work, Mr. Adams said: "It was a very difficult and unpopular subject, and I observed to Jefferson that, whatever alteration we should report, with the least energy in it or the least tendency to a necessary discipline of the army, would be opposed

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with as much vehemence as if it were the most perfect; we might as well, therefore, report a complete system at once, and let it meet its fate." The Articles of War have continued in force, with various modifications, generally in the direction of greater liberty for the soldier and lighter sentences for minor offences than those which prevailed under the old Essex Articles of 1642, which prescribed death for many offences for which small fines are now deemed sufficient punishment. The adoption of the Articles of War laid the foundation of that discipline not inaptly defined as "the orderly sequence of events," which in time brought the Continentals to a capacity to contend successfully with British veterans and as allies to rival the best troops of France.

The expediency of establishing a War Office was constantly urged upon Congress, and on June 12, 1776, the method of conducting military affairs by resolutions of that body was discontinued, and the "Board of War and Ordnance," consisting of a committee of five members, was established. Among other duties this board was charged with "superintending the raising, fitting out and despatching all land forces ordered for the service of the United Colonies; immediate care of all artillery, arms, ammunition and warlike stores not employed in active service; to keep a register of the names of all officers of the land service, with rank and date of commission; accounts of the State and disposition of the troops in the respective Colonies, etc. This board continued to act until Congress created, by resolution of October 17, 1777, a Board of War to consist of three persons not members of Congress. That seeming necessity for jealously guarding against any possible encroachment of military power induced the legislators to specifically provide that the proceedings of this board should be subject to inspection of Congress once a month, or oftener, and that every member of Congress should have free access to the records of the board, with the right to make copies of all documents except returns of armies, provisions or military stores, which could be obtained only on the order of Congress itself. The personnel of the board changed frequently, and the question of a quorum gave considerable trouble. Finally, on October 29, 1778, Congress provided that the Board of War should consist of two members of Congress and three persons not members, and that three should constitute a legal quorum in order that important matters should not be unduly delayed.

The Board of War continued to exercise its functions until Major-General Lincoln accepted, on November 26, 1781, the office of Secretary of War, which, with those of Superintendent of Finance and Secretary of Marine, had been authorized February 7, 1781, under the act creating certain executive departments. By resolution Congress, from time to time, assigned various duties to the Secretary of War, and required and enjoined upon all military and other officers connected with the army to observe his directions. July 3, 1782, he was specifically "authorized to order all persons to be arrested and tried for disobedience of any orders which he is empowered to issue."

The various duties outlined for the Board of War during the Revolution, and subsequently for the Secretary of War, resulted from resolutions based upon the necessity for meeting emergencies arising from day to day. It was not until January 27, 1785, that "An Ordinance for ascertaining the powers and duties of the Secretary of War" was passed. The War Department as now known may be said to have had its foundation laid in this ordinance which prescribes in great detail the powers and duties of the Secretary of War.

Matters drifted along under makeshift devices, which, however, were furnishing that experience in administration which culminated in the conviction that the confederation was too frail a vessel to supply this great continent with a stable government. During this period the functions of the office of Secretary of War embraced, to a great extent, both those of a commander-in-chief and those of an administrative and executive officer. In the organization of the Government under the Constitution, the President having been made Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, Congress enacted, on August 7, 1789, that there should be a principal officer in the Department of War "called the Secretary for the Department of War, who shall perform and execute such duties as shall from time to time be enjoined on or entrusted to

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him by the President of the United States, agreeable to the Constitution, relative to military commissions, or to the land *or naval forces, ships* or warlike stores, or to such other matters respecting military or *naval* affairs as the President shall assign to the said department, or relative to the granting of lands to persons entitled thereto for military services rendered to the United States, or relative to Indian affairs; and furthermore, that the said principal officer shall conduct the business of the said department in such manner as the President of the United States shall from time to time order or instruct." The Navy Department was created by the Act of April 30, 1798, and thereafter ceased to be an adjunct of the War Department. Up to this date it will be observed that the War Department included in the scope of its administration the work of three executive departments—War, Navy and Interior, as now constituted. At the time of the establishment of the present War Department General Henry Knox, who had been Secretary under the former régime, was re-appointed to the office by President Washington. General Knox's familiarity with the requirements of the office enabled him to establish administrative methods upon a proper basis at the outset. The entire business method of the department was based upon the idea, which has since been confirmed by the Supreme Court, that the Secretary of War is the representative of the President with full legal powers with respect to all administration and control of the army and its affairs. The only change in this has been when Congress, from time to time, has provided that specific things be done by or under the direction of the Secretary of War, and which without specific statute would not be an attribute of any particular executive department.

Prior to the Act of July 16, 1798, the War Department suffered much embarrassment in the matter of supplies, because all purchases of and contracts for supplies for the military service were made under and by the Treasury Department. The change made in the methods of purchase were not sufficiently drastic to meet the conditions then confronting the Republic, which appeared to be unwillingly approaching a rupture with France, the able and efficient ally of the Colonies in their struggle for independence. The resulting legislation enacted March 3, 1799, established the system which has since prevailed by authorizing and requiring the Secretary of War to make purchases and enter, or cause to be entered into, all contracts for providing annually all clothing, camp utensils and equipage, medicines and hospital stores necessary for the troops and armies of the United States. The political dissension of the times, together with the paucity of national resources and lack of adequate means of defence caused serious embarrassment in the hour of danger. Fortunately, the war with France was avoided, and the provisional army was not raised. Washington was appointed to the grade of lieutenant-general, and in patriotically accepting the office, he stipulated that the general officers and general staff of the army should not be appointed without his concurrence. This circumstance is mentioned because it was the entering wedge to that series of misunderstandings and conflicts which have ever since characterized the conduct of the office of commanding general. The first contest arose over the relative rank of Generals Knox, Hamilton and Pinckney.

Washington took a deep interest in the organization of the new army, and proceeded to Philadelphia, where he remained for many weeks as president of a Board of Generals employed in examining applications and records for appointments of officers. In writing of this work to the Secretary of War, Washington said: "I will venture to say that it was executed with as much assiduity, and under as little influence of favor or prejudice, as a work of that sort (from the materials which were laid before us) ever was accomplished. And what has followed? Why, any Member of Congress who has a friend to serve, or a prejudice to indulge, could set them at naught." After reciting several instances where the use of influence had gravely endangered the good of the army through the widespread discontent which resulted from ignoring the just pretensions of experienced officers, and "moreover, that after five weeks' diligent application of the first three officers of your army, their work ought not to be battered down by sinister or local considerations." . . .

The use of political influence thus early assailed by one well able to judge of its

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sinister effects has always been greatly decried. It is Utopian to expect that any great administrative branch of government or corporation will be so conducted as to entirely eradicate the possibility of some favoritism. In a Republican form of government the evil is not great because nothing is so fatal to one dependent upon votes for a continuance in office as the knowledge by his constituents that he presses the claims of the same individual all the time. It should be borne in mind that public men seldom press for favors for any individual unless urged to do so, and that the results of family and social influence are as far-reaching and more fatal to contentment in the army than all adventitious political interference in the legitimate course of events.

Fortunately, the country was saved from hostile collision with France, but the war scare had given much food for thought to those public men most competent to judge. It had become evident thus early that the militia act of 1792 was lacking in the elements essential for producing a reliable combatant army. In 1803 the President invited Congress to cause a review of the militia laws, and the result was the adoption of a resolution requesting the President to write to the executive of each State, "urging the importance and indispensable necessity of vigorous exertions on the part of the State Governments to carry into effect the militia system adopted by the National legislature agreeably to the powers reserved to the States respectively by the Constitution of the United States, and in a manner the best calculated to insure such a degree of military discipline and knowledge of tactics as will, under the auspices of a benign Providence, render the militia a sure and permanent bulwark of National defence." The nation has for a century continued to play battledoor and shuttlecock with an efficient militia system, which now seems in a fair way to be put upon a business basis through the enactment of legislation prepared by the Secretary of War and the Committee on Militia, of the House of Representatives, with a view to modernizing and definitely fixing the place of the organized militia in the military system of the Republic.

Under the Confederation the Secretary of War possessed much authority subsequently specifically designated as prerogatives of the President. While the relations between the President and Secretary were left untrammelled with any restrictions in the Act of 1789 creating the War Department, it gradually came to be understood that when Congress specifically names the Secretary of War in connection with legislation regarding matters falling within his department, there is no disturbance of system or of the harmonious relations between the President and his cabinet officer. This adjustment has received recognition through decisions of the Supreme Court wherein the Secretary of War is regarded exclusively as the active agent of the President in all matters falling within the jurisdiction of the War Department, and, in short, for military purposes the order of the Secretary of War is the order of the President—the Commander-in-Chief.

As early as 1809 the Secretary of War declared "that the business of the Department had increased beyond what the capacity of any one man could perform." It was not, however, until 1812 that Congress made an effort, coincident with the increase of the army, to give some relief to the Secretary of War from the vast burden of details that pressed upon him. The President proposed that the relief be afforded by the addition of two Assistant Secretaries, but Congress established the present system of bureau chiefs who control the various staff and supply departments. The Act of March 3, 1813, authorized the Secretary of War to prepare general regulations defining and prescribing the respective duties and powers of the officers composing the various bureaus. Thus it will be seen that in groping for some method which would make it possible for the Secretary of War to perform the higher functions of his office, without being crushed with the burden of details, a hydra-headed bureau system was introduced, with a number of semi-independent chiefs, each working along his own lines without of necessity having any knowledge of the character and extent of equally important work going on in other bureaus. When it is remembered that the army is absolutely dependent upon these administrative and supply bureaus, and that success depends upon the coherent total of all their efforts, it may be better understood why periodical complaints are heard. The

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methods remain practically the same to-day as in the War of 1812, except that through a long course of years there has grown up a system of laws and regulations fixing in great detail the duties of the various bureaus. There is a most complex and expensive branch of another executive department to audit and control all the accounts. These War Department bureaus have enlisted the services of many of the most talented officers of the army at large, through whose earnest, honorable and laborious efforts success has been achieved in the various wars of the past century. That success has come at great cost, and in spite of the system, and not because of it, has gradually come to be the conviction of a large and intelligent portion of the army, as well as of many thoughtful and discerning business men in public life.

The severe hardships of war and military life in general result in wastefulness and loss of public property, and some well-devised system is essential to protect the treasury from undue strain. Through a long course of years, the principles early enunciated by Secretary of War Calhoun, that some one must be held accountable for each and every article of public property; that each chief of bureau must be responsible that all accounts are promptly and properly rendered, and that all disbursements are made from funds advanced on proper estimates, have prevailed. In this way regularity and economy are assured in peace, at all events, and the same system, with some aid from Congress, usually untangles and adjusts accounts which become mixed through the exigencies of war.

The army grew but slowly, yet its operations involved Indian wars in such widely separated theatres of action that the bureaus of the War Department were necessarily enlarged and developed beyond the mere needs of ten or twenty thousand men. The fortifications of the seacoast were in course of erection; arsenals, armories and depots of supplies were gradually completed, and a mass of miscellaneous business transactions required the attention of a large force at all times. During the earlier years many of these functions were performed by civil agents, but military rank was gradually conferred upon all the principal officials of the War Department who were called upon from time to time to exercise their functions in contact with troops. From modest beginnings, both as to duties and rank, the eleven staff bureaus of the War Department have gradually reached their present proportions. Several of these bureaus are of comparatively recent origin, but to trace the growth of others would be to follow the army through the vicissitudes of a century of able and earnest military effort.

During the period following the close of the war in 1815 the War Department was involved in much important work of exploration and survey, not only with a view to determining our rights in the matter of boundaries, but to unfold the mysteries of the unknown West at that time comprised under the several heads of the "Great American Desert," the mountain region, and the Pacific slope. The early explorations of Lewis and Clark were followed up by numerous officers until the Government maps of the entire country beyond the Missouri River were perfected to a degree of accuracy exceeding those of many of the older States.

There has seldom, if ever, been a period when the country has not had some boundary dispute on hand, and many times controversy has reached an acute stage in the consideration of such questions. Such were the conditions between 1838 and 1840 when Great Britain prepared a considerable force of Canadian militia and increased the garrisons of British regulars in Canada to about 20,000 men just before communicating to this Government the result of the boundary survey by British Commissioners, on which a claim for readjustment of the frontier line was based. Unreliable surveys and incorrect maps prepared by over-zealous and interested parties were responsible for much misunderstanding. Through an exhibition of mutual courtesy and forbearance, while commissioners unravelled some of the topographical snarls, a conflict was honorably avoided, and the War Department activity of both nations resulted in a waste of energy. Coincident with the military preparation attending the discussion of our Northern boundary, trouble was also brewing along the Mexican border. Several years later, following the annexation of Texas, matters assumed so grave a phase that it became necessary to mobilize a part of the military and naval

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forces near the Rio Grande and Gulf frontiers of Mexico, pending the result of demands for a cessation of the wrongs being done to American citizens. Notwithstanding the kindly feeling which prevailed toward the Mexican Republic, the authorities and citizens generally of that country, believing in the justice of their own cause, and holding the Americans in contempt, acted in such a manner as to make the avoidance of war impossible.

The preparations for and conduct of war along the Rio Grande border demanded of the War Department only an enlargement of the usual plans and methods involved in Indian wars of the Western frontier. The Mexican ports were immediately blockaded and, in less than seven months, expeditions had overrun and conquered New Mexico, California, New Leon, Coahuila and Tamaulipas, a territory larger in extent than the area of the thirteen original colonies.

One of the most important and successful incidents of the War with Mexico was the organizing, equipping and dispatching of the expedition, by way of Vera Cruz. In the preparation of this expedition the War Department acquitted itself with credit second only to the renown won upon the fields of battle by the gallant little army of occupation. The expedition was carefully planned and its execution was successful throughout, resulting in the capture of Vera Cruz, the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, Contreras, Churubusco, and finally, of the City of Mexico.

The occupation of Mexican Provinces, and the consequent disestablishment of civil administration, threw upon the War Department the burden of setting up civil government conjointly with military occupation. Officers of the army were selected to take charge of and administer civil affairs, and at the various captured seaports provision was made for receiving the customs duties. In addition to these customs duties, authority was given to General Scott and other commanders to levy contributions with a view to making the Mexican people assist in meeting the expensive burdens of the war. Little or no benefit to the public treasury resulted from the effort, but the disposition of the funds collected under General Scott was the cause of his remarkable and insubordinate controversy with the Secretary of War. General Scott, as Commanding General, claimed and appropriated as his personal perquisite a generous percentage of all monies collected. The Secretary of War disapproved of his acts and refused to allow the General to collect a small balance claimed to be still due after the close of the war. General Scott doubtless felt that he was within his rights by law and customs of the service, but he lost his temper and deluged the Department with violent and unseemly correspondence to such an extent as to bring about a permanent rupture between himself and the Secretary. The whole matter at issue was transmitted by the President to the Senate and printed by that body.

Subsequent to the close of the Mexican War the War Department found its labors much increased by reason of the newly-acquired territory occupied by a Spanish-speaking and Indian population. The new boundary lines, stretching from the Gulf of Mexico up the Rio Grande, thence along the borders of Chihuahua, Sonora and Lower California to the Pacific, proved an endless source of trouble, by reason of the depredations of Indians and outlaws. It was not until the lapse of about thirty years, and after much of the frontier zone had been made a wilderness, that the two governments arrived at an agreement authorizing the troops of either nation to follow fresh trails without regard to the international boundary; this agreement once in force the Department was enabled to inaugurate a series of campaigns that ultimately brought about peace in the blood-stained area of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona.

During the period between the Mexican and Civil Wars the Department was engaged in constant efforts to keep pace with the necessities of affording protection, not only to the legitimate advance of settlements beyond the Missouri River, in the upbuilding of that great agricultural empire, but also to make the overland routes to California safe for the ever-increasing column of gold seekers, which began to cross the plains in 1849.

During 1857 the War Department was called upon to organize an expedition to proceed to Utah to sustain the Territorial government and compel obedience to the laws on the part of the Mormons who were

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possessed of a government of their own under the leadership of Brigham Young. The Kansas troubles, arising over the question of the admission of that State, with or without slavery, interfered somewhat with the Utah expedition, and caused a considerable portion of the army to be used to keep the peace between the factions in which partisanship ran high. These incidents are referred to simply to show why the War Department was continually compelled to resort to all sorts of expedients to stretch the little regular force into a sufficiently large military blanket to meet the constantly recurring needs of an enormous frontier. Much of the suffering and many of the disasters met with in frontier service may be traced to the inability of the Department to supply adequate men and means at critical moments.

The Kansas troubles were but the slight rumblings of the storm about to break upon the country in the shape of a civil war which was to try the energies of the American people as those of no nation were ever tested before. When the hour of separation came the War Department was sorely strained, because many distinguished officers followed their Southern States to secession. The little regular army, which for half a century had kept alive the traditions of military integrity, discipline and science, was widely scattered over the Continent, but rallied rapidly to the call of duty without the loss of a soldier, except by bullets or capture.

When the great Civil War Secretary, Edwin M. Stanton, took up the work of the Department, which for four years laid such a mental and physical strain upon him as few men could bear, he found a condition calculated to bring discouragement to the stoutest heart. The relations between the Secretary of War and the Commanding General of the Army had long been of such a character that the latter officer had removed his headquarters to New York City. He was now brought back to the seat of government with the expectation that his staunch loyalty, knowledge of the army and professional ability would render him useful in the hour of peril. Advancing years, however, soon compelled his retirement from active service.

Immediate measures were taken to insure the safety of the capital and to bring into service armies sufficient in size and number to cope with the grave question of preserving the Union. It became necessary to reorganize the business methods of the various bureaus to meet the exceptional tasks confronting them in the organization, equipping and supplying of an army suddenly increased from about ten thousand to ultimately more than one million men in actual service.

The general system of administration was similar to that pursued during the Mexican War, and much reliance was placed on the veterans of that conflict. It did not take long to make it evident, to thoughtful and alert friends of the Union, that the magnitude of the conflict then raging was little understood by the general public, and that preparation, in the shape of money, material and men, for a prolonged and bloody war was the immediate duty of the War Department. The history of the great struggle is still fresh in the minds of the American people, but it may be safely stated that only a very limited number have a proper appreciation of the great administrative work performed by the War Department during the days and nights of the whole four years of war. There were periods of marching, of battle, and of monotonous camp life for the average regiment; but for the Secretary of War and his coadjutors there was one unending round of high tension work.

Armies are useless without food, clothes, ammunition and transportation, and to obtain and distribute these essential requisites in the quantities demanded during the Civil War required administrative and executive ability of a high order. The absence of a directing and co-ordinating professional authority in the scheme of army organization threw an immense strain upon the Secretary of War and President. No student of the art of war can read the war orders and instructions of President Lincoln without noting the rapid and wonderful growth of his mind during the early years of the war, especially as to the military policy and grand strategy. It was his knowledge of the value of co-ordinated and united action that led him to a constant effort to have all the various armies operate under a general policy, and prevent the Confederates from continually availing themselves of interior lines of communication to reinforce threat-

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ened points. It took a long time and untold millions to bring all the separate armies to a condition of readiness, but when this agressive, hammer-and-tongs policy was instituted all along the line the Department was able to see the end of the enormous burden the country was patiently bearing, in the drain upon its resources.

Nothing in all military history equals the business administration of the War Department as exemplified in the muster-out and transportation of the great volunteer armies to their homes at the close of the Civil War. The great burden of current expense was quickly reduced, a matter of vital importance at the time.

After so much experience in handling large numbers of men during four years of war the preparation of General Sheridan's army, for a descent upon the French troops in Mexico, was attended with no special difficulties. Fortunately wise counsels prevailed in the French nation, and this, together with some rather active pressure on the part of the Mexican people, caused the withdrawal of Bazaine's army from our neighboring republic, and enabled the War Department to dispense with the volunteers assembled in Texas.

Following close upon the muster-out of the volunteers a reorganization of the regular army, involving an increase of the various staff departments and a considerable augmentation of the line, took place. A portion of the new army was destined for service in the Southern States during the reconstruction period. The duties required of the army during the long and disastrous efforts at sustaining "carpet-bag" governments were intensely distasteful to both officers and men, as well as to the better element amongst the Southern people. To be sure the Civil War had just closed, and it was necessary to re-establish law and order throughout a vast territory inhabited by a negro population, which regarded the army as the embodiment of that power which had struck off the shackles of slavery. The use of the army at the polls and in civil matters generally has ever been repugnant to American ideas, and at this period it only succeeded in embittering the Southern people to such an extent that one of their first and most insistent policies, after the reconstruction, was to demand a reduction of the regular army. Under this pressure the strength of the army was fixed and remained at 25,000 men until the outbreak of the war with Spain.

During the quarter of a century following the close of the Civil War the army was constantly overworked in the Far West, where advancing civilization was resisted by the warriors of nearly all the Indian tribes in their fruitless effort to stem the tide, which was steadily circumscribing and overflowing their hunting grounds. The wasteful slaughter of millions of buffaloes within the brief period of half a dozen years completely changed the history of the nomadic Plains Indians. The many stories of wagon trains, and even railroad trains, being stopped to wait the passing of countless thousands in some of the great migrating buffalo herds now read like visionary tales of disordered minds.

The War Department had continued in charge of the Indians until the close of the Mexican War, after which period their affairs were managed by Indian agents, with minimum salaries and maximum temptations. Many times the army was compelled to stand idly by and witness the perpetration of wrongs, and when the Indians, in desperation, "broke out," the War Department was called upon to produce another era of peace. Year after year regiments were summoned to the field, sometimes under tropical suns, and again in the land of blizzards, where the icy winds made campaigning miserable alike to pursuer and pursued. With each recurring surrender the Indians were restored to the tender mercies of the agent and his harpies, only to find their grievances multiplied.

As years wore on the settlers, with their wire fences, closed in slowly but surely around the reservations, and the fact dawned upon the Indians that the wild, free life of the Golden West had gone. The march of civilization had swept away the old life and left but mere remnants of once proud tribes stranded as drift-wood along the shores of progress. Encountering only the worst elements amongst the whites, too often the mere outcasts of society, the poor warriors, shorn of the power wielded by their ancestors, turned restlessly for some light to those with whom they had battled and at whose hands they had often suffered

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defeat. Army officers were again installed as Indian agents and gradually laid the foundations of lasting peace by showing the Indians the utter futility of contending against inevitable fate.

The Indian question having been practically settled for all time, a plan was adopted by the War Department of bringing together the scattered fragments of the regular army, which in its entirety did not equal in numbers a single army corps. The necessity for guarding isolated and exposed points had for years prevented proper instruction of officers and men in the administration and manœuvres of battalions, regiments and brigades, but in minor warfare they were not outclassed by any soldiers the world over. To accomplish the best results numerous small posts were abandoned and regimental posts established. Coincident with the inception of this plan, work of construction proceeded along the seacoast under the general scheme adopted under authority of Congress. During actual Indian hostilities the urgent need for men in the cavalry and infantry had caused a reduction in the strength of artillery organizations, which rendered them incapable of fulfilling their proper functions in seacoast defence. To meet this emergency in a mediocre way, two troops of each cavalry regiment and two companies of each infantry regiment were "skeletonized." This scheme left the cavalry regiments with two squadrons and a half, but gave the infantry regiments two complete battalions, that branch having at the time only ten companies to each regiment. One of the re-results of recent experience has been to fix by statute a minimum limit for each troop of cavalry and company of infantry, so that in future it will not be legal to skeletonize any portion of the army.

The unwillingness of Congress to recognize the urgent need of men to garrison the growing coast defences, while continuing to spend millions upon fortifications and guns, caused the Department grave concern. After years of pleading for proper legislation, a piteous appeal was finally made for two additional regiments of artillery, and action was slowly maturing in this regard when other events occurred which rapidly roused the country to action.

For more than half a century Cuba had been a source of incessant anxiety and trouble to every administration. Forty years back—December, 1858—President James Buchanan, in complaining in a message to Congress of past conditions, said: "Spanish officials under the direct control of the Captain General of Cuba have insulted our national flag, and in repeated instances have from time to time inflicted injuries on the persons and property of our citizens. . . . All our attempts to obtain redress have been baffled and defeated. . . . The truth is that Cuba, in its existing Colonial condition, is a constant source of injury and annoyance to the American people. . . . It has been made known to the world by my predecessors that the United States have on several occasions endeavored to acquire Cuba from Spain by honorable negotiation. . . . We would not, if we could, acquire Cuba in any other manner. This is due to our national character. . . . Our relations with Spain, which ought to be of the most friendly character, must always be placed in jeopardy whilst the existing Colonial government over the island shall remain in its present condition."

There was a widespread sentiment throughout the United States in behalf of the Cubans in their insurrection against Spanish domination. Many well-informed newspapers protested against the circulation of unreliable stories calculated to create false sympathy, but the tide was flowing full, and the minority in Congress constantly twitted the majority because of the failure to intervene in the Cuban struggle. Captain General Weyler was held up to universal scorn because he had turned back the methods of war to the days of the Spanish Inquisition. The establishment of reconcentrado camps, done to prevent Spanish soldiers from being murdered in a war in which there were no battles in the open, brought down upon Spain the antagonism of all Cuban sympathizers.

The Secretary of War and his co-workers were advised of the unprepared state of the army and of the defences for immediate war. Everything which could be legitimately done at the time was hastened forward to make up for past neglect, but guns, ammunition and armies do not appear by magic. When the battleship Maine met destruction in Havana harbor on the fateful night of February 15, 1898, the

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nation was so horrified that it required all the wisdom and statesmanship of President McKinley to delay the inevitable conflict while preparations were hurried forward. On March 8th Congress unanimously voted $50,000,000 for the national defence, but as the new Spanish Minister, Señor Palo y Bernabe, entered upon his duties at Washington a few days later, the appropriation was not regarded as a war measure. The brief period intervening before the passage of the resolutions authorizing intervention in the Island of Cuba was used to advance preparation for war, but the Secretary of War was greatly embarrassed by the failure of Congress to pass any measure for raising an army until after war was actually declared. The nation was unprepared, yet when war was declared every shoulder was put manfully to the wheel, and Europe saw with amazement the capacity of the young giant whose whole energies had long been turned to the upbuilding of new States and the extension of an industrial development hitherto unknown to any like period of the world's history.

The country had not engaged in war since the close of the gigantic struggle of 1861 to 1865; no progress in legislation had been made in a hundred years so far as utilization of organized militia was concerned, and there was no law extant under which the President could take any of those preliminary steps so essential to success in war. During April all of the little regular army which could be spared was assembled in Southern camps and organized in brigades and divisions. This was a measure of extreme precaution; the results at Santiago prove it to have been one of those fortunate strokes upon which the fate of nations often hang.

Within a few hours after the passage of the Act authorizing a volunteer army a call for 125,000 men was made; this was followed by another for 75,000, which, with the increase of the regular army, made a total of nearly 250,000 men. The volunteers under the first call were put in the field in thirty days, and the entire work of organization—the mighty task of putting a quarter of a million men under arms and equipping them for service, in face of all obstacles—was completed in ninety days. There was no lack of volunteers; on the contrary the War Department was embarrassed with offers of service.

Notwithstanding all this, well-informed officials recognized that the country had not advanced in military methods one iota in half a century, for every effort of the War Department to profit by the lessons of the past met with opposition. There was a determination in many States to cast aside the one pronounced lesson of the Mexican and Civil Wars, and it was only through President McKinley's acceptance of the views of experienced officers that a complete breakdown of the system was avoided. To be more explicit on this important point; in our military system, organization and recruitment pertain to the adjutant general's bureau of the War Department; that bureau insisted that the scheme which allowed volunteer regiments to be mustered in with all their officers, but with only half a quota of men, to be soon reduced below a basis of efficiency, should not prevail. The anxiety to get mustered into service caused many excellent officers of the National Guard to join in a movement, which was calculated to break down the whole militia system, and did cause it to lose the respect of well-informed veterans of the Civil War. The pressure brought by Pennsylvania was so great that it secured a modification of the rule which Grant, Sherman, and all the great leaders of the Civil War, had contended for as of vital importance in maintaining the efficiency of volunteer armies. As soon as the first call was completed, President McKinley came to the rescue by making another call for 75,000 men, and giving an order that no new organization should be accepted from any State until the ranks of all existing volunteer organizations from that State should be recruited to the maximum. This is a military principle indispensable to economical success with volunteer armies.

Coincident with this work, the selection and appointment of general officers of the line and officers of the various staff and supply departments went on apace. In anticipation of war the Department had for some years been preparing lists of graduates of the officers' service or post-graduate schools in the regular army, with a view to the assignment of specially qualified officers to staff duty with the brigades, divi-

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sions and corps of volunteers. The first promotions and assignments were made from experienced regulars; then followed a rush of applicants urged by congressional delegations and those with official and social influence. The test of efficiency and experience was necessarily abandoned under this pressure, and appointments followed the usual lines of patronage and expediency. In these modern days, wars are of too short duration to justify appointment of inexperienced men to important military offices; it is a matter within the control of the President, and if he gives way to the fierce pressure, the army and country must suffer during the period while the new men are learning the trade of arms. Notwithstanding the many years of threatening clouds, there was no well-defined plan for organizing the army when called into active service. Brigades, divisions and corps gradually came into being through the expediency of the moment. A heterogeneous mass of staff officers was distributed to the general officers, and in many instances, instead of being useful, they proved to be encumbrances. In numerous cases the generals in command detailed subordinate regular officers to perform the duties while the volunteer officers held the higher staff rank and drew the pay of offices requiring technical knowledge, which is not immediately supplied through patriotism and willingness to serve. The humiliating experience of some of the great volunteer camps should be enough to prevent a repetition of such mistakes, but there is no assurance that like methods will not obtain in the next war unless some change in our military system is brought about.

Having in view the advantage to be derived by not overcrowding railway terminals and docks, provision was made for distributing the forces destined for service over sea at New Orleans, Mobile and Tampa. Influences of various kinds prevailed against this scheme with the result that Tampa will always be to the army and the people a synonym of blunder and reproach. Taking advantage of the sharp criticisms brought upon the department because of conditions at Tampa, certain railroad and hotel interests urged the pretended advantages of Miami, and in face of adverse reports on the site by military experts, an order was given to move a division of troops to that point, with no good results.

The need for ships was urgent, and the navy was seeking them at the same time as the army. Our officers had had no previous personal experience with transports, and the history of the Vera Cruz expedition of the Mexican War appeared to have been forgotten; so General Shafter's magnificent corps was sent to Santiago, inadequately equipped, and had the navy not come to the rescue, the whole campaign must of necessity have been a failure through the impossibility of, or long delay in, effecting a landing. Once in contact with the enemy, the American army, as usual, added laurels to its already long list of successful campaigns. In face of all theory and academic teaching victory was wrested from brave and well-armed adversaries, but the general and honest opinion of army men well qualified to judge is, that an extremely lucky star hovered over America during the war with Spain.

The expedition to Porto Rico, and that across the wide Pacific to Manila, were sent with less haste, and therefore better equipped. But experience was being obtained, and now, after having become possessed of a magnificent fleet of transports, the quartermaster department is enabled to point with just pride to four years of such successful endeavor that its record is not exceeded by that of any of the great steamship lines. This service ultimately reached such a degree of efficiency that thousands of troops have been transported seven thousand miles across the Pacific in sufficient comfort to have them ready for immediate field service on arrival.

With the signing of the protocol, it became necessary to reduce the forces, but as the Spanish army in Cuba was still intact, it was decided to proceed at once with the muster out of only 100,000 volunteers. The occupation of posts in Cuba to be evacuated by Spanish garrisons employed 50,000 troops. The question of withdrawing the volunteers from the Philippine Archipelago caused the War Department much concern. Peace once an accomplished official act, all volunteers would become entitled to discharge. The department concluded, therefore, to ask outright for a regular army of 100,000 men, and the House of Representatives passed a bill to that effect,

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but the minority in the Senate took up a line of speechmaking concerning the administration's Philippine policy and stifled the bill. To avoid an extra session, the minority was allowed to dictate a compromise of a temporary regular army and another force of volunteers. The muster out of the volunteers for the war with Spain was completed as rapidly as possible, having in mind the economy of the moment as well as protection from fraudulent claims for pensions in the future.

In the Philippines the army was confronted with many serious problems, the solution of which demanded a showing of well-organized force. The enlistment and transportation of volunteers to a scene of action ten thousand miles from their homes for a comparatively brief service, involved such an appalling expenditure of public funds that the President withheld his consent to the organization of the new regiments until conditions became so critical that the reinforcement could no longer be delayed. The excess of cost of this force of volunteers over what the cost would have been had regulars been employed, with the usual three years' enlistments, has been estimated by the various staff bureaus to be $16,374,009.04, quite an item even in these days of abounding prosperity. The new volunteer regiments were raised and commanded by regular officers, and were splendid organizations, but they were of necessity brought home and mustered out with an average of fifteen to eighteen months' service over sea, altogether a very expensive proceeding.

The exchange of troops in the Philippines to enable the volunteers who went out in the first expedition to come home, was effected during active insurrection which continued until a force of nearly 70,000 men was assembled in the Islands. The War Department has been subjected to much criticism concerning the conduct of the army while quelling the insurrection. While the Department has not come unscathed from the wordy conflict, the fact remains, if recent political events are correctly interpreted, that the army has never stood higher in the confidence and esteem of the people than now. Whatever motives may have actuated the detractors of the army, it can only be regretted that the conduct of the Philippine campaigns has been made a matter of political controversy. In the years to come the names of the heroes of the swamp and jungle campaigns of the recent past will be found upon the pages of history with those of Yorktown, Molino del Rey, and the Wilderness.

It became evident that makeshift devices would no longer serve the purpose, and the Secretary of War presented the needs of the service in carefully prepared legislation, which, while not accomplishing everything desired, gave the Department a sufficient force to meet the urgent demands upon the army in Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, Alaska and at home. In addition to an increase of strength, the Department secured the long-contested-for three battalion organization for the infantry branch. The artillery was largely increased and merged into a corps which enabled the department to concentrate the defence of each harbor or district, including submarine adjuncts, under the control of the senior artillery officer.

The Secretary of War, after a careful study of the situation, with particular reference to the difficulties encountered at the outbreak of the war with Spain, urged and secured a change in the laws which had hitherto perpetuated the staff departments as close corporations by virtue of life appointments. A detail system was introduced which will gradually supersede the old method of permanent appointments.

The variegated character of the militia system in the past caused the entire force which volunteered in bodies at the outbreak of the war with Spain to be judged by the weakest and most inefficient organizations. This was unjust to many excellent regiments, but the penalty paid by them for the association may be considered very light if the knowledge gained by the country at large eventuates in the honest reformation of the whole system and the placing of the organized militia upon a basis of self-respecting efficiency. Even under the favorable legislation recently enacted, it will require a long time to perfect the details of the system which is intended to secure immediate and efficient service from the militia at the outbreak of war. Our forefathers dreamed of the militia as the bulwark of a nation, yet the system failed utterly in the War of 1812. The "Continentals" left an indelible im-

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pression on the pages of Revolutionary history. The Mexican war proved the value of United States Volunteers in contradistinction to militia, and the world never saw better armies than those composed of the volunteers of 1861 to 1865. The National Guard organizations were recognized in 1898, but no effort was made to call into service the "militia," as contemplated by the Constitution. In all proposed legislation for improving the militia many varying opinions are advanced as to interpretations of the Constitution. This does not obtain in regard to United States Volunteers, who, once mustered into the service, are on the same footing exactly as regulars, except as to length of enlistment. At the outbreak of the war with Spain, Congress enacted that hereafter, in war, the army shall consist of the regular army and the volunteer army; in the former, enlistments are for three years, and in the latter for two years. This departure from the teachings of the Civil War was not called for by any emergency; an enlistment for "three years or the war" should be required of all volunteers, for, if this is not done, it makes it difficult to fill the ranks of old and valuable regular regiments where the three years' enlistment prevails.

Ever since the spring of 1898 the officials of the War Department have discussed the confusion which arose at Tampa and elsewhere, and have constantly sought the best means of preventing a repetition of conditions which might lead to humiliation and temporary defeat in a war with an enterprising and audacious enemy. After mature consideration, the Secretary of War settled upon a plan for the establishment of a General Staff Corps, with a chief at its head who will be Chief of Staff for the whole army. Under this plan the misnamed office of Commanding General will disappear. It has ever been a delusion and a disappointment for the distinguished soldiers who have occupied it, with constant but fruitless efforts to invest the office with something more than a name. This is the final army reform of a general nature, to the accomplishment of which Secretary Root has devoted himself. It will be a fitting capstone to the long series of definite and comprehensive improvements secured in the War Department and army methods by the Secretary. The new scheme once in successful operation, all the business of the army will be brought under the advisory control of a selected and highly trained body of experts, who, working in harmony with all the bureau chiefs, should accomplish co-operation and achievement of the most satisfactory character.

And now, with the advent of the third year of the new century, the great wave of prosperity which followed the close of the war with Spain, a not uncommon result of wars, has reached dimensions far beyond the expectations of the most optimistic of our public men. The extension of American commerce is following in the trail of war, and all our people are participating in its practical results. The conduct of our troops, and the frankness and honesty of our policies, in Cuba, the Philippines and China, has challenged the attention of the civilized world. American diplomacy, backed by our highly civilized and intelligent troops, has become a synonym for fair dealing and unswerving honesty. There is abundant cause for pride in the respect now entertained for the United States throughout the world, as evidenced by the treatment of our representatives. Resting under the ægis of the Constitution and an honest interpretation of the Monroe doctrine, there is no possibility of the military arm ever becoming a tool to subvert our own or the liberties of other people. Sophistry and concealment find no place in our treatment of other nations, and this country will fulfil its duties as a newly discovered world power with only such an army and navy as will prevent a decadence of the military art, and yet strong enough not to offer an invitation to attack.

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AT DUSK

By Florence Earle Coates

EARTH, mother dear, I turn, at last,
A homesick child, to thee!
The twilight glow is fading fast,
And soon I shall be free
To seek the dwelling, dim and vast,
Where thou awaitest me.

I am so weary, mother dear!—
Thy child, of dual race,
Who gazing past the star-beams clear,
Sought the Undying's face!
Now I but ask to know thee near,
To feel thy large embrace!

Tranquil to lie against thy breast—
Deep source of voiceless springs,
Where hearts are healed, and wounds are dressed,
And naught or sobs or sings:
Against thy breast to lie at rest—
A life that folds its wings.

Sometime I may—for who can tell?—
Awake, no longer tired,
And see the fields of asphodel,
The dreamed-of, the desired,
And find the heights where He doth dwell,
To whom my heart aspired!

And then— But peace awaiteth me—
Thy peace: I feel it near.
The hush, the voiceless mystery,
The languor without fear!
Enfold me—close; I want but thee!—
But thee, Earth-mother dear!

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A DAUGHTER OF THE SOIL

By Georg Schock

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN B. CHILD

THERE were music books on the parlor organ, cake and apples on the table, and the chairs stood in sociable groups with their tidies awry. Sunshine and country odors streamed through the open windows, and the buzz of flies sounded loud in the afternoon quiet. A pleasant noise of clinking china and women's steps and voices in the kitchen disturbed the baby asleep on the sofa, and he woke, puckering his forehead; but he was a good baby, so he put his thumb into his mouth and lay sucking and smiling until the door opened and a girl came in—a slim creature with a delicate determined face under a mass of red hair. "Come to Auntie," she said, "Come to Aunt Amelia." She took his coat and cap from a chair and began to coax him into them, then stopped to kiss his fuzzy head and murmur, "Oh, baby! Oh, baby! It will be long before I put your coat on again! Will you know Aunt Amelia when she comes home?"

He wriggled away from the kiss and the coat sleeve. "Don't you like it on?" she laughed. "Well, then, we'll put the room to rights." She carried him on her arm, ordering the chairs and table with her other hand. "Just think, next Sunday Aunt Amelia won't be here. You will walk and talk and be a big boy before you see her."

The baby kicked and babbled with joy as his father entered. William Haag's clothes and bearing were of the city, while his sister moved like a country girl in her home-made cotton gown, but the two faces were alike with their high cheek bones and gray eager eyes. "Sit down and talk to me," he said, drawing her to the sofa. "The baby wants you to have this to remember him by."

Amelia's face lighted up over the velvet box. "Oh, Will, that is pretty! I did want a ring! I'll think of the baby and you too when I wear it." She tried it on, holding her hand this way and that, with her head on one side.

Her brother smiled. "You will need something to make you think of us. I shall miss you; but we shan't be here very often after this. Anna thinks it is too far to bring the children, so we'll come about once a month instead of every Sunday."

Amelia's hand dropped and her face changed. "Will, what will Mother do if you don't come every Sunday when I am away—after Mary and Robert are married, too?"

"That won't be until December."

"Yes, but after that. She'll be so lonely, anyhow, and if you stop coming—oh, Will! why doesn't Anna like it here?"

The man hesitated. "To tell the truth, Amelia, I am just as well satisfied not to bring her every week. She wants to be kind to Father and Mother, but I am sure that she will find it easier if she doesn't have to try too often. You see, dear, Anna

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never lived in the country, and she is English. She isn't used to Dutch ways and she can't help being annoyed sometimes. Why, she can hardly understand Mother and Father!"

"But how about them if you leave them like that?"

"That's what happens when the young ones begin to go away. The old folks are left alone. They get used to it."

The baby crawled into his father's arms and settled there as peacefully as though he were not himself supporting the problem of the generations, and Amelia let him go without noticing it. "It may be——" she stopped; then the tears began, though she tried to smile. "I guess I'm foolish," she faltered, "but I don't know what's the matter with me. Here I've wanted to go away to school so long, and studied everything I could, and now that I go in three days I feel just as though I couldn't do it. I can't see Mary when she is married—my own sister!—and Mother and Father will be all alone, and Mother isn't well, and it may be that I ought to be here."

"I don't think you need worry about Mother, Amelia. She isn't sick, only fretting over losing you."

"And when I get there they will all talk English—and I can't talk it right—and I don't know their ways—and perhaps they'll laugh at me!"

"There are worse things in the world than a Dutch twang, Amelia. You are a little nervous; you will be confident enough after you start. I felt so, too, the first time I went away."

"Yes, it wasn't the same with you. You were going to stay, and I come home when I am through with school and take care of Father and Mother—and I think sometimes I do that just as well if I don't go at all!"

"Are you beginning to find out that everything has more than one side? That's always hard." The man was sympathetic, but having passed this particular turning-point he could smile; his sister, on the contrary, was so intent on the problem before her that she saw nothing beyond. "I don' know what you mean," she sobbed. "I don't know what I ought to do."

Quick steps came along the hall, and a black-eyed young woman walked in with a rustle of starched skirts. "What, isn't the baby ready yet?" she exclaimed. "Here, give him to me." She put on his coat and cap, disregarding his little jerks and whimpers, and handed him back to his father. "Take him out to the carriage. It ought to be ready by this time."

"There is no hurry, Anna. I was just talking to Amelia."

"Yes, there is, with that long drive before us. Well, Amelia, I suppose we must say good-by to you now."

"I'm not going until Wednesday."

"You don't imagine we shall be here again in that time? I am glad you are to have such an opportunity, Amelia. You know I have always said you might make something of yourself."

Her husband cut in. "You are preparing to be disappointed, Anna. She has no idea of a career—have you, Amelia?—just a few years' study, and then she will come home and look after the old place."

"Nonsense, Will. She will never come home. She has too much in her to be satisfied to do nothing. Probably she will teach as I did."

"Until I overpersuaded you?"

"Well, yes." She smiled and blushed prettily at her husband. "Amelia, you must change your way of doing your hair. Those braids down your back will never do. You must puff the front and pin it up with bows in the back like mine. I'll send you some ribbons. The other girls will think more of you if you look well. And you must be careful of your English at first, if you don't want to be laughed at."

There was a rush across the floor, and a small boy with a head as red as a woodpecker's threw himself upon Amelia. "For you, Auntie!" he shouted, holding up a peach. "Grandpa lifted me and I picked it off the tree—all for you!" His grandfather followed. "I tolt him to tage it vith, but he vouldn't have it so. You've got to eat it, he says, Milya."

"I will, I will, Benny, and you're a good boy. Just see what a pretty peach!" Amelia tried to hide her face over the delighted child. "I'll get you another next Sunday, Auntie," he cried, hugging her around the neck. Then he was off again and had caught his grandfather by the hand. His fresh face and erect little figure in his blue sailor suit made the old man look more awkward and careworn than

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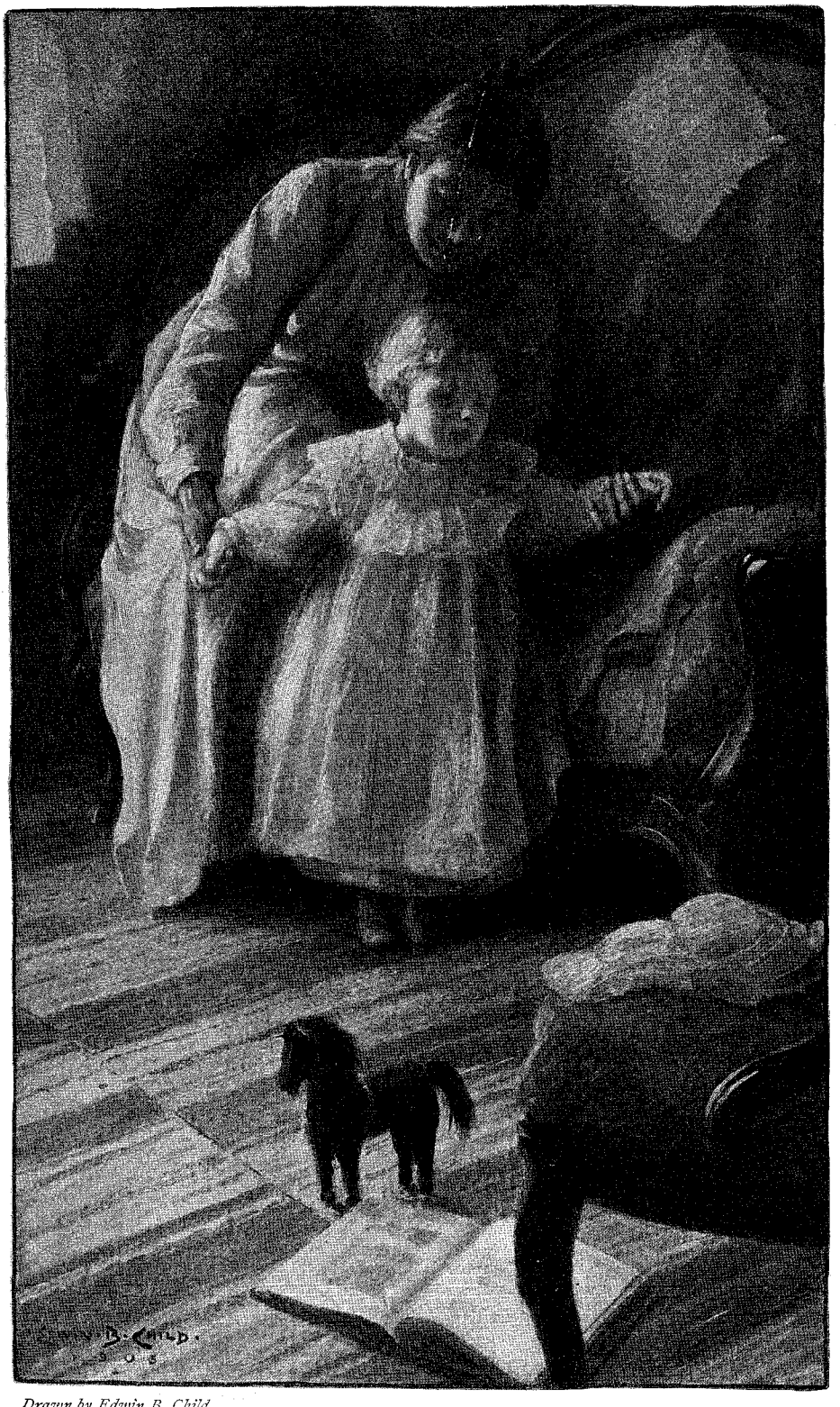

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Stopped to kiss his fuzzy head.—Page 675.

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usual, his ready-made Sunday black more rusty. The girl, noticing the contrast half-unconsciously, walked over to her father and straightened his old-fashioned tie while he smiled down at her. "I guess it von't loog goot again till you come home."

As the little procession moved toward the phaeton Mrs. Haag appeared, wiping her hands on her apron. She was a small woman with a kindly absent-minded expression, and had the impersonal sweetness of a damp spring wind, and its depressing quality. One could not conceive of enthusiasm in her presence. She would always have to have her spirits kept up by her neighbors.

"Vell, you go vonce, ain'd?" she sighed. "Mary ant Robert dey vent alreaty. Robert hat to go to Shartlesville ant Mary she rote along. Vell, I guess ve don'd see you no more before de Milya goes?"

William looked a little conscious as he tucked the lap-robe around his wife. "No, we'll not be here again before she goes, Mother," he said, "but we'll come soon."

Anna handed the baby to Amelia for a moment. "Want to kiss him, I suppose. He'll be grown out of your knowledge when you come home, and Benny will hardly remember you. Kiss Aunt Amelia, Benny. Good-by. Remember what I told you about your hair."

Will and Amelia were like their father, and he was proud of both of them. As the girl, with her hand warm from her brother's clasp, leaned on the fence beside the old man and gazed after the carriage on its way down the road the two were more alike than usual, for he was watching the disappearance of his younger self as he might have been, while she saw her own future in the brother going farther and farther away in a cloud of sunlit dust. The mother, who had never possessed the elements of anything more than she was, interrupted the silence with the very voice of commonplace that breaks in upon the dreamer and the aspirant, no matter to what Engedi of remote thought he may withdraw.

"Vell, I go ant mage de dishes avay," she said. "Anna she vanted to help, but she vould have got somesing on her dress maybe; ant Robert he hat to go righd after supper, ant Mary too. Ach no, Milya, don'd you gome to de kitchen. Id ain'd so much vork dis efening. I do it myself. Soon I haf to. You feed de chickens ant den you chust enchoy yourself. 'You von'd haf much time no more."

When Amelia reached the poultry-yard some of the fowls were near the gate, peering anxiously first with one round eye and then the other; and at the sound of the latch they hurried toward her, running and fluttering with weak awkward wings. Fat mothers left their dust baths; the cock of the yard deserted the lady he was courting, and two game roosters about to fight raised their lowered heads and joined the rush. They pressed around her feet clucking and pecking, in an eddy of dust and many colored feathers, while a bantam cock, whom she had tended in his feeble infancy, flew to her shoulder and snatched corn from her hand. In this commotion of greedy dependent life she forgot her perplexity. As she scattered the corn with the sun lighting her hair and the bronze and green plumage of the bird on her shoulder, she looked like some young goddess of an humbler world.

When the corn was eaten and only a few of the greedier chickens stayed pecking about for stray grains, Amelia loitered across the yard and into the garden. It was a big place, fairly tropical with the thick growth of plants that had done their utmost and were about to die. The staring sunflowers, the rank cornstalks that had lost the military look of mid-summer, and the sprawling tomato-plants with their fleshy red globes made a little jungle. The beds were bordered with country flowers—phlox, larkspur, and marigold made a riot of color against the green. The sunshine of the long September day and the early dew had brought out the odor of the herbs, and the air was full of the scent of drying leaves and hardy pungent flowers that is the veritable breath of Autumn. Clouds of gnats, each tiny creature in a frenzy of purposeless motion, swayed in the air. From her own little bed in a corner the faces of her favorite pansies laughed up at Amelia like little Bacchanals giggling and gloating over some inexhaustible joke. One small rose-bush that had never flowered had, she discovered, a hard green bud. "Oh, I'm glad!" she said aloud. "That ought to bloom by the end of the week. I wonder what it will be like." The sudden

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Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Straightened his old-fashioned tie.—Page 678.

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recollection was like a blow in her face. "It won't be open before I go!"

She hurried out of the garden. Through the kitchen window she could hear the rattle of china, and see her mother bending above the dish-pans with a pile of greasy plates beside her. For a moment she watched her as though she were not her mother, only another woman, and saw how bent her shoulders were and the droop of her mouth, half peevish, half patient. The girl had been secretly disdainful of her mother's dependent ways; she had secretly thought the droop of the mouth all peevish. Now, looking at the elder woman's life as it had been, a dull succession of sordid necessary tasks, she was disposed to think it all patient.

Around the corner of the house, moving majestically, came Wasser, Amelia's dog. There are national differences in canines as in humans—who is more English than a bull-dog or more French than a poodle?—and Wasser was distinctively a Pennsylvania Dutch dog. He understood no other language, and when his mistress addressed him in English he interpreted her inflections as he best could, and responded with the puzzled politeness of the foreigner. He was curly, brown and white, and of Teutonic stolidity. His business was to follow the team to the field and lie for hours in the sun, deep in meditation. In spite of his reserve his disposition was kindly, and he had loved Amelia since he was a puppy. Now he joined her with the self-respecting humility of a valuable servant, and followed, head and tail level, dignified and slow. The girl remembered that he had once refused to eat when she was not there to feed him, and stopped to rub his soft white head.

He was still following as she went down the white road with its border of goldenrod and reddening blackberry vines, and into a strip of woods along the creek. There the earth was black and heavy, and hundreds of graceful weeds ran wild, as pathetic as undesired children. Under the trees it was deep twilight, and her hair showed brilliantly as she went on to a pile of rocks projecting into the water and seated herself, while the dog lay down on a boulder warm from the sun.

As she sat there on the rock with the water rushing by, the shadows deepening about her might have been cast by her own thoughts. She was a prey to her mood. With all her strength she had set herself to get away to school, which seemed to her the way to realize the dreams of her young ambition. She had not counted the cost of what she was about to do; she had not remembered that there was a cost. Now she faltered, full of definite regrets for definite things that she would miss. From her seat she could see a light from her own home, and knew that behind it sat her sister Mary and her lover, planning their new house and the wedding in December. It was to be a fine affair. Mary was to have a wedding-dress from town. She, Amelia, would be away among strangers. She pictured the long winter evenings when her mother sat sewing by the kitchen-lamp, and her father dozed and read his paper, her chair standing empty and no one to help at the sewing-basket. She even thought of how many times there would be good things for dinner, and she not there to take her share. The evening air was from the north and frosty, and the girl shivered with an impulse to hurry home, as an animal gets to cover in its hole through the long autumn nights. With the chickens asleep in puffy balls on their own roosts and the horses snug in their stalls, with all the humble dwellers on the farm warm and safe in their dear wonted places, she would be out alone, cold and unaccustomed. Now that her thoughts were with what she left behind, she forgot what she was approaching; she forgot to make allowance for the pleasantness of fresh surroundings and the warmth of new relations. She had a curious foreboding that anywhere else than this she would be cold. She was seizing upon the richness of her old life in its material aspects, its solid plenty and comfort, and she saw it in a halo of imagined glory, the rainbow of a departing good.

There are certain natures that face any definite object of terror, from a fire to a ghost, with resourceful courage, but dislike a lonely house. They are cheerful in the worst positions, and suffer agonies beforehand. Amelia was one of these. With aching vividness she foresaw the grief of her departure. Her recent regrets passed and she became a thing of nerves. In a panic of anticipated longing she imagined herself helpless and inadequate, heartsick for the

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Mrs. Haag appeared, wiping her hands on her apron.—Page 678.

sights and sounds of home—the wide sunshine on the fields, the wind rushing through broad spaces, the sweetness of the light and shade. The soil was calling her.

The reaction was the stronger because she had been so sure of herself. Her eyes stung, her throat was closing, there were an ache and a weight under her breast. She had no more thoughts at all; she was only a struggling creature wrecked by a change

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of current and tossed by wave after wave of pain and regret. "What shall I do?" she sighed, and her mind beat against the question as a stream foams on a rock before it finds a way around. She tried to weigh the going and the staying in the scale of ultimate profit, but she was too miserable to think accurately, and an impulse seized her to end the need for reason by some decisive action that should make reasoning futile. "Oh, what shall I do?" she murmured again, and the dog stretched over to lick her hand.

Slowly her thoughts took shape. Her parents—they needed her—but she began to realize that a need that is not met will pass. The vacant place would not be filled, it would simply cease to be. Her tasks would be distributed. Her quota of affection—well, they would still be fond of her, but it would be a deliberate fondness for a worthy stranger, for the thousand ties of custom which bound her to her people would be broken; she would be an extra one when she came home. She saw with strange clearness the new thoughts and aims and interests that would divide them; she saw herself growing like the sister-in-law Anna, who tried to be kind to her husband's family.

It seemed to her that no personal improvement could make up for the loss of harmony between desire and duty; and then there came upon her a new doubt. She had always felt herself cramped in her narrow round of homely tasks, where her very thoughts were bounded by the hills, and had taken the fineness of her own life as a young bird in a blossoming tree accepts the space and sweetness; but she began all at once to see that what she had called routine was order, that the monotony was peace. She began to see the value of the quiet and the gentleness around her. She perceived that no hill can be a barrier to thought—only a challenge to make it leap.

Her resolution was so sudden that it seemed to take possession of her, for she had turned her back upon her old desires and the strength of them had passed into the new. The young Columbus looking to the West was not more determined or more solitary than this girl who looked across the waters of the future from the lonely rock of her own soul.

There was a crackling of dry leaves and twigs on the other side of the creek and her father came through the woods, stopped and peered over. "Is that you, Milya?" he called. "I guess I come ofer vonce." He crossed the creek, stepping from rock to rock, and sat down beside her. "You got Vasser vith?" he said, and the dog thumped the ground with his tail. Then they were quiet for awhile. The night was vocal with cricket calls, the cry of frogs in the meadow and the ripple of the water. Amelia, with no doubt of her father's pleasure in her new decision, hesitated, as a woman may before dropping into a life-boat from a sinking ship.

The old man broke the silence. "I vas a little by Billy Reifsnyder's," he remarked. "They come to-morrow night to see you before you go. Sallie Reifsnyder she vas crying. She says she can'd hartly stant to haf you go."

"She needn't cry," said his daughter. "That is, if you say so, Father. I have been thinking about it, and I guess I don't want to go so much as I thought I did."

He did not understand. "Yes, I'm awful sorry, too, you're going, but you vanted it so, ant I ain'd going to talk akainst it. You do chust the vay you lige; ant ven you are all done ant come back then von't ve haf a goot time?"

"Father," said the girl in a sort of desperation, "I don't want to go. I want to stay at home with you and Mother."

There was something of the patriarch's dignity about the old man when he answered. "Milya, for vat do you say this?"

His daughter's earnestness was beyond her self-control as she spoke in a husky voice with the speech of her childhood.

"It's chust like I tell you, Pop. I vanted to go bad, ant I done everything I coult to get avay, ant you ant Mom vas awful kint; you didn't say nothing akainst it. Ant now—ach, Pop, I don'd know how to tell you right, but it don'd look to me like it did. I like it here. I don'd vant to go avay, ant leave Mom ant you. Let me stay vith, Pop!" She leaned over and clung to his arm.

Her father looked into the darkness across the creek with a kind of judicial severity. She misinterpreted his silence and put her hands to her face "I can'd

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Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

She looked like some young goddess of an humbler world.—Page 678.

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"I feel lige you hat gone avay ant come back, Milya," he said.

do it no vay, Pop. Don'd mage me go," she wailed.

He patted her shoulder. "Don'd cry, Milya," he said. "I feel awful glad if you stay here, ant Mom too. Ve ain'd nefer liged you to go, but ve ditn't vant to mage you stay here if you ditn't lige it. Ve keep you chust as long as you vill stay. Ach, chilt, don'd cry lige that."

When Amelia's sobs had ceased they sat again in silence. The ache under her breast was still there, but it had become a delicious pain. She thought of poor Sallie Reifsnyder and how glad she would be—of the wedding—of her brother's surprise, her sister-in-law's disgust and her mother's pleasure. She thought of the happy life of the farm going on uninterrupted, all the happier for her averted loss; she looked ahead through the quiet years, and a deep peace came upon her, deep as the placid sky to which she looked.

Her father rose and Wasser hoisted himself to his feet. The old man's eyes were wet. "I feel lige you hat gone avay ant come back, Milya," he said.

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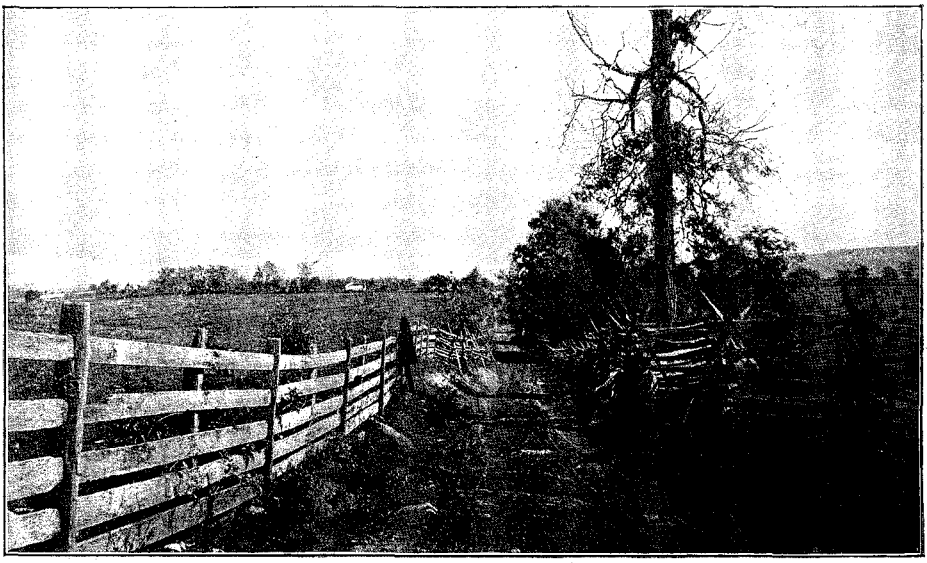

Looking down Bloody Lane, Antietam.

ANTIETAM AND CHANCELLORSVILLE

By General John B. Gordon

of the Confederate Army

AT Antietam, or Sharpsburg as the Confederates call it, on the soil of Maryland, occurred one of the most desperate though indecisive battles of modern times. It left its lasting impress upon my body as well as upon my memory.

General George B. McClellan, after his displacement, had been again assigned to the command of the Union forces. The restoration of this brilliant soldier seemed to have imparted new life to that army. Vigorously following up the success achieved at South Mountain, McClellan, on the 16th day of September, 1862, marshalled his veteran legions on the eastern hills bordering the Antietam. On the opposite slopes, near the picturesque village of Sharpsburg, stood the embattled lines of Lee. As these vast American armies, the one clad in blue and the other in gray, stood contemplating each other from the adjacent hills, flaunting their defiant banners, they presented an array of martial splendor that was not equalled, perhaps, on any other field. It was in marked contrast with other battle-grounds. On the open plain, where stood these hostile hosts in long lines, listening in silence for the signal summoning them to battle, there were no breastworks, no abatis, no intervening woodlands, nor abrupt hills, nor hiding-places, nor impassable streams. The space over which the assaulting columns were to march, and on which was soon to occur the tremendous struggle, consisted of smooth and gentle undulations and a narrow valley covered with green grass and growing corn. From the position assigned me near the centre of Lee's lines, both armies and the entire field were in view. The scene was not only magnificent to look upon, but the realization of what it meant was deeply impressive. Even in times of peace our sensibilities are stirred by the sight of a great army passing in review. How infinitely more thrilling in the dread moments before the battle to look upon two mighty armies upon the same plain, "beneath spread ensigns and bristling bayonets," waiting for the impending crash and sickening carnage!

Behind McClellan's army the country

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Old Dunker Church, Antietam.

was open and traversed by broad macadamized roads leading to Washington and Baltimore. The defeat, therefore, or even the total rout of Union forces meant not necessarily the destruction of that army, but, more probably, its temporary disorganization and rapid retreat through a country abounding in supplies, and toward cities rich in men and means. Behind Lee's Confederates, on the other hand, was the Potomac River, too deep to be forded by his Infantry, except at certain points. Defeat and total rout of his army meant, therefore, not only its temporary disorganization, but its possible destruction; and yet that bold leader did not hesitate to give battle. Such was his confidence in the steadfast courage and oft-tested prowess of his troops, that he threw his lines across McClellan's front with their backs against the river. Doubtless, General Lee would have preferred, as all prudent commanders would, to have the river in his front instead of his rear; but he wisely, as the sequel proved, elected to order Jackson from Harper's Ferry, and with his entire army, to meet McClellan on the eastern shore rather than risk the chances of having the Union commander assail him while engaged in crossing the Potomac.

On the elevated points beyond the narrow valley the Union batteries were rolled into position, and the Confederate heavy guns unlimbered to answer them. For one or more seconds, and before the first sounds reached us, we saw the great volumes of white smoke rolling from the mouths of McClellan's artillery. The next second brought the roar of the heavy discharges and the loud explosions of hostile shells in the midst of our lines inaugurating the great battle. The Confederate batteries promptly responded; and while the artillery of both armies thundered, McClellan's compact columns of Infantry fell upon the left of Lee's lines with the crushing weight of a land-slide. The Confederate battle line was too weak to withstand the momentum of such a charge. Pressed back, but neither hopelessly broken nor dismayed, the Southern troops, enthused by Lee's presence, reformed their lines, and with a shout as piercing as the blast of a thousand bugles, rushed in counter-charge upon the exulting Federals, hurled them back in confusion, and recovered all the ground that had been lost. Again and again, hour after hour, by charges and counter-charges, this portion of the field was lost and recovered, until the green corn that grew upon it looked as if it had been struck by a storm of bloody hail.

Up to this hour, not a shot had been fired in my front. There was an ominous lull on the left. From sheer exhaustion, both sides, like battered and

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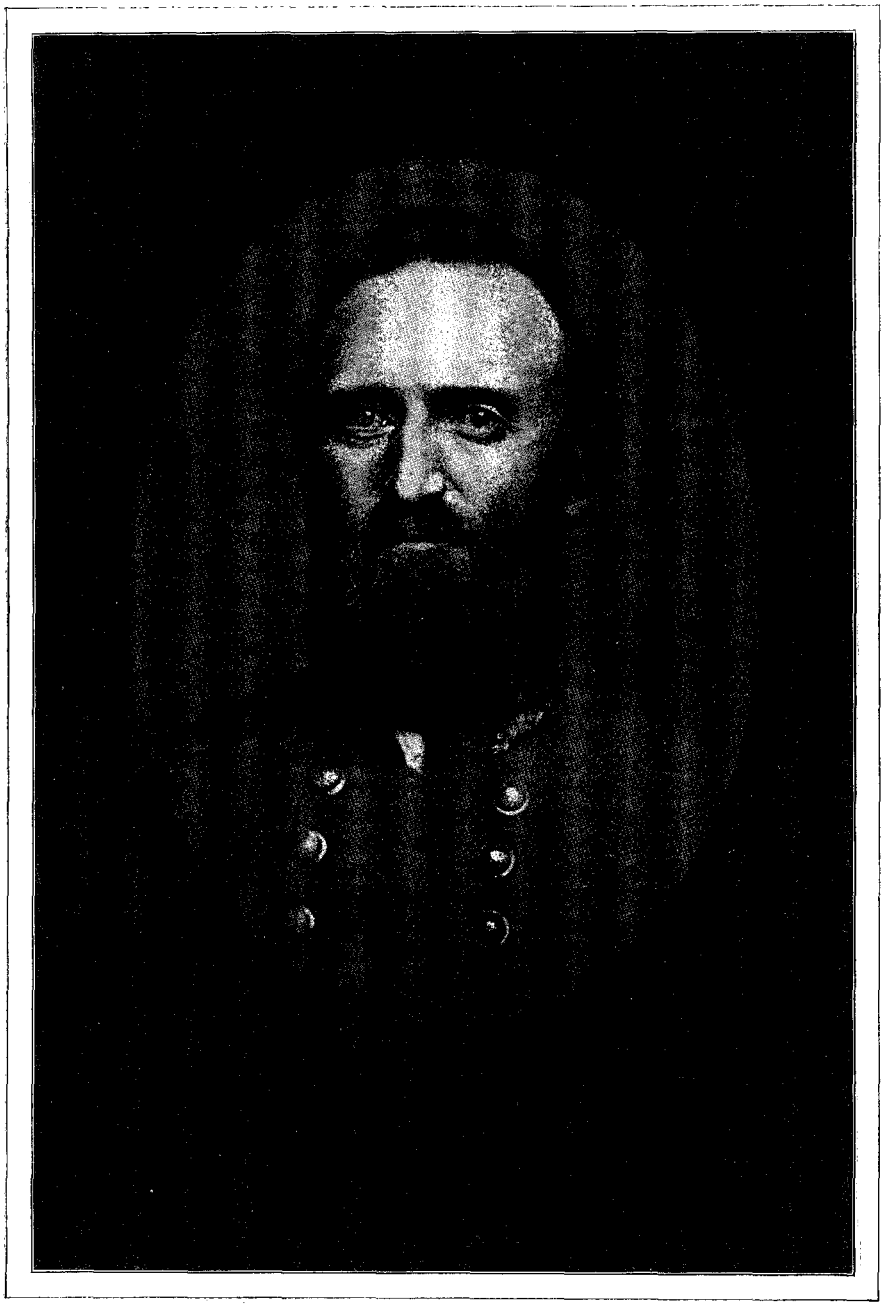

Lieutenant-General Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson, C. S. A.
From a photograph taken in Winchester, Va., in 1862.

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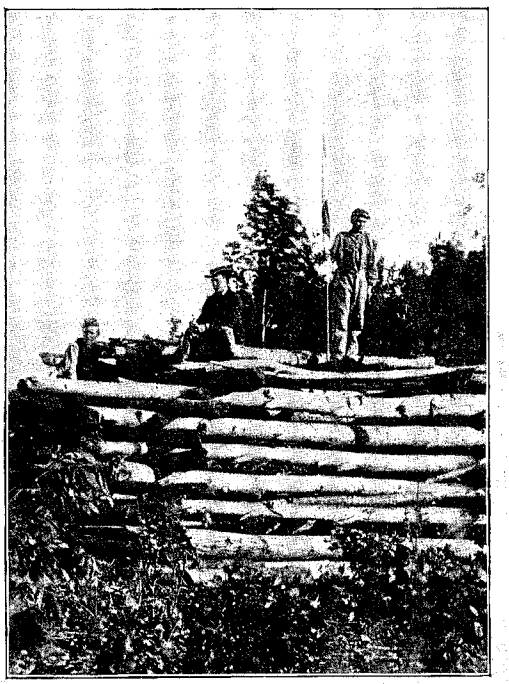
bleeding athletes, seemed willing to rest. General Lee took advantage of the respite and rode along his lines on the right and centre. He was accompanied by Division Commander General D. H. Hill. With that wonderful power which he possessed of divining the plans and purposes of his antagonist, General Lee had decided that the Union commander's next sun goes down or victory is won." Alas! many of the brave fellows are there now.

General Lee had scarcely reached his left before the predicted assault came. The day was clear and beautiful, with scarcely a cloud in the sky. The men in blue filed down the opposite slope, crossed the little stream (Antietam), and formed in my front, an assaulting column four lines



A wartime view of the Union signal station at Elk Mountain, Antietam.

heavy blow would fall upon our centre, and those of us who held that important position were notified of this conclusion. We were cautioned to be prepared for a determined assault and urged to hold that centre at any sacrifice, as a break at that point would endanger his entire army. My troops held the most advanced position on this part of the field, and there was no supporting line behind us. It was evident, therefore, that my small force was to receive the first impact of the expected charge and to be subjected to the deadliest fire. To comfort General Lee and General Hill, and especially to make, if possible, my men still more resolute of purpose, I called aloud to these officers as they rode away: "These men are going to stay here, General, till the deep. The front line came to a "charge bayonets," the other lines to a "right shoulder shift." The brave Union commander, superbly mounted, placed himself in front, while his band in rear cheered them with martial music. It was a thrilling spectacle. The entire force, I concluded, was composed of fresh troops from Washington or some camp of instruction. So far as I could see, every soldier wore white gaiters around his ankles. The banners above them had apparently never been discolored by the smoke and dust of battle. Their gleaming bayonets flashed like burnished silver in the sunlight. With the precision of step and perfect alignment of a holiday parade, this magnificent array moved to the charge, every step keeping time to the tap of the

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A wartime view of Burnside bridge, showing a wagon train crossing.

deep-sounding drum. As we stood looking upon that brilliant pageant, I thought if I did not say, "What a pity to spoil with bullets such a scene of martial beauty!" But there was nothing else to do. Mars is not an æsthetic god; and he was directing every part of this game in which giants were the contestants. On every preceding field where I had been engaged it had been my fortune to lead or direct charges, and not to receive them; or else to move as the tides of battle swayed in the one direction or the other. Now, my duty was to move neither to the front nor to the rear, but to stand fast, holding that centre under whatever pressure and against any odds.

Every act and movement of the Union commander in my front clearly indicated his purpose to discard bullets, and depend upon bayonets. He essayed to break through Lee's centre by the crushing weight and momentum of his solid column. It was my business to prevent this; and how to do it with my single line was the tremendous problem which had to be solved and solved quickly; for the column was coming. As I saw this solid mass of men moving upon me with determined step and front of steel, every conceivable plan of meeting and repelling it was rapidly considered. To oppose man against man, and strength against strength, was impossible; for there were four lines of blue to my one of gray. My first impulse was to open fire upon the compact mass as soon as it came within reach of my rifles, and to pour into its front an incessant hail-storm of bullets during its entire advance across the broad, open plain; but after a moment's reflection that plan was also discarded. It was rejected because, during the few minutes required for the column to reach my line, I could not hope to kill and disable a sufficient number of the enemy to reduce his strength to an equality with mine. The only remaining plan was one which I had never tried, but in the efficacy of which I had the utmost faith. It was to hold my fire until the advancing Federals were almost upon my lines, and then turn loose a sheet of flame and lead into their faces. I did not believe that any troops on earth, with empty guns in their hands, could withstand so sudden a shock and withering fire. The programme

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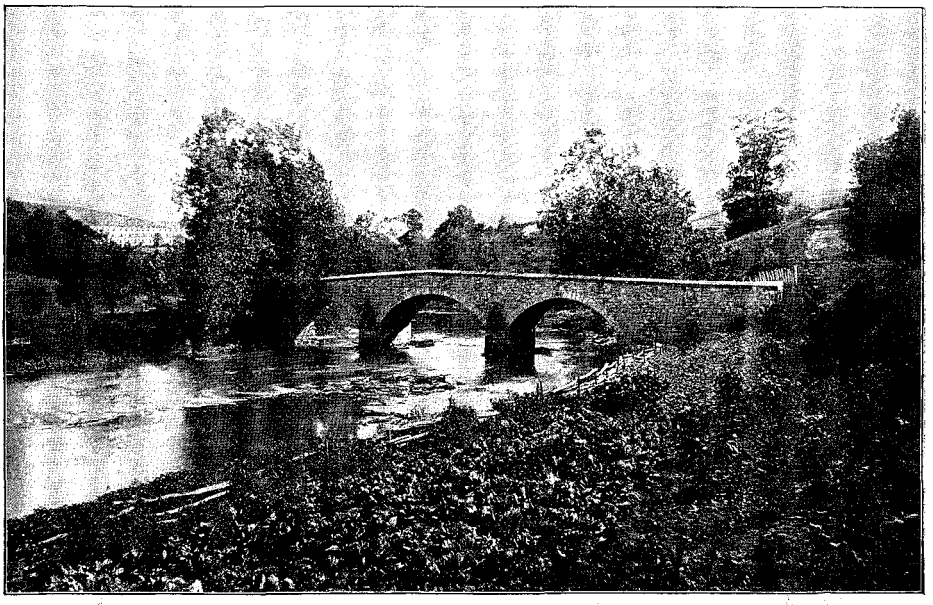

Burnside bridge as it appears to-day.

was fixed in my own mind, all horses were sent to the rear, and my men were at once directed to lie down upon the grass and clover. They were quickly made to understand, through my aides and line officers, that the Federals were coming upon them with unloaded guns; that not a shot would be fired at them, and that not one of our rifles was to be discharged until my voice should be heard from centre commanding "Fire!" They were carefully instructed in the details. They were notified that I would stand at the centre, watching the advance, while they were lying upon their breasts with rifles pressed to their shoulders, and that they were not to expect my order to fire until the Federals were so close upon us that every Confederate bullet would take effect.

There was no artillery at this point upon either side, and not a rifle was discharged. The stillness was literally oppressive, as, in close order with the commander still riding in front, this column of Union Infantry moved majestically in the charge. In a few minutes they were within easy range of our rifles, and some of my impatient men asked permission to fire. "Not yet," I replied. "Wait for the order." Soon they were so close that we might have seen the eagles on their buttons; but my brave and eager boys still waited for the order. Now the front rank was within a few rods of where I stood. It would not do to wait another second, and with all my lung power I shouted "Fire!"

My rifles flamed and roared in the Federals' faces like a blinding blaze of lightning accompanied by the quick and deadly thunderbolt. The effect was appalling. The entire front line, with few exceptions, went down in the consuming blast. The gallant commander and his horse fell in a heap near where I stood—the horse dead, the rider unhurt. Before his rear lines could recover from the terrific shock, my exultant men were on their feet, devouring them with successive volleys. Even then these stubborn blue lines retreated in fairly good order. My front had been cleared. Lee's centre had been saved; and yet not a drop of blood had been lost by my men. The result, however, of this first effort to penetrate the Confederate centre, did not satisfy the intrepid Union commander. Beyond the range of my rifles he reformed his men into three lines, and on foot led them to the second charge, still with unloaded guns. This advance was also repulsed; but again and again did he advance in four successive charges in the fruitless effort to break through my lines with the

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bayonets. Finally his troops were ordered to load. He drew up in close rank and easy range, and opened a galling fire upon my line.

I must turn aside from my story at this point to express my regret that I have never been able to ascertain the name of this lion-hearted Union officer. His indomitable will and great courage have been equalled on other fields and in both armies; but I do not believe they have ever been surpassed. Just before I myself fell and was borne unconscious from the field, I saw this undaunted commander attempting to lead his men in another charge.

The fire from these hostile American lines at close quarters now became furious and deadly. The list of the slain was lengthened with each passing moment. I was not at the front when, near nightfall, the awful carnage ceased; but one of my officers, long afterward, assured me that he could have walked on the dead bodies of my men from one end of the line to the other. This, perhaps, was not literally true; but the statement did not greatly exaggerate the shocking slaughter. Before I was wholly disabled and carried to the rear, I walked along my line and found an old man and his son lying side by side. The son was dead, the father mortally wounded. The gray-haired hero called me and said: "Here we are. My boy is dead, and I shall go soon; but it is all right." Of such were the early volunteers.

My extraordinary escapes from wounds in all the previous battles had made a deep impression upon my comrades as well as upon my own mind and heart. So many had fallen at my side, so often had balls and shells pierced and torn my clothing, grazing my body without drawing a drop of blood, that a sort of blind faith possessed my men that I was not to be killed in battle. This belief was evidenced by their constantly repeated expressions: "They can't hurt him." "He's as safe one place as another." "He's got a charmed life."

If I had allowed these expressions of my men to have any effect upon my mind the impression was quickly dissipated when the Sharpsburg storm came and the whizzing Minies, one after another, began to pierce my body.

Part of the Antietam battlefield to-day.

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Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

General Lee and Division Commander General D. H. Hill riding along the Confederate lines during a respite in the battle of Antietam.

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The first volley from the Union lines in my front sent a ball through the brain of the chivalric Colonel Tew of North Carolina, to whom I was talking, and another ball through the calf of my right leg. On the right and the left my men were falling under the death-dealing crossfire like trees in a hurricane. The persistent Federals, who had lost so heavily from repeated repulses, seemed now determined to kill enough Confederates to make the debits and credits of the battle's balance-sheet more nearly even. Both sides stood in the open at short range and without the semblance of breastworks, and the firing was doing a deadly work. Higher up in the same leg I was again shot; but still no bone was broken. I was able to walk along the line and give encouragement to my resolute riflemen, who were firing with the coolness and steadiness of peace soldiers in target practice. When later in the day the third ball pierced my left arm, tearing asunder the tendons and mangling the flesh, they caught sight of the blood running down my fingers, and these devoted and big-hearted men, while still loading their guns, plead with me to leave them and go to the rear, pledging me that they would stay there and fight to the last. I could not consent to leave them in such a crisis. The surgeons were all busy at the field hospitals in the rear, and there was no way, therefore, of stanching the blood, but I had a vigorous constitution, and this was doing me good service.

A fourth ball ripped through my shoulder, leaving its base and a wad of clothing in its track. I could still stand and walk, although the shocks and loss of blood had left but little of my normal strength. I remembered the pledge to the commander that we would stay there till the battle ended or night came. I looked at the sun. It moved very slowly; in fact, it seemed to stand still. Private Vickers, of Alabama, who had served through the war with Mexico, and with Walker in Nicaragua, and who was one of the bravest soldiers who ever carried a musket, thought he saw some wavering in my line, near the extreme right, and volunteered to carry any orders I might wish to send. I directed him to go quickly and remind the men of the pledge to General Lee, and to say to them that I was still on the field, and intended to stay there. He bounded away like an Olympic racer; but he had gone less than fifty yards when he fell, instantly killed by a ball through his head. I then attempted to go myself, although I was bloody and faint, and my legs did not bear me steadily. I had gone but a short distance when I was shot down by a fifth ball, which struck me squarely in the face, and passed out, barely missing the jugular vein. I fell forward and lay unconscious with my face in my cap; and it would seem that I might have been smothered by the blood from this last wound running into my cap but for the act of some Yankee, who, as if to save my life, had at a previous hour during the battle shot a hole through the cap, which let the blood out.

I was borne on a litter to the rear, and recall nothing more till revived by stimulants at a late hour of the night. I found myself lying on a pile of straw at an old barn, where our badly wounded were gathered. My faithful surgeon, Dr. Weatherly, who was my devoted friend, was at my side, with his fingers on my pulse. As I revived, his face was so expressive of distress that I asked him: "What do you think of my case, Weatherly?" He made a manly effort to say that he was hopeful. I knew better, and I said: "You are not honest with me. You think I am going to die; but I am going to get well." Long afterward, when the danger was past, he admitted that this assurance was his first and only basis of hope.

General George B. Anderson, of North Carolina, whose troops were on my right, was wounded in the foot, but, it was thought, not severely. That superb man and soldier was dead in a few weeks, though his wound was supposed to be slight, while I was mercifully sustained through a long battle with wounds, the combined effect of which was supposed to be fatal. Such are the mysterious concomitants of cruel war.

Mrs. Gordon was soon with me. When it was known that the battle was on, she had at once started towards the front. The doctors were doubtful about the propriety of admitting her to my room; but I told them to let her come. I was more apprehensive of the effect of the

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meeting upon her nerves than upon mine. My face was black and shapeless—so swollen that one eye was entirely hidden and the other nearly so. My right leg and left arm and shoulder were bandaged and propped with pillows, and I knew she would be greatly shocked. As she reached the door and looked, I saw at once that I must reassure her. Summoning all my strength, I said: "Here's your handsome(?) husband; been to an Irish wedding." Her answer was a suppressed scream, whether of anguish or relief at finding me able to speak, I do not know. Thenceforward, for the period in which my life hung in doubtful balance, she sat at my bedside, trying to supply concentrated nourishment to sustain me against the constant drainage. With my jaw immovably set, this was exceedingly difficult and discouraging. My own confidence in ultimate recovery, however, was never shaken until erysipelas, that deadly foe of the wounded, attacked my left arm. The doctors told Mrs. Gordon to paint my arm above the wound three or four times a day with iodine. She obeyed the doctors by painting it, I think, three or four hundred times a day. Under God's Providence, I owe my life to her incessant watchfulness night and day, and to her tender nursing through weary weeks and anxious months.

It was nearly seven months after the battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg, before I was able to return to my duties at the front. Even then the wound through my face had not healed; but Nature, at last, did her perfect work, and thus deprived the army surgeons of a proposed operation. Although my enforced absence from the army was prolonged and tedious, it was not without its incidents and interest. Some of the simple-hearted people who lived in remote districts had quaint conceptions of the size of an army. One of these, a matron about fifty years of age, came a considerable distance to see me and to enquire about her son. She opened the conversation by asking: "Do you know William?"

"What William, madam?"

"My son William."

I replied: "Really, I do not know whether I have ever met your son William or not. Can you tell me what regiment or brigade, or division or corps, he belongs to?"

She answered: "No, I can't, but I know he belongs to Ginal Lee's company."

I think the dear old soul left with the impression that I was something of a fraud because I did not know every man in "Ginal Lee's company"—especially William.

After I had begun to convalesce, it was my privilege to be thrown with the author of "Georgia Scenes," Judge Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, who was widely known in the Southern States as an able jurist, a distinguished educator, and an eminent Methodist divine, as well as a great humorist and wit. His book, "Georgia Scenes," is now rarely seen, and it may be interesting to those who have never known of Judge Longstreet or his famous stories, to give an instance here of the inimitable fun of this many-sided genius, who aided me in whiling away the time of my enforced absence from the army. Judge Longstreet was at that time an old man, but still full of the fire of earlier years, and of that irresistible humor with which his conversation sparkled. On one occasion, when a number of gentlemen were present, I asked the Judge to give us the facts which led him to write that remarkable story called "The Debating Society." He said that Mr. McDuffie, who afterward became one of the South's great statesmen, was his classmate and roommate at school. Both were disposed to stir into the monotony of school days a little seasoning of innocent fun. During one of the school terms, they were appointed a committee to select and propose to the society a suitable subject for debate. As they left the hall, Longstreet said to his friend, "Now, McDuffie, is our chance. If we could induce the society to adopt for debate some subject which sounds well, but in which there is no sense at all, wouldn't it be a great joke?" McDuffie's reply was a roar of laughter. They hastened to their room to begin the selection of the great subject for debate. They agreed that each should write all the high-sounding phrases he could think of, and then by comparing notes, and combining the best of both, they could make up their report. They sat up late, conferring and laughing at the suggestions, and at last concocted the question, "Whether at public elections should the votes of faction predominate by internal suggestions, or the bias of jurisprudence."

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With boyish glee they pronounced their work well done, and laughed themselves to sleep. On the next morning their report was to be submitted, and the society was to vote as to its adoption. They arose early, full of confidence in their ability to palm off this wonderful subject on the society; for they reasoned thus: No boy will be willing to admit that he is less intelligent or less able to comprehend great public questions or metaphysical subjects than the committee, and therefore each one of them will at once pretend to be delighted at the selection, and depend upon reading and investigation to prepare himself for the following week's debate upon it. They had not miscalculated the chances of success, nor underestimated the boyish pride of their schoolmates. The question was unanimously adopted.

It is impossible to give any conception of Judge Longstreet's description of the debate upon the question; of how he and McDuffie led off with thoroughly prepared speeches full of resounding rhetoric and rounded periods, but as devoid of sense as the subject itself, the one arguing the affirmative, the other the negative of the proposition. Nor shall I attempt any description of Judge Longstreet's wonderful mimicry of the boys, many of whom became men of distinction in after years; of how they stammered and struggled and agonized in the effort to rise to the height of the great argument; and finally, of the effort of the president of the society, who was, of course, one of the schoolboys, to sum up the points made and determine on which side were the weightiest and most cogent arguments. Suffice it to say, that I recall with grateful pleasure the hours spent during my convalescence in the presence of this remarkable man. His inimitable and delicate humor was the sunshine of his useful and laborious life, and will remain a bright spot in my recollections of the sixties.

On my return to the army, I was transferred to the command of perhaps the largest brigade in the Confederate Army, composed of six regiments from my own State, Georgia. No more superb material ever filled the ranks of any command in any army. It was, of course, a most trying moment to my sensibilities when the time came for my parting from the old command, with which I had passed through so many scenes of bitter trial; but these men were destined to come back to me again. It is trite, but worth the repetition, to say that there are few ties stronger and more sacred than those which bind together in immortal fellowship men who with unfaltering faith in each other have passed through such scenes of terror and blood.

Years afterward, my daughter met a small son of one of these brave comrades, and asked him his name.

"Gordon Wright," was his prompt reply.

"And for whom are you named, Gordon?"

"I don't know, miss," he answered, "but I believe my mamma said I was named for General Lee."

I had been with my new command but a short time, when the great battle of Chancellorsville occurred. It was just before this bloody engagement that my young brother had so accurately and firmly predicted his own death, and it was here the immortal Jackson fell. I never write, or pronounce this name without an impulse to pause in veneration for that American phenomenon. The young men of this country cannot study the character of General Jackson without benefit to their manhood, and for those who are not familiar with his characteristics I make this descriptive allusion to him.

As to whether he fell by the fire of his own men, or from that of the Union men in his front, will perhaps never be definitely determined. The general, the almost universal, belief at the South is, that he was killed by a volley from the Confederate lines; but I have had grave doubts of this raised in my own mind by conversations with thoughtful Union officers who were at the time in his front, and near the point where he was killed. It seems to me quite possible that the fatal ball might have come from either army. This much-mooted question as to the manner of his death is, however, of less consequence than the manner of his life. Any life of such nobility and strength must always be a matter of vital import and interest.

At the inception of the movement upon General Hooker's army at Chancellorsville, a remarkable interview occurred between General Lee and General Jackson, which

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is of peculiar interest, because it illustrates, in a measure, the characteristics of both these great soldiers.

It was repeated to me soon after its occurrence by Rev. Dr. Lacey, who was with them at the time Jackson rode up to the Commander-in-Chief, and said to him: "General Lee, this is not the best way to move on Hooker."

"Well, General Jackson, you must remember that I am compelled to depend to some extent upon information furnished me by others, especially by the engineers, as to the topography, the obstructions, etc., and these engineers are of the opinion that this is a very good way of approach."

"Your engineers are mistaken, sir."

"What do you know about it, General Jackson? You have not had time to examine the situation."

"But I have, sir; I have ridden over the whole field."

And he had. Riding with the swiftness of the wind, and looking with the eye of an eagle, he had caught the strong and weak points of the entire situation, and was back on his panting steed at the great commander's side to assure him that there was a better route.

"Then what is to be done, General Jackson?"

"Take the route you yourself at first suggested. Move on the flank—move on the flank."

"Then you will at once make the movement, sir."

Immediately and swiftly, Jackson's "foot cavalry," as they were called, were rushing along a byway through the dense woodland. Soon the wild shout of his charge was heard on the flank and his red cross of battle was floating over General Hooker's breastworks.

General Hooker, "fighting Joe," as he was proudly called by his devoted followers, and whom it was my pleasure to meet and to know well after the war, was one of the brilliant soldiers of the Union Army. He had already been hailed as the hero of the "battle of the clouds" at Lookout Mountain, and whatever may be said of the small force which he met in the fight upon that mountain's sides and top, the conception was a bold one. It is most improbable that General Hooker was informed as to the number of Confederates he was to meet in the effort to capture the high and rugged point Lookout, which commanded a perfect view of the city of Chattanooga and the entire field of operations around it. His movement through the dense underbrush, up the rocky steeps and over the limestone cliffs was executed with a celerity and dash which reflected high credit upon both the commander and his men. Among these men, by the way, was one of those merry-makers—those dispensers of good cheer—found in both the Confederate and Union Armies, who constituted themselves veritable fountains of good-humor, whose spirits glowed and sparkled in all situations, whether in the camp, on the march, or under fire. The special rôle of this one was to entertain his comrades with song, and as Hooker's men were struggling up the sides of Lookout Mountain, climbing over the huge rocks, and being picked off of them by the Confederate sharpshooters, this frolicsome soldier amused and amazed his comrades by singing, in stentorian tones, his ludicrous camp-song, the refrain of which was "Big pig, little pig, root hog or die." The singer is now Dr. H. S. Cooper, of Colorado.

But to return to the consideration of General Jackson's character. Every right-minded citizen, as well as every knightly soldier, whatever the color of his uniform, will appreciate the beauty of the tribute paid by General Lee to General Jackson, when he received the latter's message announcing the loss of his left arm. "Go tell General Jackson," said Lee, "that his loss is small compared to mine; for while he loses his left arm, I lose the right arm of my Army." No prouder or juster tribute was ever paid by a great commander to a soldier under him.

But more important than anything I have yet said of Jackson may be compassed, I think, in the observation that he added to a marvellous genius for war a character as man and Christian which was absolutely without blemish. His child-like trust and faith, the simplicity, sincerity, and constancy of his unostentatious piety did not come with the war, nor was it changed by the trials and dangers of war. If the war affected him at all in this particular, it only intensified his religious devotion, because of the tremendous responsibilities which it imposed; but long before, his religious

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thought and word and example were leading to the higher life young men entrusted to his care, at the Virginia Military Institute. In the army nothing deterred or diverted him from the discharge of his religious duties, nor deprived him of the solace resulting from his unaffected trust. A deep-rooted belief in God, in His Word and His providence was under him and over him and through him, permeating every fibre of his being, dominating his every thought, controlling his every action. Wherever he went and whatever he did, whether he was dispensing light and joy in the family circle; imparting lessons of lofty thought to his pupils in the schoolroom at Lexington; planning masterful strategy in his tent; praying in the woods for Heaven's guidance; or riding like the incarnate spirit of war through the storm of battle, as his resistless legions swept the field of carnage with the fury of a tornado —Stonewall Jackson was the faithful disciple of his Divine Master. He died as he had lived, with his ever-active and then fevered brain working out the problems to which his duty called him, and, even with the chill of death upon him, his loving heart prompted the message to his weary soldiers, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." That his own spirit will eternally rest under the shade of the Tree of Life, none who knew him can for one moment doubt.

While the battle was progressing at Chancellorsville, near which point Lee's left rested, his right extended to or near Fredericksburg. Early's Division held this position, and my brigade the right of that division; and it was determined that General Early should attempt, near sunrise, to retake the fort on Marye's Heights, from which the Confederates had been driven the day before. I was ordered to move with this new brigade, with which I had never been in battle, and to lead in that assault. At least such was my interpretation of the order as it reached me. Whether it was my fault or the fault of the wording of the order itself, I am not able to say, but there was a serious misunderstanding about it. My brigade was intended, as it afterward appeared, to be a portion only of the attacking force, whereas I had understood the order to direct me to proceed at once to the assault upon the fort and I proceeded. As I was officially a comparative stranger to the men of this brigade, I said in a few sentences to them that we should know each other better when the battle of the day was over; that I trusted we should go together into that fort, and that if there were a man in the brigade who did not wish to go with us, I would excuse him if he would step to the front and make himself known. Of course, there was no man found who desired to be excused, and I then announced that every Georgian in that splendid brigade had thus declared his purpose to go into the fortress. They answered this announcement by a prolonged and thrilling shout, and moved briskly to the attack. When we were under full headway and under fire from the heights, I received an order to halt, with the explanation that the other troops were to unite in the assault; but the order had come too late. My men were already under heavy fire and were nearing the fort. They were rushing upon it with tremendous impetuosity. I replied to the order that it was too late to halt then, and that a few minutes more would decide the result of the charge. General Early playfully but earnestly remarked, after the fort was taken, that success had saved me from being court-martialed for disobedience to orders.

During this charge I came into possession of a most remarkable horse, whose fine spirit convinced me that horses now and then, in the furor of fight, were almost as sentient as their riders. This was especially true of the high-strung thoroughbreds. At least, such was my experience with the number of these noble animals which it was my privilege to ride, and some of which it was my painful fortune to leave on the field as silent witnesses of the storm which had passed over it. At Marye's Heights, the horse which I had ridden into the fight was exhausted in my effort to personally watch every portion of my line as it swept forward, and he had been in some way partially disabled, so that his movements became most unsatisfactory. At this juncture the beautiful animal to which I have referred, and from which a Union officer had just been shot, galloped into our lines. I was quickly upon her back, and she proved to be the most superb battle-horse that it was my fortune to mount during the war. For ordinary uses,

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she was by no means remarkable—simply a good saddle animal, which Mrs. Gordon often rode in camp, and which I called "Marye," from the name of the hill where she was captured. Indeed, she was ordinarily rather sluggish, and required free use of the spur; but when the battle opened she was absolutely transformed. She seemed at once to catch the ardor and enthusiasm of the men around her. The bones of her legs were converted into steel springs and her sinews into india rubber. With head up and nostrils distended, her whole frame seemed to thrill with a delight akin to that of fox hounds when the hunter's horn summons them to the chase. With the ease of an antelope, she would bound across ditches and over fences which no amount of coaxing or spurring could induce her to undertake when not under the excitement of battle. Her courage was equal to her other high qualities. She was afraid of nothing. Neither the shouting of troops, nor the rattle of rifles, nor the roar of artillery, nor their bursting shells, intimidated her in the slightest degree. In addition to all this, she seemed to have a charmed life, for she bore me through the hottest fires and was never wounded.

I recall another animal of different temperament, turned over to me by the quartermaster, after capture, in exchange, as usual, for one of my own horses. In the valley of Virginia, during the retreat of the Union General, Milroy, my men captured a horse of magnificent appearance and handsomely caparisoned. He was solid black in color and dangerously treacherous in disposition. He was brought to me by his captors with the statement that he was General Milroy's horse, and he was at once christened "Milroy" by my men. I have no idea that he belonged to the General, for that officer was too true a soldier to have ridden such a beast in battle—certainly not after one test of his cowardice. His fear of Minie balls was absolutely uncontrollable. He came near disgracing me in the first and only fight in which I attempted to ride him. Indeed, if it had chanced to be my first appearance under fire with my men, they would probably have followed my example as they saw me flying to the rear on this elephantine brute. He was an immense horse of unusually fine proportions, and had behaved very well under the cannonading, but as we drew nearer the blue lines in front, and their musketry sent the bullets whistling around his ears, he wheeled and fled at such a rate of speed, that I was powerless to check him, until he had carried me more than a hundred yards to the rear. Fortunately, some of the artillerymen aided me in dismounting, and promptly gave me a more reliable steed, on whose back I rapidly returned in time to redeem my reputation. My obligations to General Milroy were very great for having evacuated at night the fort at Winchester (near which this horse was captured); and for permitting us to move over its deserted and silent ramparts in perfect security; but if this huge black horse were really his, General Milroy, in leaving him for me, had cancelled all the obligations under which he had placed me.

This Georgia brigade, with its six splendid regiments, whose war acquaintance I had made at Marye's Heights, contributed afterward from their pittance of monthly pay, and bought, without my knowledge, at a fabulous price, a magnificent horse, and presented him to me. These brave and self-denying men realized that such a horse would cost more than I could pay. He gave me great comfort, and I hoped that like "Marye" he might go unscathed through successive battles, but, at Monocacy, in Maryland, he paid the forfeit of his life by coming in collision with a whizzing missile, as he was proudly galloping along my lines, then advancing upon General Lew Wallace's forces. I deeply regretted this splendid animal's death, not only because of his great value at the time, but far more because he was the gift of my gallant men.

In one of the battles in the Wilderness, in 1864, and during a flank movement, a thoroughbred bay stallion was captured—a magnificent creature, said to have been the favorite war-horse of General Shaler, whom we also captured. As was customary, the horse was named for his former master, and was known by no other title than "General Shaler." My obligations to this horse are twofold and memorable: he saved me from capture, when I had ridden, by mistake, into Sedgwick's Corps by night; and at Appomattox he brought me enough greenbacks to save me from walking back to Georgia. He was so

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handsome that a Union officer, who was a judge of horses, asked me if I wished to sell him. I at once assured this officer that I would be delighted to sell the horse or anything else I possessed, as I had not a dollar except Confederate money, which, at that period of its history, was somewhat below par. The officer, General Curtin, of Pennsylvania, generously paid me in greenbacks more than I asked for the horse. I met this gentleman in 1894, nearly thirty years afterward, at Williamsport, Pa. He gratified me again by informing me that he had sold "General Shaler" for a much higher price than he paid me for him.*

If there is a hereafter for horses, as there is a heaven for the redeemed among men, I fear that the old black traitor that ran away with me from the fight will never reach it, but the brave and trusty steeds that so gallantly bore their riders through our American Civil War will not fail of admittance.

Job wrote of the war-horse that "smelleth the battle from afar off." Alexander the Great had his "Bucephalus," that dashed away as if on wings as his daring master mounted him. Rodrigo of Castile had his peerless "Orelia," who, with broken rein, carried him through the battle as if galloping on the meadows. Zachary Taylor had his "Old Whity," from whose mane and tail the American patriots pulled for souvenirs nearly all the hairs, as he grazed on the green at the White House. Lee had his "Traveller," whose memory is perpetuated in enduring bronze. Stonewall Jackson had his high-mettled "Old Sorrell," whose life was nursed with tenderest care long after the death of his immortal rider, but if I were a poet I would ignore them all and embalm in song my own glorious "Marye," whose spirit I would know was that of Joan of Arc, if the transmigration of souls were true.

* Since writing this paper, I have learned that this horse was a noted animal in the Union Army, and had been named "Abe," for President Lincoln.

THE CANOE UNDERSHORE

By Joseph Russell Taylor

ONLY by the slow shadow along the canoe
Of leaves that hung our brows with wreath on wreath,
Of the long sigh of lily pads beneath,
By these alone our creeping pace we knew:
And under the water-maple's arch we drew
So silently, that near and unafraid,
Wandering loves! the rich, mute waxwings stayed,
And she bent back to look as we passed through.
The overhanging leafage filled the boat,
Rustling and fresh and cool to blind our eyes,
Suddenly, slowly, curtaining side by side
A boy's head bent to knee, a girl's white throat
Laid back: and then the sun was like surprise.
"I did!" I said; and "You did not!" she cried.

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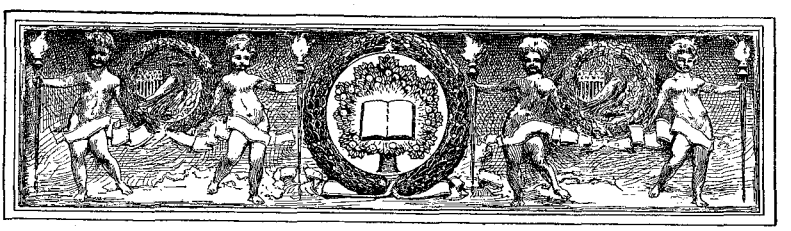


THE SPIRIT OF THE FLAG

By Henry Dorr

LONG ago I built my watch-tower on the stern New England coast,
And my altar fires were kindled high above the sounding shore;
I flung my fearless banner to the winds which sweep the World,
There to wave in storm and sunlight, there to float forever more!

From my watch-tower, looking Eastward, I have seen a million sail
Sweep on from the horizon line with all their canvas spread,
And, lighted by my living flame that flashed across the sea,
Make bravely for the port where Law and Liberty are wed!

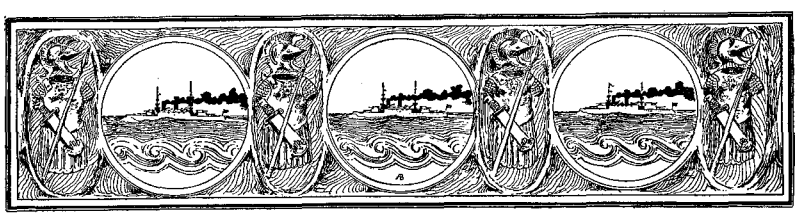
From my watch-tower, gazing Westward, I have seen the march of men
Over hill and glen and mountain, and through woodlands gray and dim.
I have seen them building cities; I have seen them cross the plains,
And only halt at last upon the far Pacific's rim!

I have seen my fleets and armies at the rising of the sun
Spread my colors to the dawning and sail on in proud estate!
I have sent my troops and warships to the Islands of the Sea;
And have heard my cannon thunder at the Orient's ancient gate!

Are my battles waged for conquest and the glory of the sword?
Have my heroes fought and fallen to oppress and to enslave?
Know you not that Freedom follows where my stern battalions tread,
And that Liberty is crowned where my triumphant banners wave?

Liberty to live and labor; freedom, justice, and the law;
Neither tyranny nor license while my beacon fires still flame;
For my vengeance shall be swifter than the lightning's awful stroke,
Whether demagogue or tyrant plant oppression in my name!

Peace shall raise aloft her standard where my loyal troops have marched,
And shall brood upon the waters where my pennant is unfurled;
And the deep tones of my cannon shall be hushed forever more
When my banner sheds its glory through the confines of the World!



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In thin defile along a climbing wall.

THE LOVER OF TREES IN ITALY

By Sophie Jewett

Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees,
(If our loves remain)
In an English lane,
. . . . . .
Or look for me, old fellow of mine,
(If I get my head from out the mouth
O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
And come again to the land of lands)—
In a sea-side house to the farther South,
Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,
And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—stands,
By the many hundred years red-rusted,
Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'ercrusted,
My sentinel to guard the sands
To the water's edge.
—Browning, *De Gustibus.*

"I CANNOT understand," said a lover of Switzerland to me, "your content in Italy in the summer. I want depth of shade, and masses of green, and the coolness that comes from evergreen forests. Italy is beautiful, but it is so treeless." I listened, as one who has the taint of Italy in his blood listens to criticism of her, without resentment or jealousy, rather with tolerance and pity for the critic. Yet I suggested that the southern side of the Alps is Italy, not Switzerland; and I recalled the oaks and walnuts in the valleys and ravines of Umbria, the beeches of Vallombrosa and the hoary chestnuts of the Pistojese Apennines, for, even to one who does not know its greatest woods, Italy affords abundant green shadow.

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In the spring I made with my devotee of forests a Franciscan pilgrimage into the Casentino. The broad summit of Prato Magno was snow-covered, but the lower slopes of all the mountains were a glory of young oak foliage, too golden to be green, too green to be golden. When we stood among the towering beeches and hemlocks on the height of La Verna, my friend said penitently, "I shall never again think of Italy as treeless."

Ilex path, Boboli Gardens.

None the less, next day, as we left the sharp firs of the Consuma Pass and its bleak winds behind us, and drove down toward the sunset glory of the Arno Valley, past fields of rose-colored vetch and wine-dark clover, of bright poppies and pale iris, into a world where acacias in full flower stood white among the cypresses, I reflected that it is not for its forest trees that one loves Italy. When the heart seeks broad oaks or cathedral firs, it is the North that calls, and if, in Italy, the feet of a Northerner stray into some unlooked-for *selva oscura*, he finds himself presently thinking of home. For, in spite of great exceptions, forests of pine, or fir, or chestnut, the characteristic trees of Italy are detached, sharply outlined, impressive from loneliness and contrast. In groves, in groups, in avenues, in files, in couples and singly, they cut the sky, and it is the general treelessness of the landscape that gives to the infrequent trees their peculiar beauty. They are so defined and individual that one remembers the cypresses of a Tuscan city exactly as one remembers its *campanili*, and it would be as easy to forget the dome of St. Peter's as to forget the single palm tree of St. Bonaventura. I have even seen it from the Pincian Hill on a gray winter day, pale against a paler sky, yet distinct in outline as the convent itself. It looked lonely as a seventeenth-century ghost, keeping uneasy watch between the advance of archæological excavation and of modern building.

I shall always remember a May morning years ago, when, on the journey from Florence to Rome by way of Arezzo, I made discovery that the attenuated trees of Perugino are real, not fancied. It was my first lesson in the faithfulness of the Umbrian and Tuscan landscape painting.

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Ilex avenue. Villa Borghese, Rome.

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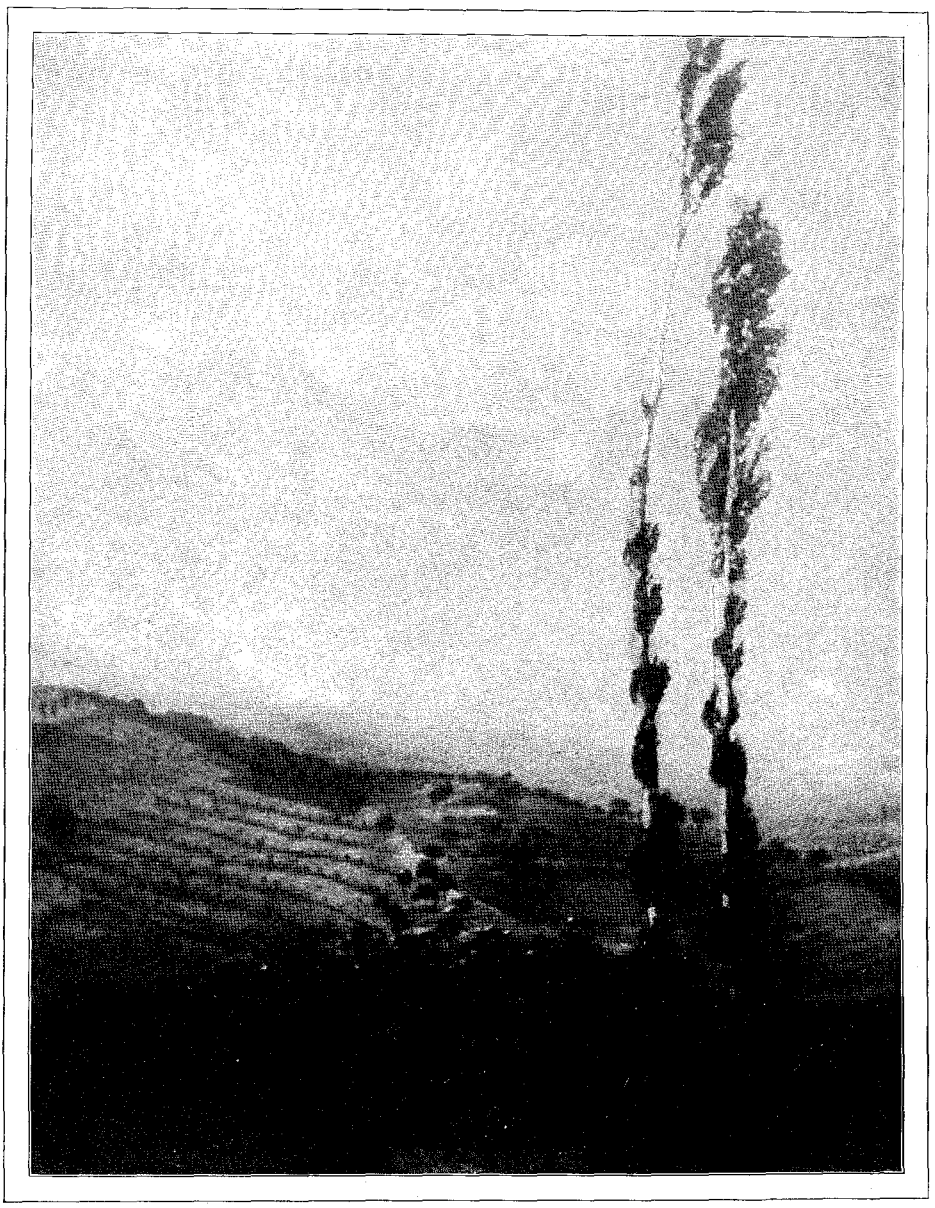

Two slim sentinels.

I soon came to know that, so long as the hill-sides bear feathery alders and tufted poplars, and almonds pink with bloom in February, so long will the angels of Fra Giovanni and Benozzo Gozzoli flit before one's eyes. Outside the walls of Urbino grow two thin sentinels so alive with the spirit of Perugino that one half expects to see Our Lady of Sorrows, purple-vested, standing beside them in the fading light with St. Bernard at her feet.

In Italy every tree has its peculiar significance and charm—fig trees, medlars, mulberries, with their garlands of vine, acacias, oaks, walnuts, chestnuts, firs—yet the most characteristic trees that stand

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An avenue of Cypresses, Urbino.

along the way of the ordinary traveller seem to me to be the ilex, the olive, the cypress, and the stone-pine.

The ilexes present rather masses of shade than clearness of outline, but this is the impression from the outside. Beneath them, among them, as one becomes used to the dusk, one sees that not even an Italian gardener has been able to prune them of their individuality.

On the Latian hill-sides they belong to the ancient world. They are symbols of Roman myth and of Roman rite, but as one sees them in villa and palace garden they are retainers of the ducal days. Indifferent and uncommunicative to the curi-

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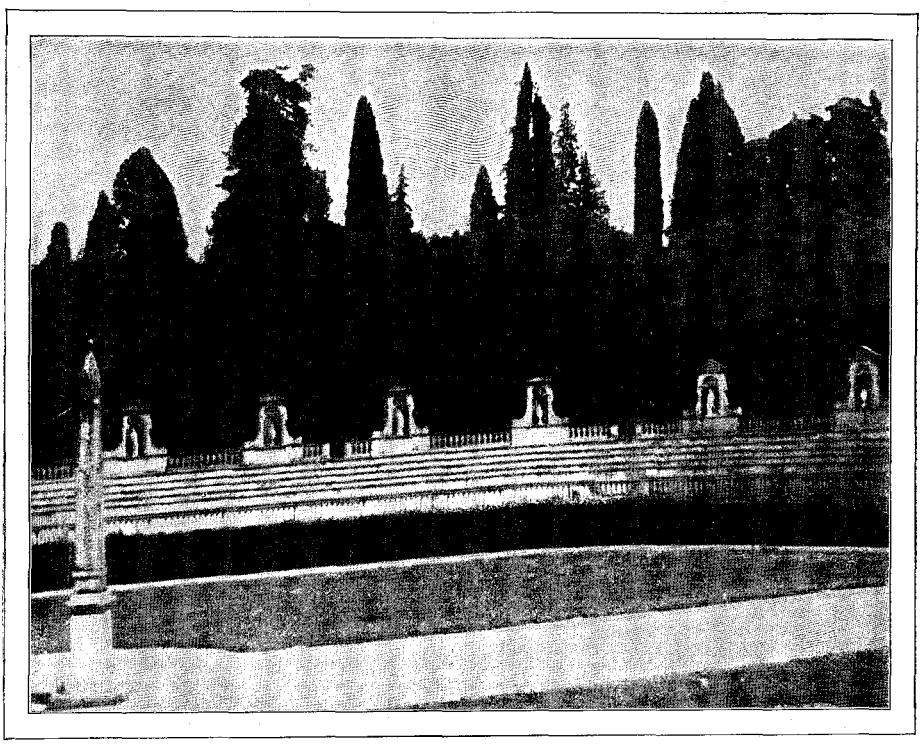
ous stranger, they, who grew old so long ago, whisper to themselves through the sunny noons of dead lovers whose secrets they have shared, of princely traitors whose crimes they have hidden, and, silent o' nights, they listen for the festival music that used to sound from the bright windows. Though they are wrinkled and

The ilex is reserved, patrician, but the olive is of the people. It loves broad slopes, where it may fraternize with mulberry and vine, and with the peasant as he ploughs and plants. It chatters to fig tree and medlar across the garden-wall. The sheep and the shepherds are its familiars, and the children who gather its fruit



Ilex hedge in the Boboli Gardens.

lichen-stained, though their hearts are eaten with decay, they cling to life with the tenacity of sage and subtle *Monsignori*. Their trunks may be built up with stones and cement, as are those of the giants of Castel Gandolfo; their mighty lateral spread may be propped by timbers as in the Boboli Gardens, yet they refuse to "die at the top." In spring the blackest of them all is covered with a faint glory of new green that changes it as a sudden thought of youth changes an old face. The nightingales have sung in its depths through three hundred Junes. They may find green shelter there for a hundred more—who knows?

and trim its branches. From root to topmost bough, it is a creature of the sun. The swaying tracery that it casts over red soil or brown sod is tempered sunlight, not shadow. Even the hollow heart of an old olive shows, not decay, but a warm, silvery surface as if the rain and the sun had cleansed and polished it.

The olive, like its peasant neighbor, works till the end. On an Umbrian hillside each broken shell through which the sky looks as through a ruined arch wears a fringe of fruit-bearing boughs, dancing and shining in the light as if the crown of old age were joy, not sorrow.

I have heard the olive called dull and

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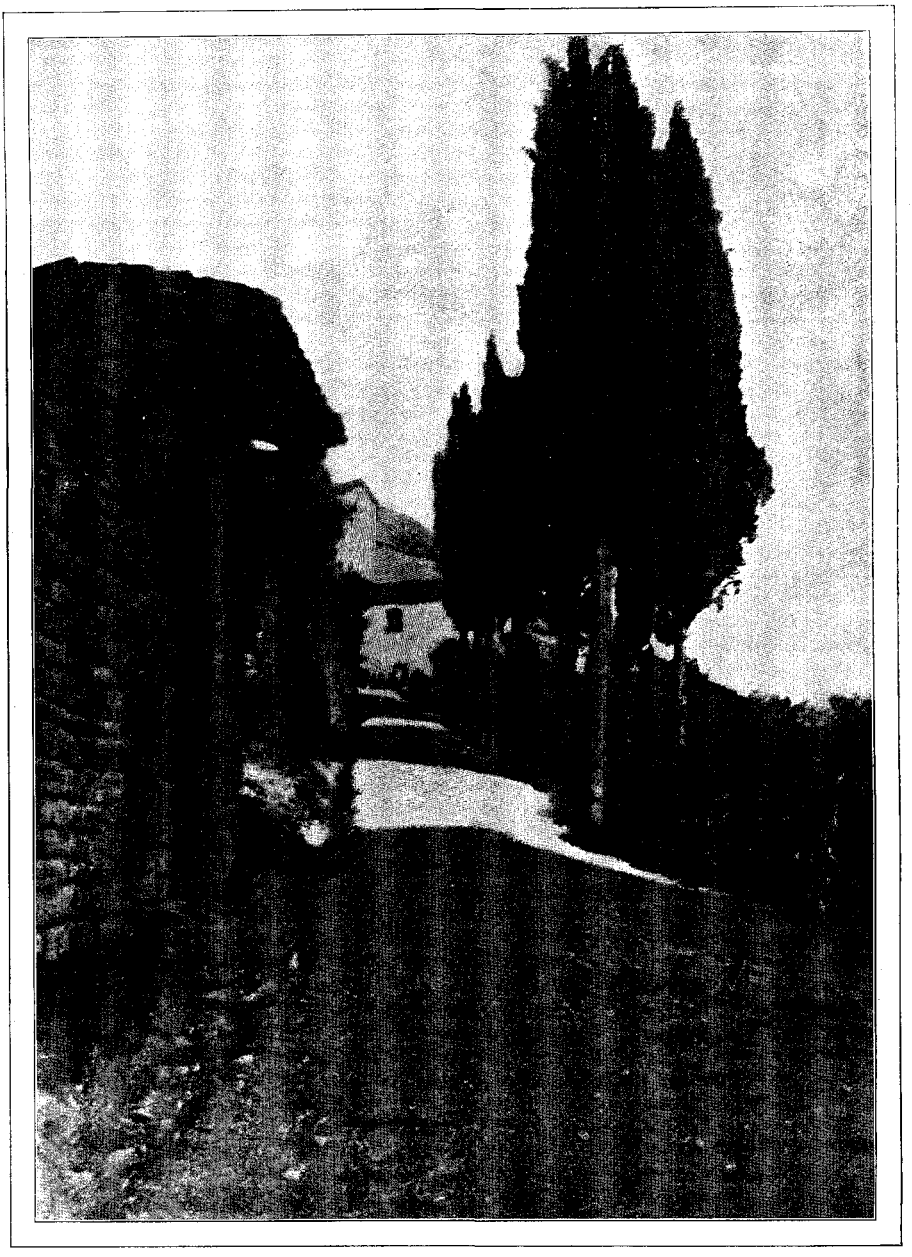

Cypresses by the roadside—Gubbio.

colorless. Profane lips have even called it dusty and dreary. The charm of it, like that of all soft color, is a matter of combination and contrast. The single tree, if one look at it from the ground, enhances every mass and every touch of vivid color about it; the red poppy at its foot, the green lizard on its trunk, the blue of the sky over it. Or, if the earth be dun and the sky gray, the olive gives delicate values, fine gradations, of tone that please the eye as faint-heard harmony pleases the ear.

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The Pineta of Ravenna.

If this be true of a solitary tree, it is truer of wide orchards in the general landscape. In the large, the effect of the olive is more translucent than opaque. Over the steep slopes of Tuscany, where the trees are small, the color lies like a thin veil. In Umbria, and farther south, it falls from hill to plain in soft waves of a tone that is indescribable because it changes with every mood of the varying sky.

The most marvellous color-effect of the olives that I remember was in the Alban hills, when, between the ranks of trees, the vineyards were vivid green with a hint of gold, and the grass had become actual emerald in the autumn rains. Though standing in the midst of this bright verdure, these Roman olives looked less silvery and more green than those of Tuscany, and I received the same impression from the orchards about Naples.

I instinctively incline to think of olive and cypress as local symbols, the olive Umbrian, the cypress Tuscan. Both trees are wide-scattered over Italy, but the olive is essential to the spirit of the Tiber Valley, and the cypress to that of the Arno.

The eyes that find the olive dusty, have found the cypress mournful and stiff. They have found the early Tuscan and Umbrian painters also stiff and mournful, and it would be futile to argue in defence of either painters or trees. But lie on the sunny side of an old cypress through a mid-summer afternoon and look at it long, till you are alone in the world with it. Below, it is "ripe fruit o'ercrusted," and all a-flutter with singing birds, but the top soars away from you and pierces the sky as no other wingless thing can do. As your eye climbs the green spire, the blue seems to deepen and draw down till you are conscious not so much of infinite distance as of infinite nearness. But, if you chance upon the same cypress standing against the sky at evening, how black and sombre it can be! Withdrawn and austere, as becomes Dante's compatriot, it broods on tragedy. It will not even tell you if the song-birds that fluttered about it in the sunshine, are hidden in its heart.

Despite their simplicity of outline, the cypresses are not monotonous nor changeless. I know an avenue of ancient trees

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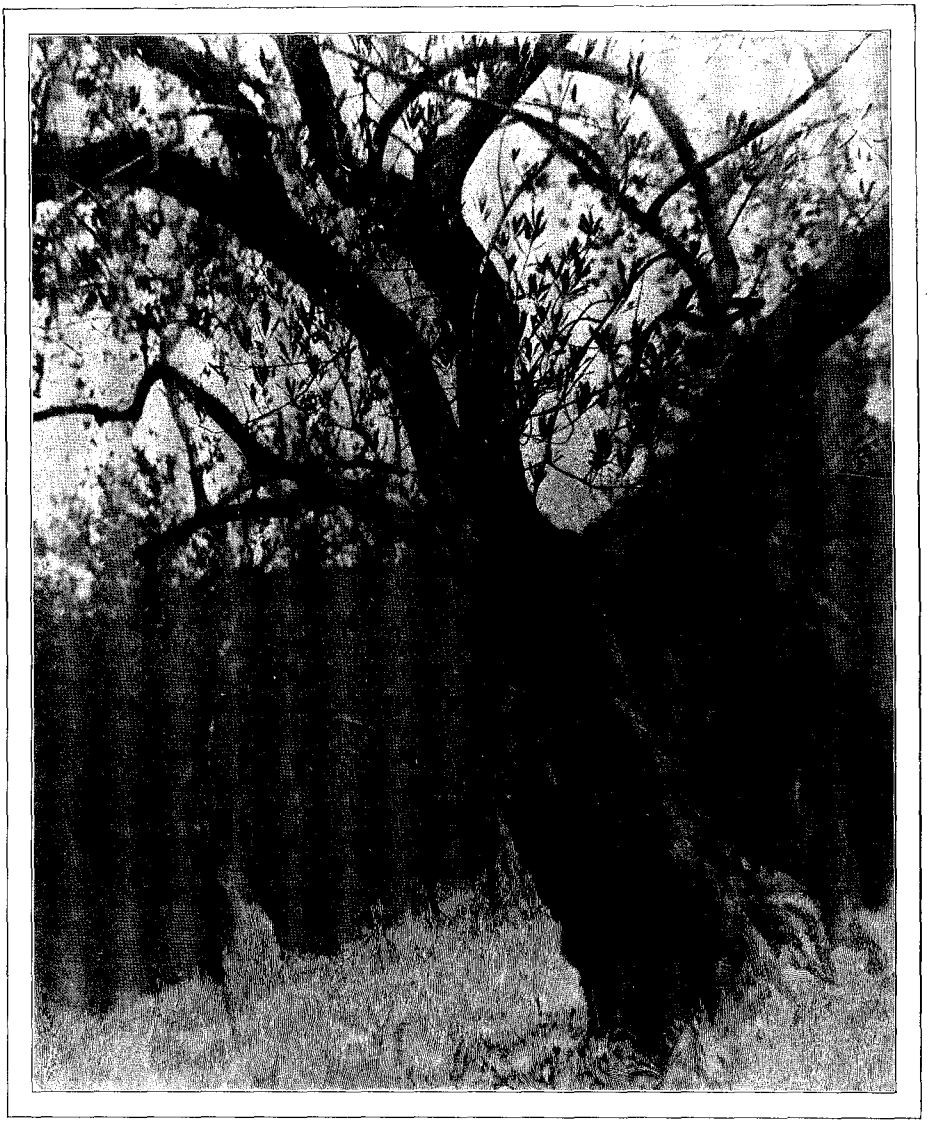
in an Alban villa. Their vast trunks are cut and seamed and hollowed by the years. Their tops are blasted and broken. They have suffered and resisted through a thousand mountain storms, but, in the failing light of an autumn afternoon, they look weary and frail, as if the moment were near when their enduring mortality must yield to "the unimaginable touch of time." At the end of another road in the same villa there is a tall young cypress that sways with every breath. Slim and green as a martyr's palm, it is, like that, a thing of joy and victory.

The cypresses are companionable and protecting. Two and two at tall gateways, in thin defile along a climbing wall, in close ranks like battalions, they guard the homes of the living, and watch where the dead sleep. Their welcome greets the trav-



The hollow heart of an old olive.

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eller on each return to "the land of lands," and their farewell follows him when his north-bound train pulls out into the dusk.

Only less beautiful than the cypress, and perhaps equally beloved of Italy's lovers, is the umbrella-pine. It would be hard to say where it is most essential. On the Neapolitan coast, on the Roman Campagna, within the walls of Rome or on the environing mountains, crowning the cliffs of the Italian Riviera, or covering the plain between Ravenna and Rimini, it is "the joy of the whole earth."

In spite of the ravages of time and fire and frost, the Pineta of Ravenna is lovely still. It takes only feeble imagining to figure it in the days when it skirted the sea. Now the sea is far away, and even the rice-swamps are being converted into firm wheat-bearing soil, yet deep among the pines all the modern life slips away. One walks with Dante

per la pineta
In sul lito di Ciassi,

or one hears the sorrowful voice of Francesca yearning in the castle of the Malatesta that she might be

posata dolcemente
Su la marina di Ravenna.

As I write, the pines come back to me, picture after picture. I see the tall grove where it was good to lie on a September morning looking off over the Campagna, past Rome to the bright line of the sea, till, over-impressed by manifold beauty and suggestion, I turned back to find rest for eyes and spirit in the tossing boughs and "blue, rejoicing sky."

I remember, on the path to Tusculum, a group of pines that always gave a softening grace to a certain bare, nameless, and dateless tomb. Higher up, a little forest, like a company of gay guests, stands singing on the scarcely traceable site of a Roman villa. But of all the Alban pines, I shall remember longest one, strong and solitary, that used to watch with me, evening after evening, when I climbed an upland meadow to see the ineffable colors of sunset visit the Sabine Mountains.

One, strong and solitary.

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THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXI

SHORTLY after dusk, that night, two or three wagons moved quietly out of Lexington, under a little guard with guns loaded and bayonets fixed. Back at the old Armory—the home of the "Rifles"—a dozen youngsters drilled vigorously with faces in a broad grin, as they swept under the motto of the company—"Our laws the commands of our Captain." They were following out those commands most literally. Never did Lieutenant Hunt give his orders more sonorously—he could be heard for blocks away. Never did young soldiers stamp out manœuvres more lustily—they made more noise than a regiment. Not a man carried a gun, though ringing orders to "Carry arms" and "Present arms" made the windows rattle. It was John Morgan's first ruse. While that mock-drill was going on, and listening Unionists outside were laughing to think how those Rifles were going to be fooled next day, the guns of the company were moving in those wagons toward Dixie—toward mocking-bird-haunted Bowling Green, where the underfed, unclothed, unarmed body of Albert Sydney Johnston's army lay, with one half-feathered wing stretching into the Cumberland hills and the frayed edge of the other touching the Ohio.

Next morning, the Home Guards came gayly around to the Armory to seize those guns, and the wily youngsters left temporarily behind (they, too, fled for Dixie, that night) gibed them unmercifully; so that, then and there, a little interchange of powder-and-ball civilities followed; and thus, on the very first day, Daniel Dean smelled the one and heard the other whistle right harmlessly and merrily. Straightway, more guards were called out; cannon were planted to sweep the principal streets, and from that hour, the old town was under the rule of a Northern or Southern sword for the four years' reign of the war.

Meanwhile, Chadwick Buford was giving a strange journey to Dixie. Whenever he dismounted, she would turn her head toward the Bluegrass, as though it surely were time they were starting for home. When they reached the end of the turnpike, she lifted her feet daintily along the muddy road, and leaped pools of water like a cat. Climbing the first foot-hills, she turned her beautiful head to right and left, and with pointed ears snorted now and then at the strange dark woods on either side and the tumbling water-falls. The red of her wide nostrils was showing when she reached the top of the first mountain, and from that high point of vantage, she turned her wondering eyes over the wide rolling stretch that waved homeward, and whinnied with distinct uneasiness when Chad started her down into the wilderness beyond. Distinctly that road was no path for a lady, but Dixie was to know it better in the coming war.

Within ten miles of the Turners', Chad met the first man that he knew—Hence Sturgill from Kingdom Come. He was driving a wagon.

"Howdye, Hence!" said Chad, reining in.

"Whoa!" said Hence, pulling in and staring at Chad's horse and at Chad from cap to spur.

"Don't you know me, Hence?"

"Well, God—I—may—die, if it ain't Chad! How air ye, Chad? Goin' up to ole Joel's?"

"Yes. How are things on Kingdom Come?"

Hence spat on the ground and raised one hand high over his head:

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Her face grew stern as she waited for him to answer.—Page 726.

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"God—I—may—die, if thar hain't hell to pay on Kingdom Come. You better keep off o' Kingdom Come," and then he stopped with an expression of quick alarm, looked around him into the bushes and dropped his voice to a whisper:

"But I hain't sayin' a word—rickollect now—not a word!"

Chad laughed aloud. "What's the matter with you, Hence?"

Hence put one finger on one side of his nose—still speaking in a low tone:

"Whut'd I say, Chad? D'I say one word?" He gathered up his reins. "You rickollect Jake and Jerry Dillon?" Chad nodded. "You know Jerry was al'ays a-runnin' over Jake 'cause Jake didn't have good sense. Jake was drapped when he was a baby. Well, Jerry struck Jake over the head with a fence-rail 'bout two months ago, an' when Jake come to, he had just as good sense as anybody, and now he hates Jerry like pizen, an' Jerry's half afeard of him. An' they do say as how them two brothers air a-goin'——" Again Hence stopped abruptly and clucked to his team. "But I ain't a-sayin' a word, now, mind ye—not a word!"

Chad rode on, amused, and thinking that Hence had gone daft, but he was to learn better. A reign of forty years' terror was starting in those hills.

Not a soul was in sight when he reached the top of the hill from which he could see the Turner home below—about the house or the orchard or in the fields. No one answered his halloo at the Turner gate, though Chad was sure that he saw a woman's figure flit past the door. It was a full minute before Mother Turner cautiously thrust her head outside the door and peered at him.

"Why, Aunt Betsey," called Chad, "don't you know me?"

At the sound of his voice Melissa sprang out the door with a welcoming cry, and ran to him, Mother Turner following with a broad smile on her kind old face. Chad felt the tears almost come—these were friends indeed. How tall Melissa had grown, and how lovely she was, with her tangled hair and flashing eyes and delicately modelled face. She went with him to the stable to help him put up his horse, blushing when he looked at her and talking very little, while the old mother, from the fence, followed him with her dim eyes. At once Chad began to ply both with questions—where was Uncle Joel and the boys and the schoolmaster? And, straightway, Chad felt a reticence in both—a curious reticence even with him. On each side of the fireplace, on each side of the door, and on each side of the window, he saw narrow blocks fixed to the logs. One was turned horizontal, and through the hole under it Chad saw daylight—portholes they were. At the door were oaken blocks as catches for a piece of upright wood nearby, which was plainly used to bar the door. The cabin was a fortress. By degrees the story came out. The neighborhood was in a turmoil of bloodshed and terror. Tom and Dolph had gone off to the war—Rebels. Old Joel had been called to the door one night, a few weeks since, and had been shot down without warning. They had fought all night. Melissa herself had handled a rifle at one of the portholes. Rube was out in the woods now, with Jack guarding and taking care of his wounded father. A Home Guard had been organized, and Daws Dillon was captain. They were driving out of the mountains every man who owned a negro, for nearly every man who owned a negro had taken, or was forced to take, the Rebel side. The Dillons were all Yankees, except Jerry, who had gone off with Tom; and the giant brothers, Rebel Jerry and Yankee Jake—as both were already known—had sworn to kill each other on sight. Bushwhacking had already begun. When Chad asked about the schoolmaster, the old woman's face grew stern, and Melissa's lip curled with scorn.

"Yankee!" The girl spat the word out with such vindictive bitterness that Chad's face turned slowly scarlet, while the girl's keen eyes pierced him like a knife, and narrowed as, with pale face and heaving breast, she rose suddenly from her chair and faced him—amazed, bewildered, burning with sudden hatred. "And you're another!" The girl's voice was like a hiss.

"Why, 'Lissy!" cried the old mother, startled, horrified.

"Look at him!" said the girl. The old woman looked; her face grew hard and frightened, and she rose feebly, moving toward the girl as though for protection against him. Chad's very heart seemed

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suddenly to turn to water. He had been dreading the moment to come when he must tell. He knew it would be hard, but he was not looking for this.

"You better git away!" quavered the old woman, "afore Joel and Rube come in."

"Hush!" said the girl, sharply, her hands clenched like claws, her whole body stiff, like a tigress ready to attack, or awaiting attack.

"Mebbe he come hyeh to find out whar they air—don't tell him!"

"Lissy!" said Chad, brokenly.

"Then whut did you come fer?"

"I didn't know, Lissy. I came to see all of you."

The girl laughed scornfully, and Chad knew he was helpless. He could not explain, and they could not understand—nobody had understood.

"Aunt Betsy," he said, "you took Jack and me in, and you took care of me just as though I had been your own child. You know I'd give my life for you or Uncle Joel, or any one of the boys"—his voice grew a little stern—"and you know it, too, Lissy——"

"You're makin' things wuss," interrupted the girl, stridently, "an' now you're goin' to do all you can to kill us. I reckon you can see that door. Why don't you go over to the Dillons?" she panted. "They're friends o' your'n. An' don't let Uncle Joel or Rube ketch you anywhar round hyeh!"

"I'm not afraid to see Uncle Joel or Rube, Lissy."

"You must git away, Chad," quavered the old woman. "They mought hurt ye!"

"I'm sorry not to see Jack. He's the only friend I have now."

"Why, Jack would snarl at ye," said the girl, bitterly. "He hates a Yankee." She pointed again with her finger. "I reckon you can see that door."

They followed him, Melissa going on the porch and the old woman standing in the doorway. To one side of the walk Chad saw a rosebush that he had brought from the Bluegrass for Melissa. It was dying. He took one step toward it, his foot sinking in the soft earth where the girl had evidently been working around it, and broke off the one green leaf that was left.

"Here, Lissy! You'll be sorry you were so hard on me. I'd never get over it if I didn't think you would. Keep this, won't you, and let's be friends, not enemies."

He held it out, and the girl angrily struck the rose-leaf from his hand to her feet.

Chad rode away at a walk. Two hundred yards below, where the hill rose, the road was hock-deep with sand, and Dixie's feet were as noiseless as a cat's. A few yards beyond a ravine on the right, a stone rolled from the bushes into the road. Instinctively Chad drew rein, and Dixie stood motionless. A moment later, a crouching figure, with a long squirrel rifle, slipped out of the bushes and started noiselessly across the ravine. Chad's pistol flashed.

"Stop!"

The figure crouched more, and turned a terror-stricken face—Daws Dillon's.

"Oh, it's you, is it? Well, drop that gun and come down here."

The Dillon boy rose, leaving his gun on the ground, and came down, trembling.

"What're you doin' sneaking around in the brush?"

"Nothin'!" The Dillon had to make two efforts before he could speak at all. "Nothin', jes' a-huntin'!"

"Huntin'!" repeated Chad. He lowered his pistol and looked at the sorry figure silently.

"I know what you were huntin', you rattlesnake! I understand you are captain of the Home Guard. I reckon you don't know that nobody *has* to go into this war. That a man has the right to stay peaceably at home, and nobody has the right to bother him. If you don't know it, I tell you now. I believe you had something to do with shooting Uncle Joel."

The Dillon shook his head, and fumbled with his hands.

"If I knew it, I'd kill you where you stand, now. But I've got one word to say to you, you hell-pup! I hate to think it, but you and I are on the same side—that is, if you have any side. But in spite of that, if I hear of any harm happening to Aunt Betsey, or Melissa, or Uncle Joel, or Rube, while they are all peaceably at home, I'm goin' to hold you and Tad responsible, whether you are or not, and I'll kill you"—he raised one hand to make the Almighty a witness to his oath—"I'll kill you, if I have to follow you both to hell for doin' it. Now, you take keer of 'em! Turn 'round!"

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The Dillon hesitated.

"Turn!" Chad cried, savagely, raising his pistol. "Go back to that gun, an' if you turn your head I'll shoot you where you're sneakin' aroun' to shoot Rube or Uncle Joel—in the back, you cowardly feist. Pick up that gun! Now, let her off! See if you can hit that beech-tree in front of you. Just imagine that it's me."

The rifle cracked and Chad laughed.

"Well, you ain't much of a shot. I reckon you must have chills and fever. Now, come back here. Give me your powder-horn. You'll find it on top of the hill on the right-hand side of the road. Now, you trot—home!"

The Dillon stared.

"Double-quick!" shouted Chad. "You ought to know what that means if you are a soldier—a soldier!" he repeated, contemptuously.

The Dillon disappeared on a run.

Chad rode all that night. At dawn he reached the foot-hills, and by noon he drew up at the road which turned to Camp Dick Robinson. He sat there a long time thinking, and then pushed on toward Lexington. If he could, he would keep from fighting on Kentucky soil.

Next morning he was going at an easy "running-walk" along the old Maysville road toward the Ohio. Within three miles of Major Buford's, he leaped the fence and struck across the fields that he might go around and avoid the risk of a painful chance meeting with his old friend or any of the Deans.

What a land of peace and plenty it was—the woodlands, meadows, pasture lands! Fat cattle raised their noses from the thick grass and looked with mild inquiry at him. Sheep ran bleating toward him, as though he were come to salt them. A rabbit leaped from a thorn-bush and whisked his white flag into safety in a hemp-field. Squirrels barked in the big oaks, and a covey of quail fluttered up from a fence corner and sailed bravely away. 'Possum signs were plentiful, and on the edge of the creek he saw a coon solemnly searching under a rock with one paw for crawfish. Every now and then Dixie would turn her head impatiently to the left, for she knew where home was. The Deans' house was just over the hill; he would have but the ride to the top to see it and, perhaps, Margaret. There was no need. As he sat looking up the hill, Margaret rode slowly over it, and down, through the sunlight slanting athwart the dreaming woods, straight toward him. Chad sat still. Above him the road curved, and she could not see him until she turned the little thicket just before him. Her pony was more startled than was she. A little leap of color to her face alone showed her surprise.

"Did you get my note?"

"I did. You got my mother's message?"

"I did." Chad paused. "That is why I am passing around you."

The girl said nothing.

"But I'm glad I came so near. I wanted to see you once more. I wish I could make you understand, but I know it's no use. Nobody understands. I hardly understand myself. But please try to believe that what I say is true. I'm just back from the mountains, and listen, Margaret——" He halted a moment to steady his voice. "The Turners down there took me in when I was a ragged outcast. They clothed me, fed me, educated me. The Major took me when I was little more; and he fed me, clothed me, educated me. The Turners scorned me—Melissa told me to go herd with the Dillons. The Major all but turned me from his door. Your father was bitter toward me, thinking that I had helped turn Harry to the Union cause. But let me tell you! If the Turners died, believing me a traitor; if Lissy died with a curse on her lips for me; if the Major died without, as he believed, ever having polluted his lips again with my name; if Harry were brought back here dead, and your father died, believing that his blood was on my hands; and if I lost you and your love, and you died, believing the same thing—I must still go. Oh, Margaret, I can't understand—I have ceased to reason. I only know I must go!"

The girl in the mountains had let her rage and scorn loose like a storm, but the gentlewoman only grew more calm. Every vestige of color left her, but her eyes never for a moment wavered from his face. Her voice was quiet and even and passionless:

"Then, why don't you go?"

The lash of an overseer's whip across his face could not have made his soul so bleed. Even then he did not lose himself.

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"I am in your way," he said, quietly. And backing Dixie from the road, and without bending his head or lowering his eyes, he waited, hat in hand, for Margaret to pass.

. . . . . .

All that day Chad rode, and, next morning, Dixie climbed the Union bank of the Ohio and trotted into the recruiting camp of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry. The first man Chad saw was Harry Dean—grave, sombre, taciturn, though he smiled and thrust out his hand eagerly. Chad's eyes dropped to the sergeant's stripes on Harry's sleeves, and again Harry smiled.

"You'll have 'em yourself in a week. These fellows ride like a lot of meal-bags over here. Here's my captain," he added, in a lower voice.

A pompous officer rode slowly up. He pulled in his horse when he saw Chad.

"You want to join the army?"

"Yes," said Chad.

"All right. That's a fine horse you've got."

Chad said nothing.

"What's his name?"

"*Her* name is Dixie."

The captain stared. Some soldiers behind laughed in a smothered fashion, sobering their faces quickly when the captain turned upon them, furious.

"Well, change her name!"

"I'll not change her name," said Chad, quietly.

"What!" shouted the officer. "How dare you——" Chad's eye looked ominous.

"Don't you give any orders to me—not yet. You haven't the right; and when you have, you can save your breath by not giving that one. This horse comes from Kentucky, and so do I; her name will stay Dixie as long as I straddle her, and I propose to straddle her until one of us dies, or"—he smiled and nodded across the river—"somebody over there gets her who won't object to her name as much as you do."

The astonished captain's lips opened, but a quiet voice behind interrupted him:

"Never mind, Captain." Chad turned and saw a short, thick-set man with a stubbly brown beard, whose eyes were twinkling, though his face was grave. "A boy who wants to fight for the Union, and insists on calling his horse Dixie, must be all right. Come with me, my lad."

As Chad followed, he heard the man saluted as Colonel Grant, but he paid no heed. Few people at that time did pay heed to the name of Ulysses Grant.

XXII

BOOTS and saddles at daybreak!

Over the border, in Dixie, two videttes in gray trot briskly from out a leafy woodland, side by side, and looking with keen eyes right and left; one, erect, boyish, bronzed; the other, slouching, bearded, huge—the boy, Daniel Dean; the man, Rebel Jerry Dillon, one of the giant twins.

Fifty yards behind them emerges a single picket; after him come three more videttes, the same distance apart. Fifty yards behind the last rides "the advance"—a guard of twenty-five picked men. No commission among "Morgan's Men" was more eagerly sought than a place on that guard of hourly risk and honor. Behind it trot still three more videttes, at intervals of one hundred yards, and just that interval behind the last of these ride Morgan's Men, the flower of Kentucky's youth, in columns of fours—Colonel Hunt's regiment in advance, the colors borne by Renfrew the Silent in a brilliant Zouave jacket studded with buttons of red coral. In the rear rumble two Parrot guns, affectionately christened the "Bull Pups."

Skirting the next woodland ran a cross-road. Down one way gallops Dan, and down the other lumbers Rebel Jerry, each two hundred yards. A cry rings from vidette to vidette behind them and back to the guard. Two horsemen spur from the "advance" and take the places of the last two videttes, while the videttes in front take and keep the original formation until the column passes that cross-road, when Dean and Dillon gallop up to their old places in the extreme front again. Far in front, and on both flanks, are scouting parties, miles away.

This was the way Morgan marched.

Yankees ahead! Not many, to be sure—no more numerous than two or three to one;

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so back fall the videttes and forward charges that advance guard like a thunderbolt, not troubling the column behind. Wild yells, a clattering of hoofs, the crack of pistol-shots, a wild flight, a merry chase, a few riderless horses gathered in from the fleeing Yankees, and the incident is over.

Ten miles more, and many hostile bayonets gleam ahead. A serious fight, this, perhaps—so back drops the advance, this time as a reserve; up gallops the column into single rank and dismounts, while the flank companies, deploying as skirmishers, cover the whole front, one man out of each set of fours and the corporals holding the horses in the rear. The "Bull Pups" bark and the Rebel yell rings as the line—the files two yards apart—"a long flexible line curving forward at each extremity"—slips forward at a half run. This time the Yankees charge.

From every point of that curving line pours a merciless fire, and the charging men in blue recoil—all but one. (War is full of grim humor.) On comes one lone Yankee, hatless, red-headed, pulling on his reins with might and main, his horse beyond control, and not one of the enemy shoots as he sweeps helplessly into their line. A huge rebel grabs his bridle-rein.

"I don't know whether to kill you now," he says, with pretended ferocity, "or wait till the fight is over."

"For God's sake, don't kill me at all!" shouts the Yankee. "I'm a dissipated character, and not prepared to die."

Shots from the right flank and rear, and that line is thrown about like a rope. But the main body of the Yankees is to the left.

"Left face! Double-quick!" is the ringing order, and, by magic, the line concentrates in a solid phalanx and sweeps forward.

This was the way Morgan fought.

And thus, marching and fighting, he went his triumphant way into the land of the enemy, without sabres, without artillery, without even the "Bull Pups," sometimes—fighting infantry, cavalry, artillery with only muzzle-loading rifles, pistols, and shot-guns; scattering Home Guards like turkeys; destroying railroads and bridges; taking towns and burning Government stores, and encompassed, usually, with forces treble his own.

This was what Morgan did on a raid, was what he had done, what he was starting out now to do again.

Darkness threatens, and the column halts to bivouac for the night on the very spot where, nearly a year before, Morgan's Men first joined Johnston's army, which, like a great, lean, hungry hawk, guarded the Southern border.

Daniel Dean was a war-worn veteran now. He could ride twenty hours out of the twenty-four; he could sleep in his saddle or anywhere but on picket duty, and there was no trick of the trade in camp, or on the march, that was not at his finger's end.

Fire first! Nobody had a match, the leaves were wet and the twigs sobby, but by some magic a tiny spark glows under some shadowy figure, bites at the twigs, snaps at the branches, and wraps a log in flames.

Water next! A tin cup rattles in a bucket, and another shadowy figure steals off into the darkness, with an instinct as unerring as the skill of a water-witch with a willow wand. The Yankees chose open fields for camps, but your rebel took to the woods. Each man and his chum picked a tree for a home, hung up canteens and spread blankets at the foot of it. Supper—Heavens, what luck—fresh beef! One man broils it on coals, pinning pieces of fat to it to make gravy; another roasts it on a forked stick, for Morgan carried no cooking utensils on a raid.

Here, one man made up bread in an oil-cloth (and every Morgan's man had one soon after they were issued to the Federals); another worked up corn-meal into dough in the scooped-out half of a pumpkin; one baked bread on a flat rock, another on a board, while a third had twisted his dough around his ram-rod; if it were spring-time, a fourth might be fitting his into a corn-shuck to roast in ashes. All this Dan Dean could do.

The roaring fire thickens the gloom of the woods where the lonely pickets stand. Pipes are out now. An oracle outlines the general campaign of the war as it will be and as it should have been. A long-winded, innocent braggart tells of his personal prowess that day. A little group is guying the new recruit. A wag shaves a bearded comrade on one side of his face, pockets his razor and refuses to shave the other side. A poet, with a bandaged eye, and hair like a wind-blown hay-stack, recites "I am

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dying, Egypt—dying," and then a pure, clear, tenor voice starts through the forest-aisles, and there is sudden silence. Every man knows that voice, and loves the boy who owns it—little Tom Morgan, Dan's brother-in-arms, the General's seventeen-year-old brother—and there he stands leaning against a tree, full in the light of the fire, a handsome, gallant figure—a song like a seraph's pouring from his lips. One bearded soldier is gazing at him with curious intentness, and when the song ceases, lies down with a suddenly troubled face. He has seen the "death-look" in the boy's eyes—that prophetic death-look in which he has unshaken faith. The night deepens, figures roll up in blankets, quiet comes, and Dan lies wide awake and deep in memories, and looking back on those early helpless days of the war with a tolerant smile.

He was a war-worn veteran now, but how vividly he could recall that first night in the camp of a big army, in the very woods where he now lay—dusk settling over the Green River country, which Morgan's Men grew to love so well; a mocking-bird singing a farewell song from the top of a stunted oak to the dead summer and the dying day; Morgan seated on a cracker-box in front of his tent, contemplatively chewing one end of his mustache; Lieutenant Hunt swinging from his horse, smiling grimly.

"It would make a horse laugh—a Yankee cavalry horse, anyhow—to see this army."

Hunt had been over the camp that first afternoon on a personal tour of investigation. There were not a thousand Springfield and Enfield rifles at that time in Johnston's army. Half of the soldiers were armed with shot-guns and squirrel rifles, and the greater part of the other half with flint-lock muskets. But nearly every man, thinking he was in for a rough-and-tumble fight, had a bowie-knife and a revolver swung to his belt.

"Those Arkansas and Texas fellows have got knives that would make a Malay's blood run cold."

"Well, they'll do to hew firewood and cut meat," laughed Morgan.

The troops were not only badly armed. On his tour, Hunt had seen men making blankets of a piece of old carpet, lined on one side with a piece of cotton cloth; men wearing ox-hide buskins, or complicated wrapping of rags, for shoes; orderly sergeants making out reports on shingles; surgeons using a twisted handkerchief instead of a tourniquet. There was a total lack of medicine, and camp diseases were already breaking out—measles, typhoid fever, pneumonia, bowel troubles—each fatal, it seemed, in time of war.

"General Johnston has asked Richmond for a stand of thirty thousand arms," Morgan had mused, and Hunt looked up inquiringly.

"Mr. Davis can only spare a thousand."

"That's lucky," said Hunt, grimly.

And then the military organization of that army, so characteristic of the Southerner! An officer who wanted to be more than a colonel, and couldn't be a brigadier, would have a "legion"—a hybrid unit between a regiment and a brigade. Sometimes there was a regiment whose roll-call was more than two thousand men, so popular was its colonel. Companies would often refuse to designate themselves by letter, but by the thrilling titles they had given themselves. How Morgan and Hunt had laughed over "The Yellow Jackets," "The Dead Shots," "The Earthquakes," "The Chickasha Desperadoes," and "The Hell Roarers"! Regiments would bear the names of their commanders—a singular instance of the Southerner's passion for individuality, as a man, a company, a regiment, or a brigade. And there was little or no discipline, as the word is understood among the military elect, and with no army that the world has ever seen, Richard Hunt always claimed, was there so little need of it. For Southern soldiers, he argued, were, from the start, obedient, zealous, and tolerably patient, from good sense and a strong sense of duty. They were born fighters; a spirit of emulation induced them to learn the drill; pride and patriotism kept them true and patient to the last, but they could not be made, by punishment or the fear of it, into machines. They read their chance of success, not in opposing numbers, but in the character and reputation of their commanders, who, in turn, believed, as a rule, that the unthinking automaton, formed by routine and punishment, could no more stand before the high-strung young soldier with brains and good blood, and some practice and knowledge of warfare, than a tree could resist a stroke of lightning. So that with Southern soldiers discipline came to

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mean "the pride which made soldiers learn their duties rather than incur disgrace; the subordination that came from self-respect and respect for the man whom they thought worthy to command them."

Boots and saddles again at daybreak! By noon the column reached Green River, over the Kentucky line, where Morgan, even on the way down to join Johnston, had begun the operations which were to make him famous. No picket duty that infantry could do as well, for Morgan's cavalry! He wanted it kept out on the front or the flanks of an army, and as close as possible upon the enemy. Right away, there had been thrilling times for Dan in the Green River country—setting out at dark, chasing countrymen in Federal pay or sympathy, prowling all night around and among pickets and outposts; entrapping the unwary; taking a position on the line of retreat at daybreak, and turning leisurely back to camp with prisoners and information. How memories thronged! At this very turn of the road, Dan remembered, they had their first brush with the enemy. No plan of battle had been adopted, other than to hide on both sides of the road and send their horses to the rear.

"I think we ought to charge 'em," said Georgie Forbes, Chad's old enemy. Dan saw that his lips trembled, and, a moment later, Georgie, muttering something, disappeared.

The Yankees had come on, and, discovering them, halted. Morgan himself stepped out in the road and shot the officer riding at the head of the column. His men fell back without returning the fire, deployed and opened up. Dan recognized the very tree behind which he had stood, and again he could almost hear Richard Hunt chuckling from behind another close by.

"We would be in bad shape," said Richard Hunt, as the bullets whistled high overhead, "if we were in the tops of these trees instead of behind them." There had been no manœuvring, no command given among the Confederates. Each man fought his own fight. In ten minutes a horse-holder ran up from the rear, breathless, and announced that the Yankees were flanking. Every man withdrew, straightway, after his own fashion, and in his own time. One man was wounded and several were shot through the clothes.

"That was like a camp-meeting or an election row," laughed Morgan, when they were in camp.

"Or an affair between Austrian and Italian outposts," said Hunt.

A chuckle rose behind them. A lame colonel was limping past.

"I got your courier," he said.

"I sent no courier," said Morgan.

"It was Forbes who wanted to charge 'em," said Dan.

Again the Colonel chuckled.

"The Yankees ran when you did," he said, and limped chuckling away.

But it was great fun, those moonlit nights, burning bridges and chasing Home Guards who would flee fifteen or twenty miles sometimes to "rally." Here was a little town through which Dan and Richard Hunt had marched with nine prisoners in a column—taken by them alone—and a captured United States flag, flying in front, scaring Confederate sympathizers and straggling soldiers, as Hunt reported, horribly. Dan chuckled at the memory, for the prisoners were quartered with different messes, and, that night, several bottles of sparkling Catawba happened, by some mystery, to be on hand. The prisoners were told that this was regularly issued by their commissaries, and thereupon they plead, with tears in their eyes, to be received into the Confederate ranks.

This kind of service was valuable training for Morgan's later work. Slight as it was, it soon brought him thirty old, condemned artillery-horses—Dan smiled now at the memory of those ancient chargers—which were turned over to Morgan to be nursed until they would bear a mount, and, by and bye, it gained him a colonelcy and three companies, superbly mounted and equipped, which, as "Morgan's Squadron," became known far and near. Then real service began.

In January, the right wing of Johnston's hungry hawk had been broken in the Cumberland Mountains. Early in February, Johnston had withdrawn it from Kentucky before Buell's hosts, with its beak always to the foe. By the middle of the month, Grant had won the Western border States to the Union, with the capture of Fort Donelson. In April, the sun of Shiloh rose and set; and in that fight Dan saw his first real battle, and Captain Hunt

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was wounded. In June, provost-marshals were appointed in every county in Kentucky; the dogs of war begun to be turned loose on the "secesh sympathizers" throughout the State; and Jerome Conners, overseer, began to render sly service to the Union cause.

For it was in June that Morgan paid his first memorable little visit home, and Daniel Dean wrote his brother Harry the short tale of the raid.

"We left Dixie with nine hundred men," the letter ran, "and got back in twenty-four days with twelve hundred. Travelled over one thousand miles, captured seventeen towns, destroyed all Government supplies and arms in them, scattered fifteen hundred Home Guards, and paroled twelve hundred regular troops. Lost of the original nine hundred, in killed, wounded, and missing, about ninety men. How's that? We're going back often. Oh, Harry, I *am* glad that you are with Grant."

But Harry was not with Grant—not now. While Morgan was marching up from Dixie, down from the Yellow River marched the Fourth Ohio Cavalry to go into camp at Lexington; and with it marched Chadwick Buford and Harry Dean, who, too, were veterans now—who, too, were going home. Both lads wore a second lieutenant's empty shoulder-straps, which both yet meant to fill with bars, but Chad's promotion had not come as swiftly as Harry had predicted; the Captain, whose displeasure he had incurred, prevented that. It had come, in time, however, and with one leap he had landed, after Shiloh, at Harry's side. In the beginning, young Dean had wanted to go to the Army of the Potomac, as did Chad, but one quiet word from the taciturn colonel with the stubbly reddish-brown beard and the perpetual black cigar kept both where they were.

"Though," said Grant to Chad, as his eye ran over beautiful Dixie from tip of nose to tip of tail, and came back to Chad, slightly twinkling, "I've a great notion to put *you* in the infantry just to get hold of that horse."

So it was no queer turn of fate that had soon sent both the lads to help hold Zollicoffer at Cumberland Gap, that stopped them at Camp Dick Robinson to join forces with Wolford's cavalry, and brought Chad face to face with an old friend. Wolford's cavalry was gathered from the mountains and the hills, and when some scouts came in that afternoon, Chad, to his great joy, saw, mounted on a gaunt sorrel, none other than his old schoolmaster, Caleb Hazel, who, after shaking hands with both Harry and Chad, pointed silently at a great, strange figure following him on a splendid horse some fifty yards behind. The man wore a slouch hat, tow linen breeches, home-made suspenders, a belt with two pistols, and on his naked heels were two huge Texan spurs. Harry broke into a laugh, and Chad's puzzled face cleared when the man grinned; it was Yankee Jake Dillon, one of the giant twins. Chad looked at him curiously; that blow on the head that his brother, Rebel Jerry, had given him, had wrought a miracle. The lips no longer hung apart, but were set firmly, and the eye was almost keen; the face was still rather stupid, but not foolish—and it was still kind. Chad knew that, somewhere in the Confederate lines, Rebel Jerry was looking for Jake, as Yankee Jake, doubtless, was now looking for Jerry, and he began to think that it might be well for Jerry, if neither was ever found. Daws Dillon, so he learned from Caleb Hazel and Jake, was already making his name a watchword of terror along the border of Virginia and Tennessee, and was prowling, like a wolf, now and then, along the edge of the Bluegrass. Old Joel Turner had died of his wound, Rube had gone off to the war and Mother Turner and Melissa were left at home, alone.

"Daws fit fust on one side and then on t'other," said Jake, and then he smiled in a way that Chad understood; "an' sence you was down thar last, Daws don't seem to hanker much atter meddlin' with the Turners, though the two women did have to run over into Virginny, once in a while." "Melissy," he added, "was a-goin' to marry Dave Hilton, so folks said; and he reckoned they'd already hitched most likely, sence Chad thar——"

A flash from Chad's eyes stopped him, and Chad, seeing Harry's puzzled face, turned away. He was glad that Melissa was going to marry—yes, he was glad; and how he did pray that she might be happy!

Fighting Zollicoffer, only a few days later, Chad and Harry had their baptism of fire,

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and strange battle orders they heard, that made them smile even in the thick of the fight.

"Huddle up thar!" "Scatter out, now!" "Form a line of fight!" "Wait till you see the shine of their eyes!"

"I see 'em!" shouted a private, and "bang" went his gun. That was the way the fight opened. Chad saw Harry's eyes blazing like stars from his pale face, which looked pained and half sick, and Chad understood—the lads were fighting their own people, and there was no help for it. A voice bellowed from the rear, and a man in a red cap loomed in the smoke-mist ahead:

"Now, now! Git up and git, boys!"

That was the order for the charge, and the blue line went forward. Chad never forgot that first battle-field when he saw it an hour later strewn with dead and wounded, the dead lying, as they dropped, in every conceivable position, features stark, limbs rigid; one man with a half-smoked cigar on his breast; the faces of so many beardless; some frowning, some as if asleep and dreaming; and the wounded—some talking pitifully, some in delirium, some courteous, patient, anxious to save trouble, others morose, sullen, stolid, independent; never forgot it, even the terrible night after Shiloh, when he searched heaps of wounded and slain for Caleb Hazel, who lay all through the night wounded almost to death.

Later, the Fourth Ohio followed Johnston, as he gave way before Buell, and many times did they skirmish and fight with ubiquitous Morgan's Men. Several times Harry and Dan sent each other messages to say that each was still unhurt, and both were in constant horror of some day coming face to face. Once, indeed, Harry, chasing a rebel and firing at him, saw him lurch in his saddle, and Chad, coming up, found the lad on the ground crying—over a canteen which the rebel had dropped. It was marked with the initials D.D., the strap was cut by the bullet Harry had fired, and not for a week of agonizing torture did Harry learn that the canteen, though Dan's, had been carried that day by another man.

It was on these scouts and skirmishes that the four—Harry and Chad, and Caleb Hazel and Yankee Jake Dillon, whose dog-like devotion to Chad soon became a regimental joke—became known, not only among their own men, but among their enemies, as the shrewdest and most daring scouts in the Federal service. Every Morgan's man came to know the name of Chad Buford; but it was not until Shiloh that Chad got his shoulder-straps, leading a charge against a battery under the very eye of General Grant. After Shiloh, the Fourth Ohio went back to its old quarters across the river, and no sooner were Chad and Harry there than Kentucky was put under the Department of the Ohio; and so it was also no queer turn of fate that now they were on their way to new headquarters in Lexington.

Straight along the turnpike that ran between the Dean and the Buford farms, the Fourth Ohio went in a cloud of thick dust that rose and settled like a gray choking mist on the seared fields. Side by side, rode Harry and Chad, and neither spoke when, on the left, the white columns of the Dean house came into view, and, on the right, the red brick of Chad's old home showed through the dusty leaves; not even when both saw on the Dean porch the figures of two women who, standing motionless, were looking at them. Harry's shoulders drooped, and he stared stonily ahead, while Chad turned his head quickly. The front door and shutters of the Buford house were closed, and there were few signs of life about the place. Only at the gate was the slouching figure of Jerome Conners, the overseer, who, waving his hat at the column, recognized Chad, as he rode by, and spoke to him, Chad thought, with a covert sneer. Farther ahead, and on the farthest boundary of the Buford farm, was a Federal fort, now deserted, and the beautiful woodland that had once stood in perfect beauty around it was sadly ravaged and nearly gone, as was the Dean woodland across the road. It was plain that some people were paying the Yankee piper for the death-dance in which a mighty nation was shaking its feet.

On they went, past the old college, down Broadway, wheeling at Second Street—Harry going on with the regiment to camp on the other edge of town; Chad reporting with his colonel at General Ward's headquarters, a columned brick house on one corner of the college campus, and straight

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across from the Hunt home, where he had first danced with Margaret Dean.

That night, the two lay on the edge of the Ashland woods, looking up at the stars, the ripened bluegrass—a yellow, moonlit sea—around them and the woods dark and still behind them. Both smoked and were silent, but each knew that his thoughts were known; for both had been on the same errand, that day, and the miserable tale of the last ten months both had learned.

Trouble had soon begun for the ones who were dear to them, when both left for the war. At once the shiftless, the prowling, the lawless, had gathered to the Home Guards for self-protection, to mask deviltry and to wreak vengeance for private wrongs. Civil authority was soon overthrown. Destruction of property, arrests, imprisonment, and murder became of daily occurrence. Lately prisons had even been prepared for disloyal women. Major Buford, forced to stay at home on account of his rheumatism and the serious illness of Miss Lucy, had been sent to prison once and was now under arrest again. General Dean, old as he was, had escaped and had gone to Virginia to fight with Lee; and Margaret and Mrs. Dean, with a few servants, were out on the farm alone.

But neither spoke of the worst that both feared was yet to come—and "Taps" sounded soft and clear on the night air.

XXIII

MEANWHILE Morgan was coming on—led by the two videttes in gray—Daniel Dean and Rebel Jerry Dillon. They were taking short cuts through the hills now, and Rebel Jerry was guide, for he had joined Morgan for that purpose. Jerry had long been notorious along the border. He never gave quarter on his expeditions for personal vengeance, and it was said that not even he knew how many men he had killed. Every Morgan's man had heard of him, and was anxious to see him; and see him they did, though they never heard him open his lips except in answer to a question. To Dan he seemed to take a strange fancy right away, but he was as voiceless as the grave, except for an occasional oath, when bush-whackers of Daws Dillon's ilk would pop at the advance guard—sometimes from a rock directly overhead, for chase was useless. It took a roundabout climb of one hundred yards to get to the top of that rock, so there was nothing for videttes and guards to do but pop back, which they did to no purpose. On the third day, however, after a skirmish in which Dan had charged with a little more dare-deviltry than usual, the big Dillon ripped out an oath of protest. An hour later he spoke again:

"I got a brother on t'other side."

Dan started. "Why, so have I," he said. "What's your brother with?"

"Wolford's cavalry."

"That's curious. So was mine—for a while. He's with Grant now." The boy turned his head away suddenly.

"I might meet him, if he were with Wolford now," he said, half to himself, but Jerry heard him and smiled viciously.

"Well, that's what I'm goin' with you fellers fer—to meet mine."

"What!" said Dan, puzzled.

"We've been lookin' fer each other sence the war broke out. I reckon he went on t'other side to keep me from killin' him."

Dan shrank away from the giant with horror; but next day, the mountaineer saved the boy's life in a fight in which his chum—gallant little Tom Morgan—lost his; and that night, as Dan lay sleepless and crying in his blanket, Jerry Dillon came in from guard-duty and lay down by him.

"I'm goin' to take keer o' you."

"I don't need you," said Dan, gruffly, and Rebel Jerry grunted, turned over on his side and went to sleep. Night and day thereafter he was by the boy's side.

A thrill ran through the entire command when the column struck the first Bluegrass turnpike, and a cheer rang from front to rear. Near Midway, a little Bluegrass town some fifteen miles from Lexington, a halt was called, and another deafening cheer arose in the extreme rear and came forward like a rushing wind, as a coal-black horse galloped the length of the column—it's rider, hat in hand, bowing with a proud smile to the flattering storm—for the idolatry of the man and his men was mutual—with the erect grace of an Indian, the air of a courtier, and the bearing of a soldier in every line of the six feet and more of his

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tireless frame. No man who ever saw John Morgan on horseback but had the picture stamped forever on his brain, as no man who ever saw that coal-black horse ever forgot Black Bess. Behind him came his staff, and behind them came a wizened little man, whose nick-name was "Lightning"—telegraph operator for Morgan's Men. There was need of Lightning now, so Morgan sent him on into town with Dan and Jerry Dillon, while he and Richard Hunt followed leisurely.

The three troopers found the station operator seated on the platform—pipe in mouth, and enjoying himself hugely. He looked lazily at them.

"Call up Lexington," said Lightning, sharply.

"Go to hell!" said the operator, and then he nearly toppled from his chair. Lightning, with a vicious gesture, had swung a pistol on him.

"Here—here!" he gasped, "what'd you mean?"

"Call up Lexington," repeated Lightning. The operator seated himself.

"What do you want in Lexington?" he growled.

"Ask the time of day?" The operator stared, but the instrument clicked.

"What's your name?" asked Lightning.

"Woolums."

"Well, Woolums, you're a 'plug.' I wanted to see how you handled the key. Yes, Woolums, you're a plug."

Then Lightning seated himself, and Woolums' mouth flew open—Lightning copied his style with such exactness. Again the instrument clicked and Lightning listened smiling:

"Will there be any danger coming to Midway?" asked a railroad conductor in Lexington. Lightning answered, grinning.

"None. Come right on. No sign of rebels here." Again a click from Lexington.

"General Ward orders General Finnell of Frankfort to move his forces. General Ward will move toward Georgetown, to which Morgan with eighteen hundred men is marching."

Lightning caught his breath—this was Morgan's force and his intention exactly. He answered:

"Morgan with upward of two thousand men has taken the road to Frankfort. This is reliable." Ten minutes later, Lightning chuckled.

"Ward orders Finnell to recall his regiment to Frankfort."

Half an hour later another idea struck Lightning. He clicked as though telegraphing from Frankfort.

"Our pickets just driven in. Great excitement. Force of enemy must be two thousand."

Then Lightning laughed. "I've fooled 'em," said Lightning.

There was turmoil in Lexington. The streets thundered with the tramp of cavalry going to catch Morgan. Daylight came and nothing was done—nothing known. The afternoon waned and still Ward fretted at head-quarters, while his impatient staff sat on the piazza talking, speculating, wondering where the wily raider was. Leaning on the campus-fence near by, were Chadwick Buford and Harry Dean.

It had been a sad day for those two. The mutual tolerance that prevailed among their friends in the beginning of the war had given way to intense bitterness now. There was no thrill for them in the flags fluttering a welcome to them from the windows of loyalists, for under those flags old friends passed them in the street with no sign of recognition, but a sullen, averted face, or a stare of open contempt. Elizabeth Morgan had met them, and turned her head when Harry raised his cap, though Chad saw tears spring to her eyes as she passed. Sad as it was for him, Chad knew what the silent torture in Harry's heart must be, for Harry could not bring himself, that day, even to visit his own home. And now Morgan was coming, and they might soon be in a death-fight, Harry with his own blood-brother and both with boyhood friends.

"God grant that you two may never meet!"

That cry from General Dean was beating ceaselessly through Harry's brain now, and he brought one hand down on the fence, hardly noticing the drop of blood that oozed from the force of the blow.

"Oh, I wish I could get away from here!"

"I shall the first chance that comes," said Chad, and he lifted his head sharply, staring down the street. A phaeton was coming slowly toward them and in it were a negro servant and a girl in white. Harry

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was leaning over the fence with his back toward the street, and Chad, the blood rushing to his face, looked in silence, for the negro was Snowball and the girl was Margaret. He saw her start and flush when she saw him, her hands giving a little convulsive clutch at the reins; but she came on, looking straight ahead. Chad's hand went unconsciously to his cap, and when Harry rose, puzzled to see him bareheaded, the phaeton stopped, and there was a half-broken cry:

"Harry!"

Cap still in hand, Chad strode away as the brother, with an answering cry, sprang toward her.

. . . . . .

When he came back, an hour later, at dusk, Harry was seated on the portico, and the long silence between them was broken at last.

"She—they oughtn't to come to town at a time like this," said Chad, roughly.

"I told her that," said Harry, "but it was useless. She will come and go just as she pleases."

Harry rose and leaned for a moment against one of the big pillars, and then he turned impulsively, and put one hand lightly on the other's shoulder.

"I'm sorry, old man," he said, gently.

A pair of heels clicked suddenly together on the grass before them, and an orderly stood at salute.

"General Ward's compliments, and will Lieutenant Buford and Lieutenant Dean report to him at once?"

The two exchanged a swift glance, and the faces of both grew grave with sudden apprehension.

Inside, the General looked worried, and his manner was rather sharp.

"Do you know General Dean?" he asked, looking at Harry.

"He is my father, sir."

The General wheeled in his chair.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Well—um—I suppose one of you will be enough. You can go."

When the door closed behind Harry, he looked at Chad.

"There are two rebels at General Dean's house to-night," he said, quietly. "One of them, I am told—why, he must be that boy's brother," and again the General mused; then he added, sharply:

"Take six good men out there right away and capture them. And watch out for Daws Dillon and his band of cut-throats. I am told he is in this region. I've sent a company after him. But you capture the two at General Dean's."

"Yes, sir," said Chad, turning quickly, but the General had seen the lad's face grow pale.

"It is very strange down here—they may be his best friends," he thought, and, being a kind-hearted man, he reached out his hand toward a bell to summon Chad back, and drew it back again.

"I cannot help that; but that boy must have good stuff in him."

Harry was waiting for him outside. He knew that Dan would go home if it was possible, and what Chad's mission must be.

"Don't hurt him, Chad."

"You don't have to ask that," answered Chad, sadly.

. . . . . .

So Chad's old enemy, Daws Dillon, was abroad. There was a big man with the boy at the Deans', General Ward had said, but Chad little guessed that it was another old acquaintance, Rebel Jerry Dillon, who, at that hour, was having his supper brought out to the stable to him, saying that he would sleep there, take care of the horses, and keep on the look-out for Yankees. Jerome Conners's hand must be in this, Chad thought, for he never for a moment doubted that the overseer had brought the news to General Ward. He was playing a fine game of loyalty to both sides, that overseer, and Chad grimly made up his mind that, from one side or the other, his day would come. And this was the fortune of war—to be trotting, at the head of six men, on such a mission, along a road that, at every turn, on every little hill, and almost in every fence-corner, was stored with happy memories for him; to force entrance as an enemy under a roof that had showered courtesy and kindness down on him like rain, that in all the world was most sacred to him; to bring death to an old playmate, the brother of the woman whom he loved, or capture, which might mean a worse death in a loathsome prison. He thought of that dawn when he drove home after the dance at the Hunts' with the old Major asleep at his side and his heart almost bursting with high hope and happi-

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ness, and he ran his hand over his eyes to brush the memory away. He must think only of his duty now, and that duty was plain.

Across the fields they went in a noiseless walk, and leaving their horses in the woods, under the care of one soldier, slipped into the yard. Two men were posted at the rear of the house, one was stationed at each end of the long porch to command the windows on either side, and, with a sergeant at his elbow, Chad climbed the long steps noiselessly and knocked at the front door. In a moment, it was thrown open by a woman, and the light fell full in Chad's face.

"You—you—*you!*" said a voice that shook with mingled terror and contempt, and Margaret shrank back, step by step. Hearing her, Mrs. Dean hurried into the hallway. Her face paled when she saw the Federal uniform in her doorway, but her chin rose haughtily, and her voice was steady and most courteous:

"What can we do for you?" she asked, and she, too, recognized Chad, and her face grew stern as she waited for him to answer.

"Mrs. Dean," he said, half choking, "word has come to head-quarters that two Confederate soldiers are spending the night here, and I have been ordered to search the house for them. My men have surrounded it, but if you will give me your word that they are not here, not a man shall cross your threshold—not even myself."

Without a word Mrs. Dean stood aside.

"I am sorry," said Chad, motioning to the Sergeant to follow him. As he passed the door of the drawing-room, he saw, under the lamp, a pipe with ashes strewn about its bowl. Chad pointed to it.

"Spare me, Mrs. Dean." But the two women stood with clenched hands, silent. Dan had flashed into the kitchen, and was about to leap from the window when he saw the gleam of a rifle-barrel, not ten feet away. He would be potted like a rat if he sprang out there, and he dashed noiselessly up the back stairs, as Chad started up the front stairway toward the garret, where he had passed many a happy hour playing with Margaret and Harry and Dan. The door was open at the first landing, and the creak of the stairs under Dan's feet, heard plainly, stopped. The Sergeant, pistol in hand, started to push past his superior.

"Keep back," said Chad, sternly, and as he drew his pistol, a terrified whisper rose from below.

"Don't, don't!" And then Dan, with hands up, stepped into sight.

"I'll spare you," he said, quietly. "Not a word, mother. They've got me. You can tell him there is no one else in the house, though."

Mrs. Dean's eyes filled with tears, and a sob broke from Margaret.

"There is no one else," she said, and Chad bowed. "In the house," she added, proudly, scorning the subterfuge.

"Search the barn," said Chad, "quick!" The Sergeant ran down the steps.

"I reckon you are a little too late, my friend," said Dan. "Why, bless me, it is my old friend Chad—and a lieutenant! I congratulate you," he added, but he did not offer to shake hands.

Chad had thought of the barn too late. Snowball had heard the men creeping through the yard, had warned Jerry Dillon, and Jerry had slipped the horses into the woodland, and had crept back to see what was going on.

"I will wait for you out here," said Chad. "Take your time."

"Thank you," said Dan.

He came out in a moment and Mrs. Dean and Margaret followed him. At a gesture from the Sergeant, a soldier stationed himself on each side of Dan, and, as Chad turned, he took off his cap again. His face was very pale and his voice almost broke:

"You will believe, Mrs. Dean," he said, "that this was something I *had* to do."

Mrs. Dean bent her head slightly.

"Certainly, mother," said Dan. "Don't blame Lieutenant Chad. Morgan will have Lexington in a few days and then I'll be free again. Maybe I'll have Lieutenant Chad a prisoner—no telling!"

Chad smiled faintly, and then, with a flush, he spoke again—warning Mrs. Dean, in the kindliest way, that, henceforth, her house would be under suspicion, and telling her of the severe measures that had been inaugurated against rebel sympathizers.

"Such sympathizers have to take oath of allegiance and give bonds to keep it."

"If they don't?"

"Arrest and imprisonment."

"And if they aid their friends?"

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"They are to be dealt with according to military law."

"Anything else?"

"If loyal citizens are hurt or damaged by guerrillas, disloyal citizens of the locality must make compensation."

"Is it true that a Confederate sympathizer will be shot down if on the streets of Lexington?"

"There was such an order, Mrs. Dean."

"And if a loyal citizen is killed by one of these so-called guerrillas, for whose acts nobody is responsible, prisoners of war are to be shot in retaliation?"

"Mother!" cried Margaret.

"No, Mrs. Dean—not prisoners of war—guerrillas."

"And when will you begin war on women?"

"Never, I hope." His hesitancy brought a scorn into the searching eyes of his pale questioner that Chad could not face, and without daring even to look at Margaret, he turned away.

Such retaliatory measures made startling news to Dan. He grew very grave, while he listened, but as he followed Chad, he chatted and laughed and joked with his captors. Morgan would have Lexington in three days. He was really glad to get a chance to fill his belly with Yankee grub. It hadn't been full more than two or three times in six months.

All the time, he was watching for Jerry Dillon, who, he knew, would not leave him if there was the least chance of getting him out of the Yankee's clutches. He did not have to wait long. Two men had gone to get the horses, and as Dan stepped through the yard-gate with his captors, two figures rose out of the ground. One came with head bent like a battering-ram. He heard Snowball's head strike a stomach on one side of him, and with an astonished groan the man went down. He saw the man drop on his other side from some crashing blow, and he saw Chad trying to draw his pistol. His own fist shot out, catching Chad on the point of the chin. Then there was a shot and the Sergeant dropped.

"Come on, boy!" said a hoarse voice, and then he was speeding away after the gigantic figure of Jerry Dillon through the thick darkness, while a harmless fusillade of shots sped after them. At the edge of the woods they dropped. Jerry Dillon had his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing aloud.

"The hosses ain't fer away," he said. "Oh, Lawd!"

"Did you kill him?"

"I reckon not," whispered Jerry. "I shot him on the wrong side. I'm al'ays a-fergittin' which side a man's heart's on."

"What became of Snowball?"

"He run jes' as soon as he butted the feller on his right. He said he'd git *one*, but I didn't know what he was doin' when I seed him start like a sheep. Listen!"

There was a tumult at the house—moving lights, excited cries, and a great hurrying. Rufus was the first to appear with a lantern, and when he held it high as the fence, Chad saw Margaret in the light, her hands clenched and her eyes burning.

"Have you killed him?" she asked, quietly but fiercely. "You nearly did once before. Have you succeeded this time?" Then she saw the Sergeant writhing on the ground, his right forearm hugging his breast, and her hands relaxed and her face changed.

"Did Dan do that? Did Dan do that?"

"Dan was unarmed," said Chad, quietly.

"Mother," called the girl, as though she had not heard him, "send someone to help. Bring him to the house," she added, turning. As no movement was made, she turned again.

"Bring him up to the house," she said, imperiously, and when the hesitating soldiers stooped to pick up the wounded man, she saw the streak of blood running down Chad's chin and she stared open-eyed. She made one step toward him and then she shrank back out of the light.

"Oh!" she said. "Are you wounded, too? Oh!"

"No!" said Chad, grimly. "Dan didn't do that"—pointing to the Sergeant—"he did this—with his fist. It's the second time Dan has done this. Easy, men," he added with low-voiced authority.

Mrs. Dean was holding the door open.

"No," said Chad, quickly. "That wicker lounge will do. He will be cooler on the porch." Then he stooped, and loosening the Sergeant's blouse and shirt examined the wound.

"It's only through the shoulder, Lieutenant," said the man, faintly. But it was under the shoulder, and Chad turned.

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"Jake," he said, sharply, "go back and bring a surgeon—and an officer to relieve me. I think he can be moved in the morning, Mrs. Dean. With your permission I will wait here until the Surgeon comes. Please don't disturb yourself farther"—Mrs. Dean had appeared at the door again with some bandages that she and Margaret had been making for Confederates—"I am sorry to trespass."

"It is nothing. If you need anything you will call a servant?" Mrs. Dean closed the door.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile Dan and Jerry Dillon were far across the fields on their way to rejoin Morgan. When they were ten miles away, Dan, who was leading, turned.

"Jerry, that Lieutenant was an old friend of mine. General Morgan used to say he was the best scout in the Union Army. He comes from your part of the country, and his name is Chad Buford. Ever heard of him?"

"I've knowed him sence he was a chunk of a boy, but I don't rickollect ever hearin' his last name afore. I nuver knowed he had any."

"Well, I heard him call one of his men Jake—Jake Dillon." The giant pulled in his horse.

"I'm goin' back."

"No, you aren't," said Dan; "not now—it's too late. That's why I didn't tell you before." Then he added, angrily: "You are a savage and you ought to be ashamed of yourself harboring such hatred against your own blood-brother."

Dan was perhaps the only man on earth who would have dared to talk that way to the man, and Jerry Dillon took it only in sullen silence.

A mile farther they struck a pike, and, as they swept along, a brilliant light glared into the sky ahead of them, and they pulled in. A house was in flames on the edge of a woodland, and by its light they could see a body of men dash out of the woods and across the field, and another body dash after them in pursuit—the pursuers firing and the pursued sending back defiant yells. Daws Dillon was at his work again, and the Yankees were after him.

. . . . . .

Long after midnight Chad reported the loss of his prisoner. He was much chagrined—for failure was rare with him—and his jaw and teeth ached from the blow Dan had given him, but in his heart, he was glad that the boy had got away. When he went to his tent, Harry was awake and waiting for him.

"It's I who have escaped," he said; "escaped again. Four times now, we have been in the same fight. Somehow fate seems to be pointing always one way—always one way. Why, night after night, I dream that either he or I——" Harry's voice trembled—he stopped short, and, leaning forward, stared out the door of a tent. A group of figures had halted in front of the Colonel's tent opposite, and a voice called sharply:

"Two prisoners, sir. We captured 'em with Daws Dillon. They are guerrillas, sir."

"It's a lie, Colonel," said an easy voice, that brought both Chad and Harry to their feet, and plain in the moonlight both saw Daniel Dean, pale but cool, and near him Rebel Jerry Dillon—both with their hands bound behind them.

(To be continued.)

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EMULATION

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. K. HANNA, JR.

HIS friends were in the habit of saying that Bill Emmons had always had everything he had tried for, and there was enough truth in the assertion to save it from fatuity. Achievement had marked every stage of his career.

He had gone to a college whose democracy and whose millionaires are usually mentioned in the same breath, and here he had been so democratic that old graduates, who feared that the millionaires were too much in the ascendant, pointed him out as the best example of the true ideals of the university. The millionaires, meanwhile, walked humbly and appreciatively before Bill, as behooved those who did not represent true ideals.

Now Bill was not only extremely popular with all sets and ages (and that, without the artificial fascination of being on the crew, or the eleven, for he had never gone in for athletics), but, as if to show his originality, he actually studied: and, not content with this, he even went so far as to take honors and prizes. The faculty distinguished him, not because he was the "strongest" man in the class, but because, from their own point of view, he was the most prominent.

It need scarce be said that Bill liked all this. His spirits were high, and he said openly that this was the happiest time of a man's life, to which people often replied: "Ah, well, we don't all do it like you, you know," an answer which did not lessen Bill's appreciation of his own blessings.

There was, indeed, only one little ripple upon the sea of his content, and this was a man nominally his friend, at least, all their friends were mutual, and they themselves found enough interest in each other's company to be often in the other's room, discussing the questions of the minute. Dale Fenton belonged to about the same organizations that Bill did, only his membership was more of a matter of course and less of a triumph for pure democracy. This was precisely the fact that sometimes annoyed and sometimes flattered Bill. Fenton had no other spheres of activity at college. He did not feel the obligations of putting the millionaires in their proper place; of being a true ideal.

But it was not Dale's success that irritated Bill. His own was on a larger scale. It was rather the knowledge that Fenton did not value his. Bill was anything but analytical, and he had never been able to explain to himself the disquieting effect of Fenton's presence. If he had asked Fenton, he could have found out. Dale knew that the key-note of Bill's success was not irrepressible natural ability, no triumphant expression of character. The demon that drove him on was the spirit of emulation—a sort of unselective, ubiquitous ambition that never let him rest. He could not see anyone excelling in anything, without being compelled to outdo him. Ambition is generally supposed to be a hard master. But this was something worse. His widespread susceptibility to rivalry worked him like a slave-driver. On this susceptibility Fenton continually touched in a way too subtle for Bill to grasp. He only knew that he never left Fenton without wondering whether he really had got so very far, without feeling the necessity of again asserting himself; of achieving some new pre-eminence—a pre-eminence which, it always subsequently appeared, Fenton did not so particularly respect.

After they left college, though they both came to New York, they saw but little of each other. Bill went into business, taking his place in the broking-house of which his father had been a member. One native capacity he undoubtedly had—the power of work—and this he began to display to a degree positively dazzling to men who had settled down into complaisant routine. Yet he still found opportunity in leisure mo-

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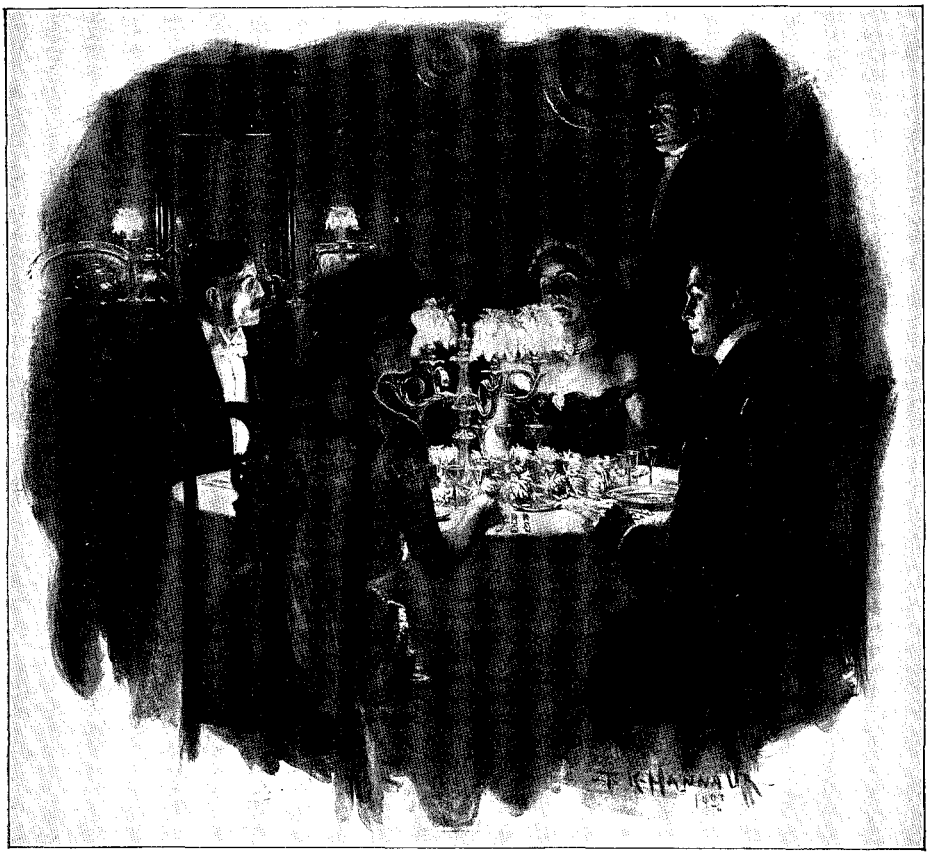

Bill was not analytical.—Page 732

ments for activity that manifested itself in an occasional article in the magazines on the political aspects of business.

The rest of the time he spent in maintaining the old college spirit which, he had heard graduates lament, was never kept up after a year. He went about in an overcoat ostentatiously old, with the collar turned up, and smoked many pipes, with his feet on the mantel-pieces of former classmates. All such conduct was very distressing to his mother.

She was a pretty capable little woman, from whom, it took no great imagination to discover, Bill had inherited some of his characteristics. Her success, however, was more in details, was more complete, but of smaller scope. With no very large share of either brains or money, she had managed to arrange her life exactly to suit her. She was no sooner left a widow than she set about this task. She wanted, happily, nothing more than to go about among the people she selected, wearing clothes which were admired.

Bill's course of ignoring all things social was disappointing to her. She had always looked upon him as "bound to succeed," and it seemed to her that he was wilfully neglecting a particularly conspicuous sphere of success. She had, however, learnt the most difficult of feminine arts—to exert pressure without nagging.

Bill could hardly have said when it was that he awoke to the fact that a struggle, more or less bitter according to the position you had attained in it, was going on about him, while he stood inactive in the midst. Society, he had thought of, inasmuch as he had thought of it at all, as a poor sort of amusement in which girls and those who basked in their smiles indulged. Suddenly it flashed upon him that it was not exactly an amusement, but a difficult and sometimes dangerous game. He could make out no set rules, no line along which one could

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develop special expertness. Simply one had to have something to bring, to contribute in some way to the gayety of one's fellows, and then, presto, one's hand was taken, and one was whirled along with the others. Not the faintest sensation of whirling, or of the first advances thereunto, had come to Bill.

Day after day fresh examples of the value of such success greeted his quickened sensibility. He saw men, even great men, measuring by this standard. His nature responded to this stimulus like a war-horse to the bugle.

Who can tell that it was not in recognition of the psychological moment that his mother said to him one morning, as she poured out his commendably early cup of coffee:

"Why did you never tell me that Mr. Fenton was a classmate of yours? He spoke so warmly of you last evening."

Bill said nothing, though the arrow pierced him. He knew the slim enviable company of which his mother had made one the previous evening. He had grown suddenly acute. Formerly her engagements had been merely names and dates to him—evenings on which he might count most surely on his own time.

"Such music, dear," his mother went on. "It seems wicked to offer it to only a score of people half of whom don't know one note from another. Not that that applies to Mr. Fenton, who was extremely technical."

"Trust him to be that," said Bill, and then added, as if a little ashamed of himself: "I had really no idea Dale went in for that sort of thing."

Mrs. Emmons had a delightful little air of being about to bestow a confidence. "Do you know," she said, "I believe it is one of the few instances of the things going in for him. You have no notion how foolish the girls are about him, and older women, too, who ought to know better. He is, of course, an intelligent, well-looking young man, but after all, we know of others." She smiled at Bill across the table.

"The others can only envy his leisure," returned her son.

"Leisure, my dear boy; he is a hard worker, and doing wonderfully well. I thought," she added, "that I would send him a ticket for the opera to-night. You, I know, won't want to go. I have only one left."

"Why, no, I suppose not, though I don't know why I should not," said Bill, disagreeably conscious of a vague emotion that the subject scarcely warranted.

Mrs. Emmons did not seem as much pleased at the possibility of his company as he had expected. He looked up inquiringly, to find her hesitating.

"The only thing is," she said, "that Miss Gerard is going with me, and she would prefer—she would enjoy herself more—though I doubt if it is an engagement between them as yet, still——"

"What!" cried Bill, "the great John Q.'s daughter and Dale Fenton!" Mrs. Emmons nodded, and after a second he broke out with "Good Lord!"

He saw Dale the son-in-law of the most prominent railway man in the country, and for a moment to his distorted vision it seemed as if life could hold nothing more worth while.

"It will be interesting to see how it will turn out, what he will do," Mrs. Emmons went on; "a clever young man like that plunged into such a position!"

Bill had risen and was looking at his watch. "Well, Mother," he said, "send him the ticket, by all means. If I want to, I can take an entrance, and I dare say I shan't much want to." But his mother insisted she preferred his having the ticket, anyhow, and by not answering he seemed to think he had left the question in abeyance.

Miss Gerard and a man, not Dale, an older gentleman, a friend of Mrs. Emmons, were to dine with them. Though Bill would have said that he had not thought of the girl since he had heard her name for the first time at breakfast, something may be gathered from the fact that on beholding her he was acutely disappointed. The fact that she had not a trace of good looks gave him the feeling of having been defrauded. His taste had not yet become sufficiently artificial to find that her pretty, perfect clothes relieved her appearance from the ordinary. She herself seemed to be utterly unconscious of any necessity for relief. Her bearing, without being actually aggressive, was self-confident to a degree Bill found positively shocking in a woman he just refrained from summing up as plain. It is not, after all, beauty that gives women assurance, as much as the experience of

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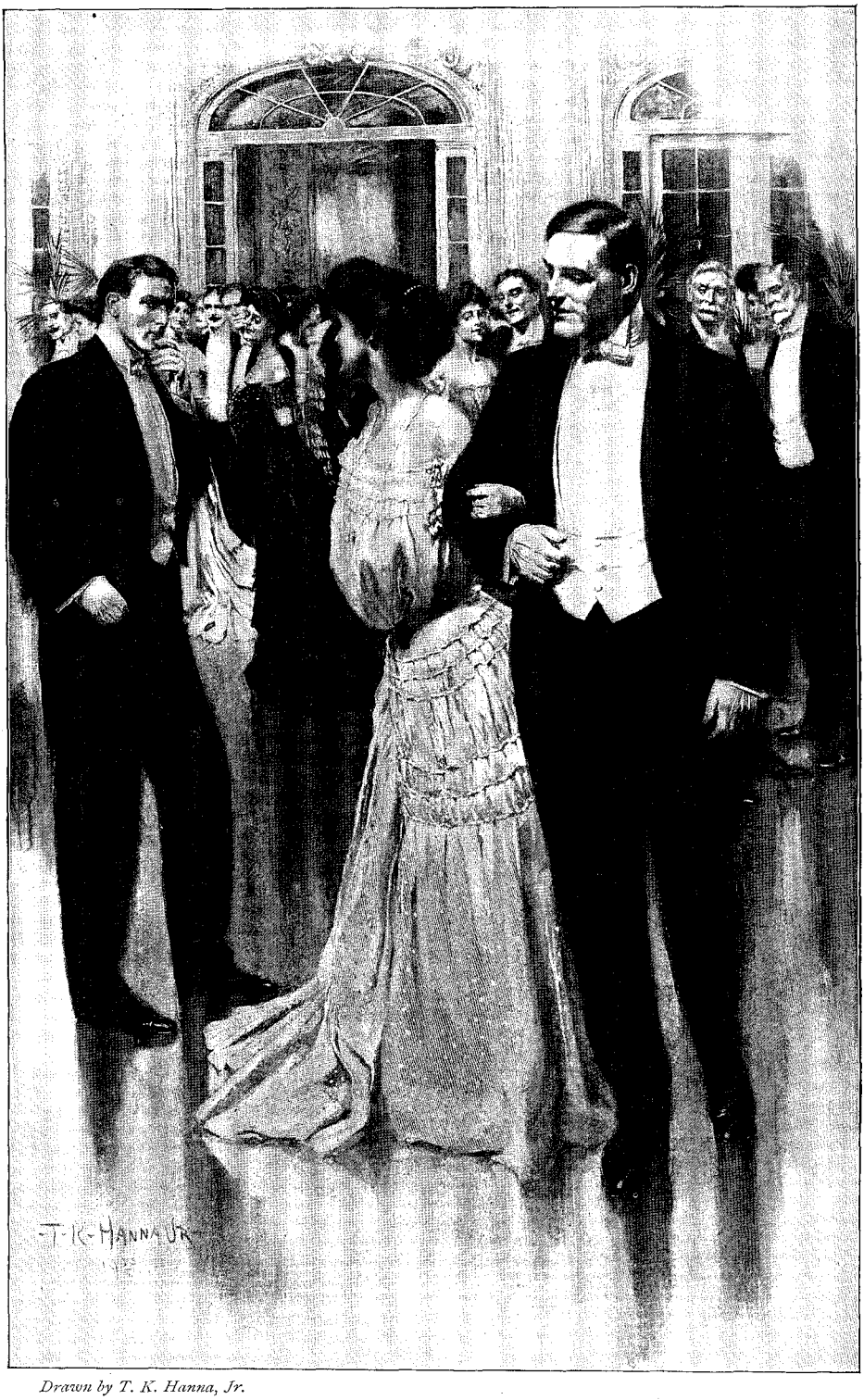

Drawn by T. K. Hanna, Jr.

He skilfully whisked the lady away from Dale.—Page 733.

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having often pleased, and this experience had always been Miss Gerard's. The trouble was, of course, that she did not consider that causes other than her personal charm had been operative.

Bill had scarcely been introduced to her when she turned to him confidently: "I want to thank you, Mr. Emmons," she said, "for your last article in the *Overseer*. It helped me so much. It said so many things that had been floating in the back of my own mind for months."

Bill was naturally pleased, and though he could have wished that his ideas had floated in nobody's mind but his own, he answered cheerfully that he had hardly expected to be so fortunate as to be read by young ladies.

She smiled at him intensely. "No doubt you would have said the same of the poets in the time of Dante; but the poets to-day have become almost exclusively the property of my sex, and the essayists are following. Soon, even the scientists will find in us their only readers. You men will be too deeply engaged in the struggle for the 'World's Common Necessities.'" She was quoting his article, and Bill writhed between pain and pleasure. The same phenomenon may be observed in the cat, proudest of animals, when its back is rubbed. It enjoys the sensation and yet prefers not to be touched.

"And yet," continued Miss Gerard, as, dinner being announced she rose and took his arm with an impulsive air, as if it were a delightful way of her own rather than a convention of generations—"and yet, of what real importance is pure thought, compared to feeling? I often say, Mr. Emmons, that I would gladly become an abject fool for the sake of gaining the smallest spiritual truth—a grain of the wisdom of the heart."

Bill looked, as he felt, hopeless.

Throughout dinner she continued to talk to him in this vein. He could not enjoy his whitebait, without her finding in the taste a point of contact with the larger elements of his nature – an intense appropriateness to what she already knew. The most casual remark presented itself as an instance of self-revelation, as a signal for her to spring into the deeper intricacies of intimacy. Bill, who, as we have said, was not analytical, only said to himself that the girl talked like an ass. Yet, when his other guest, a man of affairs, leant across the table to ask pointedly if her father had returned from Arizona, Bill was reminded that it was, after all, by the daughter of the great John Q. that his mind had just been rummaged.

At the opera, after all, Dale appeared. He and Bill met cordially, and stood talking in the back of the box, until the importunities of a lady in the next box, wearing pearls as large as young onions, interrupted them. She wanted to know whether Mr. Fenton were coming to dine with her on the sixth? Miss Gerard, overhearing, replied for him that he certainly was not, as he was dining with her. The ladies contested the point prettily, and Bill noticed that Dale looked as little like a fool as a man under the circumstances could. When Miss Gerard had established her claim she turned to Bill:

"You will come, too, won't you, Mr. Emmons?" she said. "I shall like to hear you two clever men talk together about the things that are worth while."

Bill was annoyed to find himself elated, and accepted so coolly that Fenton said, pleasantly:

"Don't mind his manner, Miss Gerard. It is the greatest compliment possible that he accepts at all. I don't believe he has dined out six times this winter." This was quite true, but not because he had persistently refused. As usual in Dale's presence Bill felt ruffled.

One day, not long after this, he saw among the distinguished directors of a new trust company the name of Dale Fenton. He tried to take it as a matter of course, but during the day it kept returning to his mind, until, in self-defence, he mentioned it to his senior partner, who offered an explanation, not much more agreeable than the thing itself.

"Oh, there were reasons why they could not put on old John Q. himself, and this, I suppose, was about the same thing."

"That's it, is it?" said Bill, but he knew Fate had made another pull at the string.

For about this time a number of things, he would have said, combined to throw him with Miss Gerard. In the first place, she was, for a little while, the only girl he knew, so that he naturally looked for her when he entered a ballroom, and nowadays

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"Hush! you must not talk like that," she whispered.—Page 735.

he entered a good many. Then, too, it was both easy and sometimes pleasant to talk to her, and he was not averse, as he himself would have put it, to giving Dale a run for his money.

Before a month had gone by, before he thoroughly realized it, people began to exchange smiles when he and Dale were seen together in Miss Gerard's company. He had, in fact, engaged in a contest which many were amused to watch. When Bill did recognize this state of affairs, he could not resist the glory of a few cheap triumphs. Once or twice, in public, he skilfully whisked the lady away from Dale, almost amid applauding hands. By this time it was too late to draw back.

His life would have been pleasanter if in his heart he had liked the girl better. He did like her keen interest, the flattery that her excellent memory and love of admiration combined to enable her to bestow upon all such as would give ear to her at all. But the wear and tear, the high pressure of her intellectuality, he found at times an intolerable bore. He often wondered frankly how Dale, who was so much more intolerant, stood her at all, feeling inclined to de-

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spise the other for being so little fastidious. At length, however, it occurred to him, on overhearing a few words of conversation between them, that Dale stood her by amusing himself in out-Heroding Herod; that, in an unobtrusive way, he relieved his feelings by making game of her.

As far as Dale himself was concerned, Bill could find no fault with his behavior. He was the most courteous of antagonists, always giving Bill every opportunity, as if, Bill sometimes thought bitterly, he had nothing to fear. Only now and then Fenton had a way of offering the girl a word of advice, to which she always listened, or of bringing a message from her father with an air strangely proprietary. Such things acted on Bill like a spur.

Fenton had now, also, struck up quite a friendship with Mrs. Emmons, one of those cheerful irresponsible relations possible between an entertaining older woman and a clever boy. They discussed art, society, and often, Bill feared, himself.

He would have been more annoyed if he had had time to think about the matter, but his thoughts were suddenly taken up by alarming hints of disaster. The air was full of threatenings. If books had been opened, it would have been said that the odds had turned heavily against him. He felt this without actually seeing any definite proof of it. Far less could he see any reason for it. Only it now became manifest that Dale was looked upon as an easy winner. Yet, as far as Bill knew, he and Miss Gerard were as good friends as ever.

At length her best friend, in so many words, warned him. As he was putting her into her cab after a ball, she whispered in his ear:

"Be on your guard. Something important is trembling in the balance."

He spent a night bitter and sleepless. What could be trembling in the balance but her decision to marry Dale? He actually groaned aloud in the darkness; he had seen the first hint of how he would be regarded, how he would be pitied and ignored. He wondered how he would first hear positively of the engagement. Would she tell him, or would Dale, with perfect good taste? He looked forward and saw Dale, the great business man, and all the praise and opportunity that would be his. The night was bitter.

In the morning, however, he was inclined to feel that he was not beaten yet. In the afternoon, he went to see Miss Gerard, and found her alone.

She came into the room—her own well-considered drawing-room, wherein every object made a conscious claim to cultivation—dressed in a dark velvet, her hair done low at her neck. It was not particularly becoming, but it served admirably to emphasize her pose. She held out both hands.

"Ah, dear friend!" she said. "Did you guess I was just writing you a note asking you to come? Sit down and tell me about yourself. What have you been doing and thinking?"

"I have been thinking of you and feeling very uncomfortable," said Bill, with perfect truth. "I wish I had had your note. I wish I had anything from you that convinced me that you really want to see me."

If Miss Gerard had been good-looking, she would have been called a flirt. As it was, no one had the temerity to do so.

"You have my word," she now answered, with a look. Then, just as she saw that he was about to respond to it, she added: "I wanted to see you before we go. We start on Saturday, you know."

Bill did not know; he had heard of no threatened departure. It took him some moments to pluck from her enthusiasm the fact that she was about to make a tour of the West with her father in his private car. They were to be gone six weeks.

Bill's feelings at these tidings were confused, but principally he experienced a certain sense of reprieve, of relaxation. He looked forward to this brief cessation in the struggle. Yet, even as he thought this, he became aware that Miss Gerard was not talking quite spontaneously. A shade of constraint in her manner, or, if not this, then his own supersensitiveness to such suspicions, the concrete dread we all feel of the worst that can possibly happen, caused him to turn on her abruptly.

"Who else is going?"

She tried to be very direct, without injuring her cause.

"A few railroad men, friends of papa's, and Mr. Fenton, whom he also asked."

Silence followed. Bill was alarmed to find himself actually, though very slightly, trembling. This indeed was final. Six

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weeks of her interrupted society; six weeks of being pointed out as a young man John Gerard thought it worth his while to take about with him. And for Bill, six weeks' waiting for the bolt to fall; six weeks of the ridiculous position in which his brilliant little struggle had left him.

At length he held out his hand. "Good-by," he said.

Miss Gerard was clearly nervous. "I'll see you as soon as we come back," she said, combating not very happily the finality of his manner.

"You'll never see me; not this way, at least. Why should I come? It is not worth while to go on being tortured for nothing. What do I mean by being tortured? Seeing you go off for six weeks on a party in which Dale Fenton is the only man you will speak to. I have been restless since I first knew you. I have given you everything that I had to give. And what is my reward? You do the one thing of all others to hurt me. I would almost rather see you dead. There! Think what you like!"

Miss Gerard did her thinking quickly. She rose and laid her hand on his arm. "Hush! you must not talk like that," she whispered. "I won't go. I am not going. If you feel like that, I would rather stay here."

An hour later Bill left the house an engaged man. As he went down the steps he was almost giddy with excitement. He could smile to think of the humor of the Western trip without its hostess, and wondered lightly whether Dale would render him the satisfaction of backing out of it. Then he recalled that his future wife had insisted that Dale had never once made love to her. The idea took the edge off.

He was still cheerful when he let himself into his own house, and managed to tell his mother, but, in the midst of her too jubilant congratulations, he broke away from her and went to his own room.

Here, behind locked doors, blank despair took him.

It does not require much imagination to follow. He was a young man, not without his ideals, and of great capacity for happiness. Marriage was a step on which he had always looked with theoretical dread. It was a closing of many doors, a leaving behind of much, a bound into responsibilities and middle age. And this renunciation, which he had fancied himself making only for the choice of his heart, he was about to make for a silly, gushing girl, with unreasoned, obtrusive ideas. It came to him that it would be one of her ideals to share his every thought, and understand his business life.

He had intended something different. He had expected to do more important things in the future than to expose his soul to her excavations.

He heard the bell ring, and in a moment of second sight knew that it was Dale. He started to the staircase to send word that he could see no one, and was arrested by voices in the hallway below him.

His mother's voice was saying:

"He has just told me," and Dale answered, meditatively:

"Why, then, I think I won't go up."

His mother laughed gently.

"I believe you are jealous."

Dale's answering laugh was no less cordial.

"Jealous! My dear lady, you know very well that it was I made the match."

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THE LONG ROAD OVER THE HILL

By William Young

COPSE, and meadow, and wimpling stream;
And voices, calling to flocks that stray;
And the loitering herd; and the plodding team;
And the hamlet, fair in the dying day:
Blossoming orchards, branching wide;
A rose-gray tower; a dusky mill,
Murmuring low, by the water-side—
And the long road over the hill!

O my soul, wilt thou farther fare?
Here is plenty, and here is peace.
Surely blesséd, beyond compare,
Are these, secure in their tranquil lease,
Who take, with thanks, what the gods bestow—
Flower, and fruit, of the fields they till—
And tarry, content, while the travellers go
By the long road over the hill.

Never the call to strife they hear—
Never, the din of the moiling throng;
But blitheful greetings, and sounds of cheer—
Praise at matin, and even-song:
These, and the mill-wheel's drowsy hum,
Pipe of bird, and babble of rill,
And the tinkle of bells, when the slow kine come
To the hamlet under the hill.

And thus, for aye, would I have them bide—
Wholly happy, and simply wise;
Never to dream of a boon denied,
Far adventure, or vain emprise.
Never a foot from the fold should stray!
But *I* would be the traveller, still,
Who looks, and envies—and goes his way—
The long road over the hill.

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A PROFFERED HEROINE

By George Buchanan Fife

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

A SOFT, quick, bird-like little run high into the treble as an impromptu finale, and Alicia turned from the piano.

"I wonder why it is," she said, "that when you write, you always go so far afield for your womenfolk."

Back to earth I came with a bump. Heaven only knows where I had been, but it was somewhere beyond the rim of the world, on that uncharted isle whence the glowing arch of the rainbow springs from its pot of gold, and where we come suddenly upon ourselves in the full, searching sunlight and talk of Might Have Been and Hope To Be. Alicia's music often takes me thither.

I was all save breathless from my quick return, and as I gathered my vagrant wits, I said "Far afield; what do you mean?" which possessed none of the elements of an answer. Alicia, with a hand still lingering on the keys, in apparent token that if I should prove unsatisfactory she could return to her music instanter, spread her net a trifle wider.

"I have been inspecting some of your heroines rather critically this afternoon," she said. Her tone was far from reassuring, especially as she supplemented the announcement with two carefully selected notes.

It has always been my plan and my pleasure, to submit my womenfolk, as Alicia bucolically termed them, to her for critical inspection. I do not profess, even to myself, to know a great deal about women, *other* women, and several times I had introduced mine to Alicia with undeniable timorousness. But, as well as I remembered, all had passed muster, some, even, had been patted very prettily on the cheek. Therefore, I did not quite understand why she had driven the poor things together that afternoon for a general overhauling. However, as the subject was woman, I approached it strategically.

"What did you find wrong with their clothes?" I asked. Alicia is, by special appointment, modiste and milliner to my womenfolk.

As soon as I spoke she folded her hands in her lap and looked at me with a strange little smile which told me I had struck a discord.

"I was not thinking of their frocks," she said; "but of them—and of how far you have gone to get them. I knew you wouldn't understand."

She arose abruptly from the piano, and I heard her laughing softly as she searched along the book-shelves. Presently she returned to the piano-seat with two or three volumes in which markers were conspicuous. I recognized them as my own books and wondered in what wise they were to be used against me, because I did not understand Alicia at all. That which gave me greatest concern was her strange, only half-happy smile.

"You seem to be making this a very serious affair," I said lightly, as Alicia, after some deliberation, selected one of the books and opened it at a marked place.

"If you think that," she looked up with sudden alarm, "I'm sure you'll *never* understand; you'll only think me silly." Her gaze wandered over my shoulder—"Perhaps I am"—and returned, bringing something of merriment with it—"but you mustn't tell me so."

"Then it *is* a serious affair?"

Alicia did not raise her eyes from her book as she replied, "No-o-o, not very." She read awhile in silence, and I, uncomprehending still, awaited her royal pleasure, I even fell to admiring her shining hair—we were fast making for my Rainbow Isle, hand in hand, when she spoke.

"I want you to listen very carefully while I read your description of Frances Trevor in 'Castleton.' It's where Barron meets her, you remember?"

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I nodded. Of course I remembered. I had rewritten it at least three times, and even now I confess to a longing to try my hand at it again. Without acknowledging my nod, Alicia began to read:

Barron desired simply to look at her, not to talk to her just then, only to stand a little apart from the others and from her and wonder at her. Coming back to his own country, to his own people was like being born into the fulness of a new being with the clamor of the glistening, toiling blacks, the monotonous cha-cha-cha of the hoisting engines, the ring of the riveters, even the bridge itself, the thing for which he had seemed to live so long, faint in the background. He recalled the countless visions of home-coming which had kept him company in the restless nights, of the pictures he had patched together in his mind. He remembered, too, that from many fragments he had constructed a woman who had been the object of countless imaginary gallantries and the sole romance of that God-forgotten region—the only woman to whom he owed allegiance. She had stood at his side and watched the bridge crawl from pier to pier, had even clambered after him along the swaying false-work the day he rescued McLaughlin, and her hand had been the first to grasp his when the centre-pin was driven. And he had brought her over-seas with him, enchanted with her companionship, wondering when she would choose to bid him farewell and whether he would have the temerity to raise her hand to his lips.

Alicia paused a moment, long enough I hoped, to permit me an inquiry as to how much of the book she intended reading, and what bearing this had upon—but I was peremptorily told that it was still her turn and she continued, deigning me no further notice:

But she had never left him and he had grown to recognize her as an inseparable part of himself and his life. The home-coming, which had driven much of the remembrance of the labor and anxiety from his mind—because the bridge did not seem to him such an achievement after all—had dimmed no light nor line of her.

I realized that it was high time for me to interpose, so, braving certain displeasure, I said, "Alicia, my dear, you are only recalling an agonizing struggle by reading that. I thought you said you wished me to hear my description of Frances Trevor."

"Yes; but first I'm reading the part *I* like. Now I'll read *your* part, if you wish."

"Certainly, if you are not tired." I smiled—and failed.

This was the first time the book had even been apportioned between us, and I was really anxious to hear how *my* part sounded. Also I wanted to learn how much of the other books had been allotted to me, but I was determined that there should be no such extensive reading of the respective shares. Alicia ran her eyes down the page.

"Now, here's *your* part," she said, jarring me somewhat with the insistence of the "your."

"Then you don't like what you're pleased to call *my* part?"

"Yes, I think it's perfectly lovely; just listen to it." A woman says "perfectly lovely" in as many ways as the French cook eggs.

And as he watched Frances Trevor the Lady of the Bridge came and stood close beside her. She had done this with other women, and her eyes had been full of questioning of his faithfulness. Now they were looking into his without reproach. Suddenly, to his bewilderment, she spoke to him, and in that instant the Lady of the Bridge became a living creature. It was Frances Trevor who had built the bridge with him; it was her gold-brown hair which had whipped across his face as they leaned upon the steamer's rail; it was her dark, compelling eyes which had searched his heart in the hours of unreasoning dread, her tall, strong figure which had always seemed a challenge to his own.

"There you are!" The book was closed with a clap. "So much for Miss Frances Trevor! now I'll show you some of your other women."

Alicia took up a second volume and I protested. "This is really awfully good of you, my dear, but to what end? You say, 'So much for Miss Trevor;' are the others to have that much?"

"Goodness, what disloyalty! You know you like it."

"Yes, I think it's—'perfectly lovely.' Go on with it." I could have drawn Alicia's broadside with one "I don't," and I am sure I disappointed her. That she was determined to keep me well within range, however, was entirely clear from the next manœuvre. This was the production, from between the leaves of the second volume, of a sheet of note-paper. Alicia was crowding on canvas.

"I'll not read about the other women," she said, dividing her look of amusement between me and the bit of paper, "since you seem so bored. I've written here all that's necessary." The new sail caught the wind and she came racing after me.

"I've read your description of Miss Trevor, tall with gold-brown hair and dark eyes and athletic figure; now here's Mar-

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garet Wingate in 'The Rector of St. John's': decidedly light hair—yellow hair, quite natural, though—gray eyes, brilliant color; rather a small woman, one of the fluffy type, plays bridge, decidedly attractive in her own way—no, don't thank me, I rather like her—and here's Rachel Dayne, in your first book: black hair, black eyes, pale and cold as ice, an imperious woman."

Alicia put down the paper looking as if she had just read a recipe to the cook. "Now," she said, arising from the piano-seat, the books tumbling noisily, "will you be kind enough to describe *Alicia Rushton* to me?"

For one instant I was confounded and stared dumbly at the graceful, black-clad figure, with round, white shoulders, glowing cheeks, and shining crown of hair, which stood before me, hands clasped, awaiting answer. Then I leaned forward in my chair and laughed unnaturally, which is the transparent way some men have of pulling themselves together. The advantage was decidedly with Alicia, and she knew it, because she said not a word; she smiled and waited.

"Well, let me see——" I had to begin somehow. "You are amiable, affectionate, and——"

"You know that's not what I mean; what's the color of my hair?" She could no more have restrained the hand that rose to her brow than she could have flown.

"Your hair?—auburn." What an aureole it was!

"You're sure I'm not—red-headed; not even if I were someone else's wife?"

I bowed my denial, hand on heart, and she continued, "My eyes?"

"Gray." How many times I had heard her declare them green!

"And my color, my figure, my general appearance?" Had I not known Alicia I should have considered this consummate vanity.

"Your color is, I should say, variable; your figure, slender, that's why you ride so well, and as for your general appearance—add to what I have already related a height of about five feet six, and you will have your truthful slave's most queenly mistress, Alicia Rushton, whom the gods preserve."

With a gesture which I construed to mean "I told you so," she sank back upon the seat. "And I do not bear the slightest resemblance to any of those women, do I?" she asked.

"No, you do not, but——" Alicia spared me recourse to the unnatural laugh by interrupting. "Now will you tell me why it is you have gone so far afield for them? This is neither vanity nor jealousy, simply curiosity." She imagined she had divined my thoughts. "You seem to have gone to such extremes to avoid auburn hair, gray eyes, and slender figures."

Alicia will probably never know the magnitude of my discomfort as she smiled down upon me. Had I detected in her manner the slightest trace of pique or exultation, I might have been provoked to the incivility of combat, but I saw nothing save amused inquiry; the sword I had looked for had its hilt toward me.

"This is the first time you have ever charged me with disloyalty," I said, with studied seriousness. "To attempt a defence would be to discount the attractiveness of a very dear relative of the accused, and to plead guilty would be high treason."

As an example of explanation I was rather pleased with this, but Alicia evidently was not.

"If she be so dear and attractive," she said, "why has she been so utterly ignored? Certainly, she would not have marred a tale. If a man admires his wife—or deludes her into the belief that he admires her, is there any reason why he should not put her in a story?" She was looking very earnestly at her foot. "I should think it rather nice to be a heroine."

I arose and went to the piano. "There are several reasons," I said. "Women are put into stories to make them love stories; they are put in to love and be loved, to be happy or to suffer. To him who fashions them they mean much. He has done his utmost to make them human, and, for him at least, they *do* live." Alicia had begun to play softly, first a little random triplet of notes, then another and another, until she was adrift in one of the nameless melodies of our Rainbow Isle. "He makes their lives what they are, to them he is Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos; he plans all their pleasures and their plights; he leads them into love and through it, and sometimes beyond it. When they are wooed he is there in his invisible cap guiding heart and eyes and lips. It is he who sends the blood

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flaming joyously to their cheeks—he who first lets their hands linger in an eager clasp; he who, at last, bids them yield heart and lips—and opens their account with Cupid. You ask me why in my stories there is no woman like you. Because such a woman *would* be you. The hair, the eyes, the slender figure would be yours, however I named her, however I contrived her lot. And being you, I would have her blithe and winsome, for that is you. Then she would love, for that is you, too." Alicia's face was turned partly from me and the slow, poignant melody which rose beneath her loitering touch seemed to come from a great distance. "I should feel her heart quicken and glow with the new-found happiness; I, who know her so well, should read her love in her lightest smile, and should know it to be love. It would be like sharing her, sharing you—more than that, like giving you up, if only to one whom others would see as nothing more than a lover in a book. Am I foolishly selfish to want to keep you only in our own unwritten story?"

The melody was hushed for a moment as Alicia laid her hand upon my arm. "Why will *you* not come and be the lover in the book?" she said with sweet seriousness. "Then there could be no thought of sharing."

Her hand crept lower until it found mine and sought its clasp, and I, gazing at her in the fanciful half-light, seemed suddenly to gather her in my arms and speed with her down the years to the first season of our love, the first chapter of our story. "Why will you not come and be the lover in the book?" I heard Alicia ask, and somewhere above me the nameless melody began anew.

"Once upon a time," I said slowly, my eyes following the white hands rippling over the keys, "there was a woman who was much beloved. She was straight—and slender—with red-gold hair—and the man who loved her lived in the sunlight she made, and he stood before her worshipping. And although he did not know it then, a bud in her heart was growing and unfolding slowly, slowly. One day it bloomed, and that day she gave it into his keeping, not to pluck, but to cherish it and nurture it where it grew.

"So it was that he entered the garden of her love and pledged his life for the flower she had given him.

"All went well for a season or two; the gardener had never relaxed his watchfulness, and not a petal of the flower had fallen. In reward his wage was raised and all confusion, cap in hand, he bowed and stammered his protest that he was already overpaid—and overdrawn." A smile, like a ray of light, shone for a moment on Alicia's lips. "But the mistress of the garden had a sister and that sister a husband, and into the lives of the sister and the husband a crisis had come. The gardener had known of its coming and the dread of it had weighed upon him. When it did come he alone could help, because he alone knew. He had been so careful for his mistress's sake to keep it from her and she—she misunderstood and took the flower from him. Being only the gardener——"

Alicia ceased playing abruptly and rose to my side. There were tears in her eyes as she caught my hand and pressed it to her breast.

"No, no, dear," she said, "that's our own story-book, ours."

"It's the only book in which I can picture you," I replied. "And yet you ask why——"

"No, not now." She came close to me and raised her face to mine. "I understand. I am quite content."

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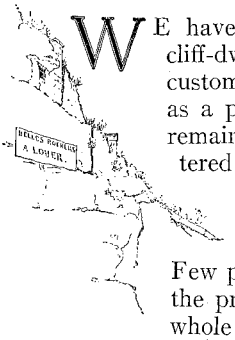
A street among the cliff-dwellers. A wall on the left.

CLIFF-DWELLERS

By E. C. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



WE have often heard of the cliff-dwellers and are accustomed to think of them as a pre-historic race, the remains of whose few scattered dwellings are a matter of curiosity to tourists and a prize to antiquarians. Few people know that, at the present day, there are whole communities in France whose only habitations are hollowed in the rocky hill-sides and whose entire business life is carried on in caves.

We had seen in Normandy isolated instances of people living in habitations half house and half cave. But they were in far-away towns and villages, and only the very poorest class of people lived in them. Our first real cave city came as a great surprise, for we had just left Tours, one of the most highly civilized cities in France. We were riding on the road to Vouvray when suddenly, at a turn near Rochecorbon, this first town of cliff-dwellers burst upon us.

High above us towered a huge mass of overhanging rock, strata upon strata, bearing upon its summit a most peculiar tower, supposed to have been a watch-tower in ages gone by. Its foundations hung over the rock upon which they were built, and it seemed as though it would crash down at any moment upon the village beneath.

Scattered over the face of the cliff, doors and windows, narrow stair-ways and little belvideres could be seen, habitation upon habitation, in most picturesque disorder.

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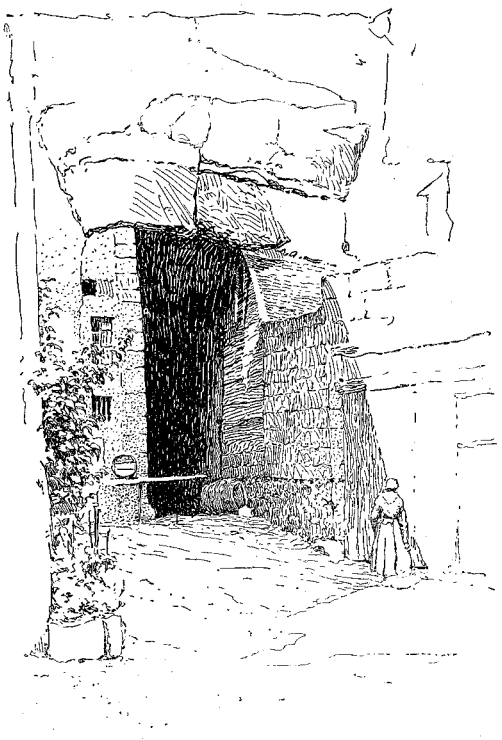
Walls along the high road hid the immediate foreground, and we looked in vain for an opening by which we could have a nearer view of this strange community. At last we found an open gate, and, peeping through, were greeted by a dear little old woman, whose wrinkled, smiling face was surmounted by a snowy white cap. Her door-way was a bower of flowers, hollyhocks, asters, nasturtiums and deep June roses. By its side was an old well and a little out-house for her wood and gardening tools. Her cheery "*Bon jour*" was an invitation to enter, and we gladly accepted her cordiality. We followed her across the little yard and were soon seated in her one and only room. This room was cosiness itself; a large canopied bed occupied the far corner; a great open fire-place filled one side, and around and on it were grouped all her lares and penates; her wedding-wreath—ah, so old!—her little crucifix, little china jars to hold her flowers; photographs and tin-types of all her family and of her son in his soldier's uniform; cane chairs, a huge armoire and a long, low chest completed the furnishing of this little home. Spotless muslin curtains hung in the tiny windows and tempered the glaring red of the geraniums placed on the sill outside. Our hostess was only too glad to tell of her life and her home. Our first thought was that these cave houses must be damp and unsanitary. She told us, and we afterward found that her opinion was shared by all cave-dwellers, that these houses are very dry and healthful. Certainly, if we judged by the number of old people whom we saw living in them, they do not shorten the lives of the occupants. The peasants say, too, that they are cool in summer, and in the winter, on the contrary, they so moderate the cold that a fire is scarcely necessary.

The houses that are built at the foot of the hills are inclined to be damp, but those cut high up on the hill-side are extremely dry and mould is never known in them.



Entrance to one of the great caves.

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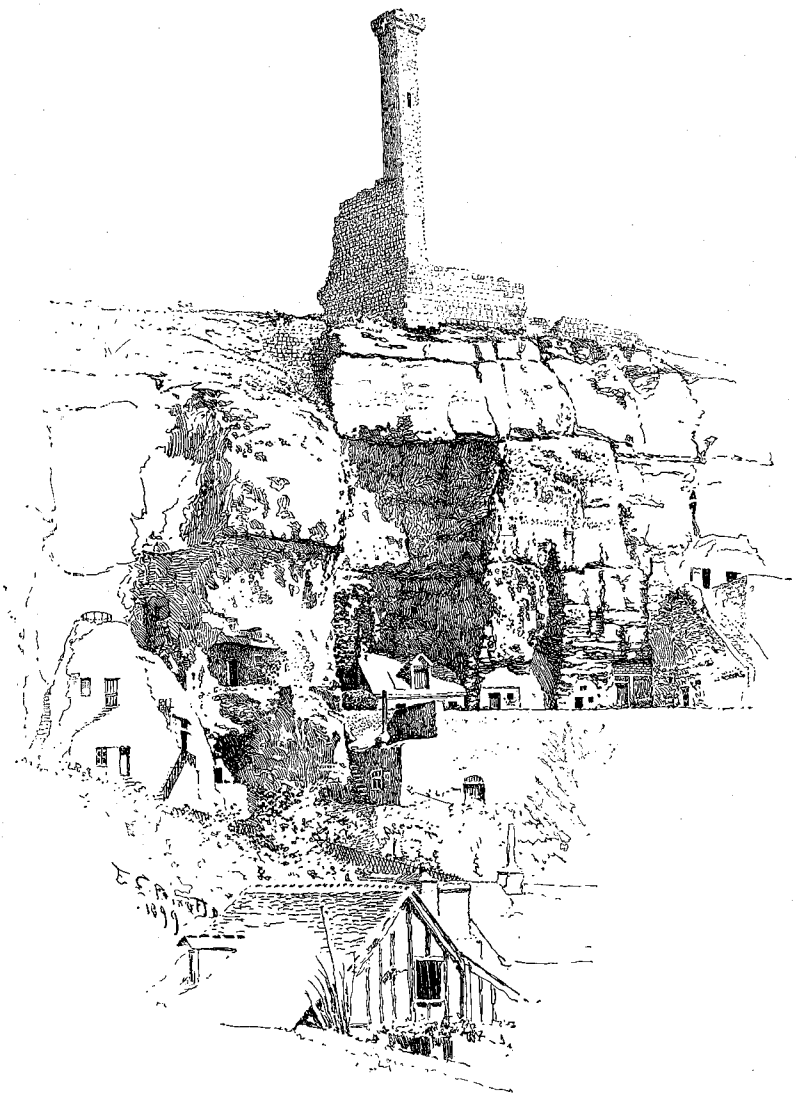

High above us towered a huge mass of overhanging rock.

These upper caves are reached by special staircases cut in the rock up the face of the cliffs, and, if the houses have more than one story, the stairs still wind up on its façade to reach the upper floor!

I have even known these houses to be superposed one upon the other, each approached at a different angle by its individual stairway. These cliff-dwellings often contain three or four rooms and are sometimes floored with tiles and roofed with huge wooden beams. Often the only light is through the door, though there is usually a small square window, and, frequently, when the house is built in an abrupt angle of the cliff, it has as many as four and five windows.

Sometimes, too, a house has been made in what was a large opening to a regular cave. In this case masonry is used to fill up the mouth of the cave, leaving the door and window openings. The long chest of which I have spoken, is found in every dwelling, and is used for provisions. In it

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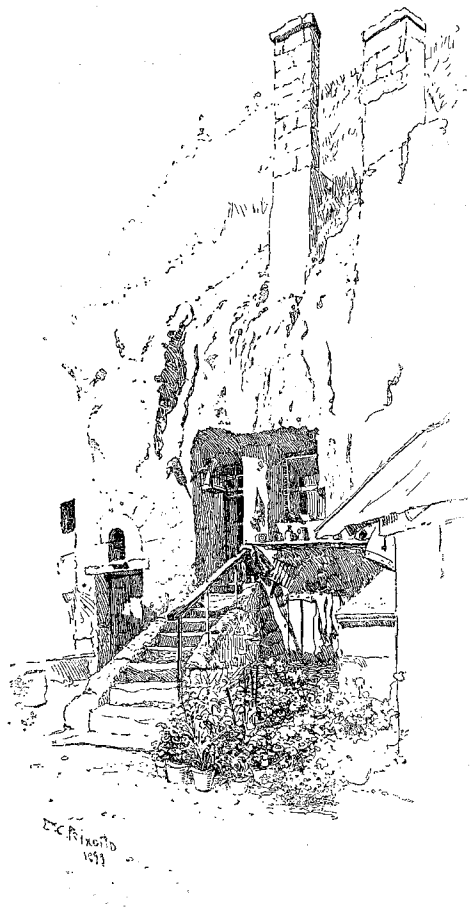
are kept the great loaves of bread which feed the little ones, the butter, cheese and comfiture, if the family is well-to-do. The vegetables are brought from the little garden, for each house possesses one; and if it be cherry season or grape time each *bonne femme* will proudly offer you of her prized fruit. But the comfort of the home is the open fire-place, wherein always hangs the great iron pot, blackened with the smoke of years. The peasants rarely have a match; if the fire be dead they go with a shovel to their neighbor and return with embers, as in the days of yore. There is always a well not far off, whose opening is closed with a little locked door, so that no one can use the water save those entitled to do so.

The rents paid for these little homesteads are really amusing; $5 a year and you have a snug little place with a garden in front, and a view—oh, a view such as M. le Comte in his château below cannot boast of. Eight dollars a year and you have a house of three or four rooms, with a stable and a store-house in a great cave not far off. We remained for several weeks among these cliff-dwellers and became thoroughly interested in their life.

A place that had great charm for us was bought outright for $20! To think of providing a shelter for a lifetime at such a price! The owner, fancying to enlarge her domain, purchased an adjoining garden for $12. In it she raises green peas, cauliflower, lettuce, beets, and carrots, and a number of cherry and apple trees give her their fruit. With the pears she makes



A cliff-dwelling.

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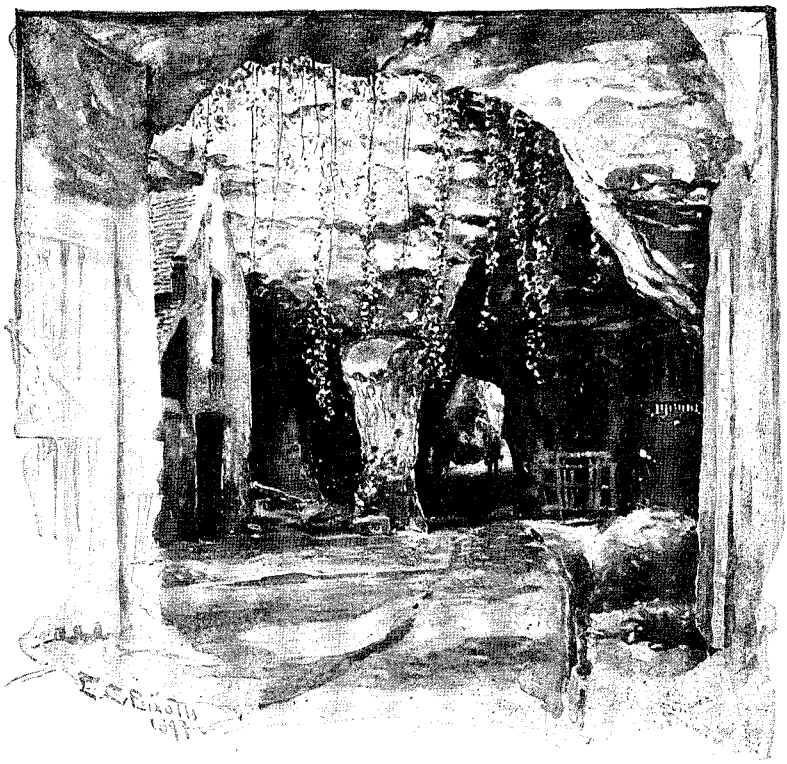

Entrance to a series of caves.
House on the left and stables on the right.

a drink of which the peasants are very fond.

The animals are kept in stables, also cut in the rock, the mangers and water-troughs being hollowed out of the solid stone. In these dark interiors glimpses are caught of cows sleepily chewing their cud; of horses eating their evening meal; of donkeys, who loudly bray their welcome as the door is opened. The peasants tell us that in such stables the animals never suffer from heat or cold, as Mother Earth tempers the extremes of the outer world with her own genial warmth.

So are the caves near the surface utilized, but another world exists in the great labyrinths which tunnel the hill-sides to their very centres. Here strange trades are carried on, and here the wines, for which this country is famous, ripen and become mellow in their cool cellars. The high caves were used as ateliers for the drying of hemp and the making of linen, and many of the great rafters on which the hemp was hung still remain. Often these quarries are forty feet high at the opening and lead into an interior chamber nearly one hundred feet square, with rough columns left to support the great weight overhead. Sometimes a house is built within this darksome chamber, vine-clad and moss-grown, and to such a home many a peasant bride has been taken to spend her honeymoon.

The strangest of these underground worlds which I visited was one devoted to the raising of mushrooms. Its limits seemed unbounded, as indeed they were, for it pierced the hill-sides in every direction. We entered through an opening under an orchard of cherry trees. About ten feet inside the entrance was a well, and near it a lantern, which my kind guide lighted. We had proceeded but a few steps when suddenly the air became very close and warm and a dense white mist shut

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us in. I found this was heat and steam rising from huge piles of manure, stacked in an adjoining passage. When brought from the cavalry barracks near by, it is here "worked" by the admixture of water until it attains the required consistency. We soon passed this steam and heat and entered caves where the air was dry and cool.

In these manure is laid out in rounded hummocks along the walls, and in the wider passages, in lines down the centre as well. Sometimes there are as many as five of these rows. The mushroom seed is then placed in these manure piles, and the date of the "planting" is written on the wall above the section.

The mounds are then covered with a fine powder obtained by sifting the tailings from the quarried limestone, just as coal dust is separated from coal. The mushroom is now planted and the hummock is left undisturbed for three months, more or less, when the first growth begins to appear. The mushrooms continue to sprout during three months, but then engender a certain poisonous gas which kills their own seed. The whole planting must then be removed and the place thoroughly cleaned.

During "harvest time" a crop is gathered every twenty-four hours. Three men with their great baskets, make the rounds of this underground farm every morning, and every day in the year can count on an immense crop which they ship to the large cities near by, and even several miles away. The discolored and inferior mushrooms are sent to the canneries, but for his best growth the producer receives only twenty cents a pound!

There is occasionally great danger connected with these mysterious dark worlds. I saw the awful result of a cave-in of gigantic masses of stone crushing all beneath it —house and stables. The clear light of heaven shone down through the great gaping hole and tons of débris lay where they had fallen, completely blocking the cave entrance. The peasants point it out with a shudder.

Interior of a cave dwelling.

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A MOTHER IN INDIA

By Mrs. Everard Cotes

CHAPTER I

THERE were times when we had to go without puddings to pay John's uniform bills, and always I did the facings myself with a cloth ball to save getting new ones. I would have polished his sword too, if I had been allowed. I adored his sword. And once, I remember, we painted and varnished our own dog-cart, and very smart it looked, to save fifty rupees. We had nothing but our pay—John had his company when we were married, but what is that?—and life was made up of small knowing economies, much more amusing in recollection than in practise. We were sodden poor, and that is a fact; poor and conscientious, which was worse. A big fat spider of a money-lender came one day into the veranda and tempted us—we lived in a hut, but it had a veranda—and John threatened to report him to the police. Poor when everybody else had enough to live in the open-handed Indian fashion, that was what made it so hard; we were alone in our sordid little ways. When the expectation of Cecily came to us we made out to be delighted, knowing that the whole station pitied us; and when Cecily came herself, with a swamping burst of expense, we kept up the pretence splendidly. She was peevish, poor little thing, and she threatened convulsions from the beginning, but we both knew that it was abnormal not to love her a great deal, more than life, immediately and increasingly, and we applied ourselves honestly to do it, with the thermometer at 102° and the nurse leaving at the end of a fortnight because she discovered that I had only six of everything for the table. To find out a husband's virtues you must marry a poor man. The regiment was under-officered, as usual, and John had to take parade at daylight quite three times a week; but he walked up and down the veranda with Cecily constantly till two in the morning, when a little coolness came. I usually lay awake the rest of the night in fear that a scorpion would drop from the ceiling on her. Nevertheless we were of excellent mind toward Cecily; we were in such terror, not so much of failing in our duty toward her as toward the ideal standard of mankind. We were very anxious indeed not to come short. To be found too small for one's place in nature would have been odious. We would talk about her for an hour at a time, even when John's charger was threatening glanders and I could see his mind perpetually wandering to the stable. I would say to John that she had brought a new element into our lives—she had indeed!—and John would reply, "I know what you mean," and go on to prophesy that she would "bind us together." We didn't need binding together; we were more to each other, there in the desolation of that arid frontier outpost, than most husbands and wives, but it seemed a proper and a hopeful thing to believe, so we believed it. Of course the real experience would have come, we weren't monsters; but fate curtailed the opportunity. She was just five weeks old when we were told that we must either pack her home immediately or lose her, and the very next day John went down with enteric. So Cecily was sent to England with a sergeant's wife who had lost her twins, and I settled down under the direction of a native doctor to fight for my husband's life, without ice or proper food or sick-room comforts of any sort. Ah, Fort Samila, with the sun glaring up from the sand—however, it is a long time ago now. I trusted the baby willingly to Mrs. Berry and to Providence and did not fret; my capacity for worry, I suppose, was completely absorbed. Mrs. Berry's letter describing the child's improvement on the voyage and safe arrival came, I remember, the day on which John was allowed his first solid mouthful; it had been a long siege. "Poor little wretch!" he said

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when I read it aloud, and after that Cecily became an episode.

She had gone to my husband's people; it was the best arrangement. We were lucky that it was possible; so many children had to be sent to strangers and hirelings. Since an unfortunate infant must be brought into the world and set adrift, the haven of its grandmother and its Aunt Emma and its Aunt Alice certainly seemed providential. I had absolutely no cause for anxiety, as I often told people, wondering that I did not feel a little all the same. Nothing, I knew, could exceed the conscientious devotion of all three Farnham ladies to the child. She would appear upon their somewhat barren horizon as a new and interesting duty, and the small additional income she also represented would be almost nominal compensation for the care she would receive. They were excellent persons of the kind who attend what they call missa cantata, and embroider priestly vestments and coquet with the confessional. They helped little charities and gave little teas and wrote little notes, and made deprecating allowance for the eccentricities of their titled or moneyed acquaintances. They were the subdued, smiling, unimaginatively dressed women on a small definite income, that you meet at every rectory garden-party in the country — a little snobbish, a little priggish, wholly conventional; but apart from these weaknesses, sound and simple and dignified, managing their two small servants with a display of the most exact traditions and keeping a somewhat vague and belated but constant eye upon the doings of their country as chronicled in a bi-weekly paper. They were all immensely interested in Royalty, and would read paragraphs aloud to each other about how the Princess Beatrice or the Princess Maud had opened a fancy bazaar, looking remarkably well in plain gray poplin trimmed with Irish lace, an industry which, as is well known, the Royal Family has set its heart on rehabilitating. Upon which Mrs. Farnham's comment would invariably be, "How thoughtful of them, dear!" and Alice would usually say, "Well, if I were a princess, I should like something nicer than plain gray poplin." Alice, being the youngest, was not always expected to think before she spoke. Alice painted in water-colors, but Emma was supposed to have the most common sense.

They took turns in writing to us with the greatest regularity about Cecily; only once, I think, did they miss the weekly mail, and that was when she threatened diphtheria and they thought we had better be kept in ignorance. The kind and affectionate terms of these letters never altered except with the facts they described — teething, creeping, measles, cheeks growing round and rosy, all were conveyed in the same smooth pat and proper phrases, so absolutely empty of any glimpse of the child's personality that after the first few months it was like reading about a somewhat uninteresting infant in a book. I was sure Cecily was not uninteresting, but her chroniclers were. We used to wade through the long, thin sheets and say how much more satisfactory it would be when Cecily could write to us herself. Meanwhile we noted her weekly progress with much the feeling one would have about a far-away little bit of property that was giving no trouble and coming on exceedingly well. We would take possession of Cecily at our convenience; till then it was gratifying to hear of our unearned increment in dear little dimples and sweet little curls.

She was nearly four when I saw her again. We were home on three months' leave; John had just got his first brevet for doing something in the Black Mountain country, which he does not allow me to talk about; and we were fearfully pleased with ourselves. I remember that excitement lasted well up to Port Said. As far as the Canal, Cecily was only one of the pleasures and interests we were going home to; John's majority was the thing that really gave savor to life. But the first faint line of Europe brought my child to my horizon, and all the rest of the way she kept her place, holding out her little arms to me, beckoning me on. Her four motherless years brought compunction to my heart and tears to my eyes; she should have all the compensation that could be. I suddenly realized how ready I was—how ready!—to have her back. I rebelled fiercely against John's decision that we must not take her with us on our return to the frontier; privately I resolved to dis-

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pute it, and if necessary I saw myself abducting the child—my own child. My days and nights, as the ship crept on, were full of a long ache to possess her; the defrauded tenderness of the last four years rose up in me and sometimes caught at my throat. I could think and talk and dream of nothing else. John indulged me as much as was reasonable, and only once betrayed by a yawn that the subject was not for him endlessly absorbing. Then I cried, and he apologized. "You know," he said, "it isn't exactly the same thing. I'm not her mother," at which I dried my tears and expanded, proud and pacified. I was her mother.

Then the rainy little station and Alice, all-embracing in a damp water-proof, and the drive in the fly, and John's mother at the gate, and a necessary pause while I kissed John's mother. Dear thing, she wanted to hold our hands and look into our faces and tell us how little we had changed for all our hardships, and on the way to the house she actually stopped to point out some alterations in the flower-borders. At last the drawing-room door and the smiling housemaid turning the handle, and the unforgettable picture of a little girl—a little girl unlike anything we had imagined, starting bravely to trot across the room with the little speech that had been taught her. Half-way she came; I suppose our regards were too fixed, too absorbed, for there she stopped with a wail of terror at the strange faces, and ran straight back to the outstretched arms of her Aunt Emma. The most natural thing in the world, no doubt. I walked over to a chair opposite with my handbag and umbrella and sat down, a spectator, aloof and silent. Aunt Emma fondled and quieted the child, apologizing for her to me, coaxing her to look up, but the little figure still shook with sobs, hiding its face in the bosom that it knew. I smiled politely, like any other stranger, at Emma's deprecations, and sat impassive, looking at my alleged baby breaking her heart at the sight of her mother. It is not amusing, even now, to remember the anger that I felt. I did not touch her or speak to her; I simply sat observing my alien possession, in the frock I had not made and the sash I had not chosen, being coaxed and kissed and protected and petted by its Aunt Emma. Presently I asked to be taken to my room, and there I locked myself in for two atrocious hours. Just once my heart beat high, when a tiny knock came and a timid, docile little voice said that tea was ready. But I heard the rustle of a skirt and guessed the directing angel in Aunt Emma, and responded, "Thank you, dear—run away and say that I am coming," with a pleasant visitor's inflection which I was able to sustain for the rest of the afternoon. "She goes to bed at seven," said Emma. "Oh, does she?" said I. "A very good hour, I should think." "She sleeps in my room," said Mrs. Farnham. "We give her mutton-broth very often, but seldom stock-soup," said Aunt Emma. "Mamma thinks it too stimulating." "Indeed?" said I to all of it. They took me up to see her in her crib, and pointed out, as she lay asleep, that though she had "a general look" of me, her features were distinctively Farnham. "Won't you kiss her?" asked Alice. "You haven't kissed her yet, and she is used to so much affection." "I don't think I could take such an advantage of her," I said. They looked at each other, and Mrs. Farnham said that I was plainly worn out, I mustn't sit up to prayers.

If I had been given anything like reasonable time, I might have made a fight for it, but four weeks—it took a month each way in those days—was too absurdly little, I could do nothing. But I would not stay at mamma's. I spent an approving, unnatural week, in my farcical character, bridling my resentment and hiding my mortification with pretty phrases; and then I went up to town and drowned my sorrows in the summer sales. I took John with me. I may have been Cecily's mother in theory, but I was John's wife in fact.

We went back to the frontier, and the regiment saw a lot of service. That meant medals and fun for my husband, but economy and anxiety for me, though I managed to be allowed as close to the firing-line as any woman. Once the Colonel's wife and I, sitting in Fort Samila, actually heard the rifles of a punitive expedition cracking on the other side of the river—that was a bad moment. My man came in after fifteen hours' fighting, and went sound asleep sitting before his food with his knife and fork in his hands. But service makes

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heavy demands besides those on your wife's nerves. We had saved two thousand rupees, I remember, against another run home. It all went like powder in the Chinar Expedition, and the run home diminished to a month in a boarding-house in the hills. Meanwhile, however, we had begun to correspond with our daughter, in large round words of one syllable, behind which, of course, was plain the patient guiding hand of Aunt Emma. One could hear Aunt Emma suggesting what would be nice to say, trying to instil a little pale affection for the far-off papa and mamma. There was so little Cecily and so much Emma—of course, it could not be otherwise—that I used to take, I fear, but a perfunctory joy in these letters. When we went home again, I stipulated absolutely that she was to write to us without any sort of supervision. The child was ten. "But the spelling!" cried Aunt Emma, with lifted eyebrows. "Her letters aren't exercises," I was obliged to retort; "she will do the best she can."

We found her a docile little girl with nice manners, a thoroughly unobjectionable child. I saw quite clearly that I could not have brought her up as well; indeed there were moments when I fancied that Cecily, contrasting me with her aunts, wondered a little what my bringing up could have been like. With this reserve of criticism on Cecily's part, however, we got on very tolerably, largely because I found it impossible to assume any responsibility toward her, and in moments of doubt or discipline referred her to her aunts. We spent a pleasant summer with a little girl in the house whose interest in us was amusing, and whose outings it was gratifying to arrange; but when we went back I had no desire to take her with us. I thought her very much better where she was.

Then came the period which is filled, in a subordinate degree, with Cecily's letters. I do not wish to claim more than I ought; they were not my only, or even my principal, interest in life. It was a long period; it lasted till she was twenty-one. John had had promotion in the meantime, and there was rather more money, but he had earned his second brevet with a bullet through one lung, and the doctors ordered our leave to be spent in South Africa. We had photographs—we knew she had grown tall and athletic and comely—and the letters were always very creditable. I had the unusual and qualified privilege of watching my daughter's development from ten to twenty-one at a distance of four thousand miles by means of the written word. I wrote myself as provocatively as possible; I sought for every string, but the vibration that came back across the seas to me was always other than the one I looked for, and sometimes there was none. Nevertheless, Mrs. Farnham wrote me that Cecily very much valued my communications. Once, when I had described an unusual excursion in a native state, I learned that she had read my letter aloud to the sewing-circle. After that I abandoned description, and confined myself to such intimate personal details as no sewing-circle could find amusing. The child's own letters were simply a mirror of the ideas of the Farnham ladies; that must have been so, it was not altogether my jaundiced eye. *Alice and Emma and grandmamma* paraded the pages in turn. I very early gave up hope of discoveries in my daughter, though as much of the original as I could detect was satisfactorily simple and sturdy. I found little things to criticise, of course, tendencies to correct; and by return post I criticised and corrected, but the distance and the deliberation seemed to touch my maxims with a kind of arid frivolity, and sometimes I tore them up. One quick, warm-blooded scolding would have been worth a sheaf of them. My studied little phrases could only inoculate her with a dislike for me, without protecting her from anything under the sun.

However, I found she didn't dislike me, when John and I went home at last to bring her out; she received me with just a hint of kindness, perhaps, but, on the whole, very well.

CHAPTER II

JOHN was recalled, of course, before the end of our furlough, which knocked various things on the head; but that is the sort of thing one learns to take with philosophy in any lengthened term of Her Majesty's service. Besides, there is

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usually sugar for the pill; in this case it was a Staff command, bigger than anything we expected for at least five years to come. The excitement of it, when it was explained to her, gave Cecily a charming color; she took a good deal of interest in the General, her papa. I think she had an idea that his distinction would alleviate the situation in India, however it might present itself. She accepted that prospective situation calmly; it had been placed before her all her life. There would always be a time when she should go and live with papa and mamma in India, and so long as she was of an age to receive the idea with rebel tears, she was assured that papa and mamma would give her a pony. The pony was no longer added to the prospect; it was absorbed, no doubt, in the general list of attractions calculated to reconcile a young lady to a parental roof with which she had no practical acquaintance. At all events, where I feared the embarrassment and dismay of a pathetic parting with darling grandmamma and the aunties, and the sweet cat, and the dear vicar, and all the other objects of affection, I found an agreeably unexpected philosophy. I may add that, while I anticipated such broken-hearted farewells, I was quite prepared to take them easily. Time, I imagine, had brought philosophy to me also, equally agreeable and equally unexpected.

It was a Bombay ship, full of returning Anglo-Indians. I looked up and down the long saloon tables with a sense of relief and of solace; I was again among my own people. They belonged to Bengal and to Burma, to Madras and to the Punjab, but they were all my people. I could pick out a score that I knew in fact, and there were none that in theory I didn't know. The look of wider seas and skies, the casual experienced glance, the touch of irony and of tolerance, how well I knew it, and how well I liked it! Dear old England, sitting in our wake, seemed to hold, by comparison, a great many soft, unsophisticated people, immensely occupied about very particular trifles—how difficult it had been all the summer, to be interested! These of my long acquaintance belonged to my country's great Executive, acute, alert, with the marks of travail on them; gladly I went in and out of the women's cabins and listened to the argot of the men—my own ruling, administering, soldiering little lot.

Cecily looked at them askance. To her the atmosphere was alien, and I perceived that gently and privately she registered objections to it. She cast a disapproving eye upon the parched and wiry wife of a Conservator of Forests, who scanned with interest a distant funnel, and laid a small wager that it belonged to the Messageries Maritimes. She looked with a straightened lip at the crisply stepping women who walked the deck, in short and rather shabby skirts, with their hands in their jacket pockets, talking transfers and promotions; and having got up at six to make a water-color sketch of the sunrise, she came to me in profound indignation, to say that she had met a man in his pajamas, no doubt, poor wretch, on his way to be shaved. I was unable to convince her that he was not expected to visit the barber in all his clothes. At the end of the third day she told me that she wished these people wouldn't talk to her, she didn't like them. I had turned in the hour we left the Channel, and had not left my berth since, so possibly I was not in the most amiable mood to receive a douche of cold water. "I must try to remember, dear," I said, "that you have been brought up altogether in the society of pussies, and vicars, and elderly ladies, and of course you miss them. But you must have a little patience. I shall be up to-morrow, if this beastly sea continues to go down, and then we will try to find somebody suitable to introduce to you."

"Thank you, mamma," said my daughter, without a ray of suspicion. Then she added, consideringly, "Aunt Emma and Aunt Alice do seem quite elderly ladies beside you, and yet you are older than either of them, aren't you? I wonder how that is."

It was so innocent, so admirable, that I was enormously amused at my own expense, while Cecily, doing her hair, considered me gravely. "I wish you would tell me why you laugh, mamma," quoth she. "You laugh so often."

We had not to wait, after all, for my good offices of the next morning. Cecily came down at ten o'clock that night

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quite happy and excited; she had been talking to a bishop, such a dear bishop. The bishop had been showing her his collection of photographs, and she had promised to play the harmonium for him at the eleven o'clock service in the morning. "Bless me!" said I, "Is it Sunday?" It seemed she had got on very well indeed with the bishop, who knew the married sister, at Tunbridge, of her very greatest friend. Cecily herself did not know the married sister, but that didn't matter, it was a link. The bishop was charming. "Well, my love," said I —I was teaching myself to use these forms of address, for fear she would feel an unkind lack of them, but it was difficult—"I am glad that somebody from my part of the world has impressed you favorably at last. I wish we had more bishops."

"Oh, but my bishop doesn't belong to your part of the world," responded my daughter, sleepily. "He is travelling for his health."

It was the most unexpected and delightful thing to be packed into one's chair, next morning, by Dacres Tottenham. As I emerged from the music saloon after breakfast—Cecily had stayed below to look over her hymns, and consider with her bishop the possibility of an anthem—Dacres's face was the first I saw; it simply illuminated, for me, that portion of the deck. I noticed with pleasure the quick toss of his cigar overboard as he recognized and bore down upon me; we were immense friends; John liked him, too. He was one of those people who make a tremendous difference; in all our five hundred passengers there could be no one like him, certainly no one whom I could be more glad to see. We plunged at once into immediate personal affairs, we would get at the heart of them later. He gave his vivid word to everything he had seen and done; we laughed and exclaimed and were silent in a concert of admirable understanding. We were still unravelling, still demanding and explaining when the ship's bell began to ring for church, and almost simultaneously Cecily advanced toward us. She had a proper Sunday hat on, with flowers under the brim, and a church-going frock; she wore gloves and clasped a prayer-book. Most of the women who filed past to the summons of the bell were going down as they were, in cotton blouses and serge skirts, in tweed caps or anything, as to a kind of family prayers. I knew exactly how they would lean against the pillars of the saloon during the psalms. This young lady would be little less than a rebuke to them. I surveyed her approach; she positively walked as if it were Sunday.

"My dear," I said, "how *endimanchée* you look—the bishop will be very pleased with you. This gentleman is Mr. Tottenham, who administers Her Majesty's pleasure in parts of India about Allahabad. My daughter, Dacres."

She was certainly looking very fresh, and her calm, gray eyes had the repose in them that has never known itself to be disturbed about anything. I wondered whether she bowed so distantly also because it was Sunday, and then I remembered that Dacres was a young man, and that the Farnham ladies had probably taught her that it was right to be very distant with young men.

"It is almost eleven, mamma."

"Yes, dear. I see you are going to church."

"Are you not coming, mamma?"

I was well wrapped up in an extremely comfortable corner. I had "La Duchesse Bleue" uncut in my lap and an agreeable person to talk to. I fear that in any case I should not have been inclined to attend the service, but there was something in my daughter's intonation that made me distinctly hostile to the idea. I am putting things down as they were, extenuating nothing.

"I think not, dear."

"I've turned up two such nice seats."

"Stay, Miss Farnham, and keep us in countenance," said Dacres, with his charming smile. The smile displaced a look of discreet and amused observation. Dacres had an eye, always, for a situation, and this one was even newer to him than to me.

"No, no. She must run away and not bully her mamma," I said. "When she comes back we will see how much she remembers of the sermon," and as the flat tinkle from the companion began to show signs of diminishing, Cecily, with one grieved glance, hastened down.

"You amazing lady!" said Dacres,

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"A daughter—and such a tall daughter! I somehow never——"

"You know we had one."

"There was a theory of that kind, I remember, about ten years ago. Since then—excuse me—I don't think you've mentioned her."

"You talk as if she were a skeleton in the closet!"

"You *did'nt* talk—as if she were."

"I think she was, in a way, poor child. But the resurrection day hasn't confounded me as I deserved. She's a very good girl."

"If you had asked me to pick out your daughter——"

"She would have been the last you would indicate! Quite so," I said. "She is like her father's people. I can't help that."

"I shouldn't think you would if you could," Dacres remarked, absently; but the sea-air, perhaps, enabled me to digest his thoughtlessness with a smile.

"No," I said, "I am just as well pleased. I think a resemblance to me would confuse me, often."

There was a trace of scrutiny in Dacres's glance. "Don't you find yourself in sympathy with her?" he asked.

"My dear boy—I have seen her just twice in twenty-one years! You see I've always stuck to John."

"But between mother and daughter—I may be old-fashioned, but I had an idea that there was an instinct that might be depended on——"

"I am depending on it," I said, and let my eyes follow the little blue waves that chased past the handrail. "We are making very good speed, aren't we? One hundred and eighty knots since last night at ten. Are you in the sweep?"

"I never bet on the way out—can't afford it. Am I old-fashioned?" he insisted.

"Probably. Men are very slow in changing their philosophy about women. I fancy their idea of the maternal relation is firmest fixed of all."

"We see it a beatitude!" he cried.

"I know," I said, wearily. "And you never modify the view."

Dacres contemplated the portion of the deck that lay between us. His eyes were discreetly lowered, but I saw embarrassment and speculation and a hint of criticism in them.

"Tell me more about it," said he.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't be sympathetic!" I exclaimed. "Lend me a little philosophy instead. There is nothing to tell. There she is and there I am, in the most intimate relation in the world, constituted when she is twenty-one and I am forty." Dacres started slightly at the ominous word; so little do men realize that the women they like can ever pass out of the constated years of attraction. "I find the young lady very tolerable, very creditable, very nice. I find the relation atrocious. There you have it. I would like to break the relation into pieces," I went on, recklessly, "and throw it into the sea. Such things should be tempered to one. I should feel it much less if she occupied another cabin and would consent to call me Elizabeth or Jane. It is not as if I had been her mother always. One grows fastidious at forty—new intimacies are only possible then on a basis of temperament."

I paused; it seemed to me that I was making excuses, and I had not the least desire in the world to do that.

"How awfully rough on the girl," said Dacres Tottenham.

"That consideration has also occurred to me," I said, calmly, "though I have perhaps been even more struck by its converse."

"You had no earthly business to be her mother," said my friend, with irritation.

I shrugged my shoulders—what would you have done?—and opened the "Duchesse Bleue."

CHAPTER III

MRS. MORGAN, wife of a judge of the High Court of Bombay, and I sat amidships, on the cool side, in the Suez Canal. She was outlining "Soiled Linen" in chain-stitch on a green canvas bag; I was admiring the Egyptian sands. "How charming," said I, "is this solitary desert in the endless oasis we are compelled to cross."

"Oasis in the desert you mean," said Mrs. Morgan. "I haven't noticed any,

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but I happened to look up this morning as I was putting on my stockings, and I saw through my port-hole the most lovely mirage."

I had been at school with Mrs. Morgan more than twenty years agone; but she had come to the special enjoyment of the dignities of life while I still liked doing things. Mrs. Morgan was the kind of person to make one realize how distressing a medium is middle age. Contemplating her precipitous lap, to which conventional attitudes were certainly more becoming, I crossed my own knees with energy and once more resolved to be young until I was old.

"How perfectly delightful for you to be taking Cecily out," said Mrs. Morgan, placidly.

"Isn't it?" I responded, watching the gliding sands.

"But she was born in 'sixty-nine—that makes her twenty-one. Quite time, I should say."

"Oh, we couldn't put it off any longer. I mean—her father has such a horror of early *débuts*. He simply would not hear of her coming before."

"Doesn't want her to marry in India, I daresay—the only one," purred Mrs. Morgan.

"Oh, I don't know. It isn't such a bad place. I was brought out there to marry, and I married. I've found it very satisfactory."

"You always did say exactly what you thought, Helena," said Mrs. Morgan, excusingly.

"I haven't much patience with people who bring their daughters out to give them the chance they never would have in England, and then go about devoutly hoping they won't marry in India," I said. "I shall be very pleased if Cecily does as well as your girls have done."

"Mary in the Indian Civil, and Jessie in the Imperial Service Troops," sighed Mrs. Morgan, complacently. "And both, my dear, within a year. It *was* a blow."

"Oh, it must have been," I said, civilly. There was no use in bandying words with Emily Morgan.

"There is nothing in the world like the satisfaction and pleasure one takes in one's daughters," Mrs. Morgan went on, limpidly. "And one can be in such *close* sympathy with one's girls. I have never regretted having no sons."

"Dear me, yes. To watch one's self growing up again—call back the lovely April of one's prime, etcetera—to read every thought and anticipate every wish; there is no more golden privilege in life, dear Emily. Such a direct and natural avenue for affection, such a wide field for interest!"

I paused, lost in the volume of my admirable sentiments.

"How beautifully you talk, Helena. I wish I had the gift."

"It doesn't mean very much," I said, truthfully.

"Oh, I think it's everything. And how companionable a girl is! I quite envy you, this season, having Cecily constantly with you, and taking her about everywhere. Something quite new for you, isn't it?"

"Absolutely," said I. "I am looking forward to it immensely. But it is likely she will make her own friends, don't you think?" I added, anxiously.

"Hardly, the first season. My girls didn't. I was practically their only intimate for months. Don't be afraid—you won't be obliged to go shares in Cecily with anybody for a good long while," added Mrs. Morgan, kindly. "I know just how you feel about *that*."

The muddy water of the Ditch chafed up from under us against its banks with a smell that enabled me to hide the emotions Mrs. Morgan evoked behind my handkerchief. The pale desert was pictorial with drifting, deepening, purple shadows of clouds, and in the midst the sharp blue line of the Bitter Lakes, with a white sail on them. A little frantic Arab boy ran alongside, keeping up with the ship. Except for the smell it was like a dream, we moved so quietly; on, gently on and on between the ridgy clay banks and the rows of piles. Peace was on the ship—you could hear what the Fourth in his white ducks said to the quartermaster in his blue denims; you could count the strokes of the electric bell in the wheel-house; peace was on the ship as she pushed on, an ever-venturing, double-funnelled impertinence, through the sands of the ages. My eyes wandered along a plank-line in the deck till they were arrested by a petticoat I knew, when they returned of their own ac-

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cord. I seemed to be always seeing that petticoat.

"I think," resumed Mrs. Morgan, whose glance had wandered in the same direction, "that Cecily is a very fine type of our English girls. With those dark-gray eyes, a *little* prominent possibly, and that good color—it's rather high now, perhaps, but she will lose quite enough of it in India—and those regular features, she would make a splendid 'Britannia.' Do you know I fancy she must have a great deal of character—has she?"

"Any amount. And all of it good," I responded, with private dejection.

"No faults at all?" chaffed Mrs. Morgan.

I shook my head. "Nothing," I said, sadly, "that I can put my finger on. But I hope to discover a few later. The sun may bring them out."

"Like freckles! Well, you are a lucky woman! Mine had plenty, I assure you. Untidiness was no name for Jessie, and Mary—I'm *sorry* to say that Mary sometimes fibbed."

"How lovable of her! Cecily's neatness is a painful example to me, and I don't believe she would tell a fib to save my life."

"Tell me," said Mrs. Morgan, as the lunch-bell rang and she gathered her occupation into her work-basket, "who is that talking to her?"

"Oh, an old friend," I replied, easily, "Dacres Tottenham, a dear fellow, and most benevolent. He is trying, on my behalf, to reconcile her to the life she'll have to lead in India."

"She won't need much reconciling, if she's like most girls," observed Mrs. Morgan, "but he seems to be trying very hard."

That was quite the way I took it—on my behalf—for several days. When people have understood you very adequately for ten years you do not expect them to boggle at any problem you may present at the end of the decade. I thought Dacres was moved by a fine sense of compassion. I thought that with his admirable perception, he had put a finger on the little comedy of fruitfulness in my life that laughed so bitterly at the tragedy of the barren woman, and was attempting, by delicate manipulation, to make it easier. I really thought so. Then I observed that myself had preposterously deceived me, that it wasn't like that at all. When Mr. Tottenham joined us, Cecily and me, I saw that he listened more than he talked, with an ear specially cocked to register any small irony which might appear in my remarks to my daughter. Naturally he registered more than there were, to make up perhaps for dear Cecily's obviously not registering any. I could see, too, that he was suspicious of any flavor of kindness from me; finally, to avoid the strictures of his upper lip, which really, dear fellow, began to bore me, I talked exclusively about the distant sails and the Red Sea littoral. When he no longer joined us as we sat or walked together, I perceived that his hostility was fixed and his *parti pris*. He was brimful of compassion, but it was all for Cecily, none for the situation or for me. (She would have marvelled, placidly, why he pitied her. I am glad I can say that.) The primitive man in him rose up as Pope of nature and excommunicated me as a creature recusant to her functions. Then, deliberately, he undertook an office of compensation; and I fell to wondering, while Mrs. Morgan spoke her convictions plainly out, how far an impulse to repair a misfortune with which he had nothing to do might carry a man.

I began to watch the affair with an interest which even to me seemed queer. It was not detached, but it was semi-detached, and of course on the side for which I seem, in this history, to be perpetually apologizing. With certain limitations it didn't matter an atom whom Cecily married. So that he was sound and decent, with reasonable prospects, her simple requirements and ours for her would be quite met. I could predict, with a certain amount of confidence, that in her first season she would probably receive three or four proposals, any one of which she might accept with as much propriety and satisfaction as any other one. For Cecily it was so simple, prearranged by nature like her digestion, one could not see any logical basis for difficulties. A nice up-standing Sapper, a dashing Bengal Lancer—oh, I could think of half a dozen types that would answer excellently. She was the kind of young person, and that was the summing up of it, to marry a type and be typically

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happy. I hoped and expected that she would. But Dacres!

Dacres should exercise the greatest possible discretion. He was not a person who could throw the dice indifferently with fate. He could respond to so much, and he would inevitably, sooner or later, demand so much response! He was governed by a preposterously exacting temperament and he wore his nerves outside. And what vision he had. How he explored the world he lived in and drew out of it all there was, all there was! I could see him in the years to come ranging alone the fields that were sweet and the horizons that lifted for him, and ever returning to pace the common dusty mortal road by the side of a purblind wife. On general principles, as a case to point at, it would be a conspicuous pity. Nor would it lack the aspect of a particular, a personal misfortune. Dacres was occupied in quite the natural normal degree with his charming self; he would pass his misery on, and who would deserve to escape it less than his mother-in-law?

I listened to Emily Morgan, who gleaned in the ship more information about Dacres Tottenham's people, pay, and prospects than I had ever acquired, and I kept an eye upon the pair which was, I flattered myself, quite maternal. I watched them without acute anxiety, deploring the threatening destiny, but hardly nearer to it than one is in the stalls to the stage. My moments of real concern for Dacres were mingled more with anger than with sorrow—it seemed inexcusable that he, with his infallible divining-rod for temperament, should be on the point of making such an ass of himself. Though I talk of the stage there was nothing at all dramatic to reward my attention, mine and Emily Morgan's. To my imagination, excited by its idea of what Dacres Tottenham's courtship ought to be, the attentions he paid to Cecily were most humdrum. He threw rings into buckets with her—she was good at that—and quoits upon the "bull" board; he found her chair after the decks were swabbed in the morning and established her in it; he paced the deck with her at convenient times and seasons. They were humdrum, but they were constant and cumulative. Cecily took them with an even breath that perfectly matched. There was hardly anything, on her part, to note—a little discreet observation of his comings and goings, eyes scarcely lifted from her book, and later just a hint of proprietorship, as the evening she came up to me on deck, our first night in the Indian Ocean. I was lying in my long chair looking at the thick, low stars and thinking it was a long time since I had seen John.

"Dearest mamma—out here and nothing over your shoulders! You *are* imprudent. Where is your wrap? Mr. Tottenham, will you please fetch mamma's wrap for her?"

"If mamma so instructs me," he said, audaciously.

"Do as Cecily tells you," I laughed, and he went and did it, while I, by the light of a quartermaster's lantern, distinctly saw my daughter blush.

Another time when Cecily came down to undress she bent over me as I lay in the lower berth with unusual solicitude. I had been dozing and I jumped. "What is it, child?" I said. "Is the ship on fire?"

"No, mamma, the ship is not on fire. There is nothing wrong. I'm so sorry I startled you. But Mr. Tottenham has been telling me all about what you did for the soldiers the time plague broke out in the lines at Mian-Mir. I think it was splendid, mamma, and so does he."

"O *Lord!*" I groaned, "Good-night."

(To be concluded.)

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THE MODERN FRENCH GIRL

By Mrs. Philip Gilbert Hamerton

ABOUT forty years ago Mr. Ruskin once said to Mr. Hamerton that in his opinion "the sweetest being on earth was certainly a French girl," and, with due allowance for the exaggeration of such general statements, there was probably a great deal of truth in Mr. Ruskin's remark forty years ago.

At that time the French girl was modest, retiring, simple in dress, diffident in talk, and respectfully obedient to her parents—either from natural bent and the powerful influence of her surroundings, or through the discipline of education and the weight of public opinion in her own country. That some French girls were by nature coquettish, fond of finery and show, impatient of restraint and control cannot be doubted, but when these tendencies did exist, they had to be carefully hidden behind the outward appearance of a willing and contented self-effacement in all circumstances by every girl who wished to be thought "*bien élevée*." For the slightest deviation from this strict rule was sufficient to mark her as "*mal élevée*," and to banish her from the intimacy of all friends who wished to be "*comme il faut*."

In "Round my House," written in 1874, Mr. Hamerton has given the following faithful description of the French *jeunes filles* of that time: "In our neighborhood girls are brought up with a degree of strictness of which English people have no conception. Their existence is composed entirely of religious duties and homely service, with hardly anything in the way of pleasure or variety. They get up early, work from morning till night at household duties of some kind, see hardly any society, never speak to a young gentleman by any chance, go to church very often, retreat occasionally to a convent to make themselves more pious than ever, and cultivate practically to the utmost the two virtues of simplicity and obedience. They dress plainly, never wear jewels, and if by chance they are thrown into society they never open their lips." This last statement was humorously endorsed by a young Englishman who was contrasting American with French manners, and who said to me: "If you speak to a French girl it's her mother who answers you, but when you address an American lady the answer is sure to come from her daughter." Mr. Hamerton adds, in the same paragraph: "They may not cross a street alone, nor open a book which has not been examined, nor have an opinion about anything"—and in another part of the same chapter: "The French ideal of a well-brought-up young lady is that she should not know anything whatever about love and marriage, that she should be both innocent and ignorant, and both to a degree that no English person can imagine." This brings back to my mind a severe reprimand which I received, when being about eighteen, from the father of a young friend of mine who had surreptitiously overheard our interchange of anticipations and dreams of marriage, and who seemed to be quite shocked at what he called the "immorality of the subject."

How astonished would the modern French girl be, were she told not to take the leading part in conversation, not to giggle loudly, not to set her arms akimbo, and never to talk privately with a young gentleman. She would think such recommendations perfectly ridiculous as preventing all possible flirtations, for the art of flirtation is never at its best unless practised in private. But forty years ago, when parents deemed that marriage was not a proper subject for the thoughts of their daughters, flirtation—even as a word—was unknown in France. At that time simplicity in dress was the order of the day for young maidens, and even conferred a certain distinction, being carried as far as possible among the aristocracy. There were special light silks and inexpensive trinkets for *jeunes filles*, set with corals, enamels, and pearls, among which the tiniest of diamonds would never have

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been tolerated any more than costly laces, furs, or elaborate trimmings. At a glance it was easy to ascertain by the style of dress whether a young woman was married or not, whereas it is not by any means so easy now, the same satins, velvets, feathers, and jewels being worn alike in both cases. And it is not any easier to guess from the behavior in society, for it may happen that the conversation is taken up and carried on by the girls in their desire to shine and to attract attention—the married ladies being silenced and ignored in the midst of the excitement and amusement artfully created by free sallies, unrestrained laughter, and much attitudinizing.

No doubt the conventional restrictions of forty years ago were somewhat excessive, and kept French girls till after marriage in a state of prolonged childhood; nevertheless it remains to be seen whether the rapid change which has supervened is a real gain, for if it has remedied some evils of the old system, it has also engendered new ones, and on that account many thoughtful French parents are now seriously disquieted about the future of their daughters.

The principal feature of this change is the greater independence allowed to young girls. Some people in favor of it argue that what is deemed objectionable in the results of the new system is only temporary and due to the novel and intoxicating sense of liberty after so much restraint. They say that it will be as with a pendulum suddenly set in rapid motion, and requiring some time before it slackens to its proper pace. Let us hope that it may be so, but some moderating influence seems necessary to attain this end, and it can only proceed from parental authority countenanced by public opinion.

In order to judge of the recent alterations in the education of French girls, and of their results for good or evil, it is necessary to compare the old and the new systems from the very beginning. Teaching a child to read was formerly rather a trying task, usually devolving upon the mother Now, thanks to the new methods, it is almost an amusement in which the teacher becomes rather a play-fellow than a disciplinarian. It is the same with all infantine lessons and exercises till school-life begins, and in a child coaxed to do easy tasks and praised for doing them, the sense of vanity and self-importance develop rapidly. This is, however, soon checked by contact with plain-spoken school-fellows and unbiassed mistresses if the child is sent to school. But to-day there are few and fewer flourishing schools of the old pattern in France. Most middle-class French girls in large towns attend *lycées*; others of the *bourgeoisie* and of the aristocracy are taken to different sorts of *cours* by an *institutrice* or by their own mother, while a certain proportion are still educated in convents and in private schools. The majority of girls of the working class go to the *Écoles Communales*, and the rest to divers religious establishments.

Before the creation of *Lycées de jeunes filles* middle-class parents sent their daughters to private schools—generally as boarders; while convents only were considered "the thing" for those having the least pretension to belong to the upper class; and it is now admitted that the instruction given either at convents or schools was greatly inferior to that of modern *lycées*, and that the average of female acquirements is much higher than it was forty years ago. Yet, it has been remarked that, so much being attempted, too many of these acquirements are only superficial and remain useless afterward if, as usually happens, the course of studies is considered complete and ceases when a girl reaches her eighteenth year, and sometimes sooner. For it has come to pass that some worldly women, who are no longer young enough to indulge in frivolous tastes without fear of criticism, bring out their daughters very early as an excuse for their own presence in places of amusement, thus fostering a taste for dissipation which precludes any serious study in literature or art. Yet these same mothers are perfectly aware that society has grown intolerant of indifferent artistic performances, and that the acquisition of any art, to the point of being acceptable, requires long and steady practice, and therefore time and strength; yet how are girls to bear the fatigue of regular and strenuous study after nights spent in the theatre or ball-rooms, and find the necessary time between visits, receptions, and daily appointments for tennis or cycling? The truth is that under such conditions no

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mastery over anything can be attained, and that a mere varnish or *trompe-l'œil* is aimed at. But this *trompe-l'œil* is absolutely indispensable for a chance in the marriage-market, because men having such a large choice will not put up with an obviously deficient education in their wives. And for this reason fond parents take good care to acquaint their friends with the names of the *celebrated* professors who are "finishing" their daughters in music, painting, and modern languages.

When girls find out that no real importance is attached to their progress, it is not to be expected that their efforts will be either great or sustained—except in a few cases where the desire for learning and improvement is genuine. Happily there is always and at any time a certain number of girls sincerely eager for culture who will strive after it in whatever circumstances they are placed, and in France the most favorable of these circumstances appear to be found in the middle class, where there is less time lost in frivolities than in the upper class, and there is also more of sterling respect for intellectual pursuits. This difference may be due to the fact that the middle class includes a great number of professors of both sexes, and of men holding Government appointments who often retain from their student days a taste for letters, which they indulge in their spare moments—several successful authors have had, and still hold positions in Government offices. Therefore when the French girl is of the middle class, it is likely that she will be greatly helped in her studies both by her parents and by circumstances—for circumstances are to her much more favorable than they used to be to her predecessors when there were no *Lycées de jeunes filles* to put the best education within the reach of moderate incomes,* and when parents with any claim to respectability would never have dreamt of allowing their daughters to cross a street unaccompanied.

The change of public opinion in this respect has worked quite a social revolution, particularly as regards schools, for many parents averse to the "internat" had to waive their objections because of the impossibility of finding the necessary time for taking their children to school in the morning, and fetching them back at night, as half boarders. In the case of "externes" it was even worse; for the walks to and from home had to be repeated before and after the déjeuner à la fourchette. So strong used to be the objections to letting girls go out by themselves, that people who could not do otherwise carefully concealed the fact under false pretences, as if it were a disgrace. I clearly recollect attending, in my youth, a school where the portress used after school-time to call out each of us in these words: "*La bonne de Mlle. A.* (or B. or C.) *attend;*" and she had strict orders to call in the same manner—but sooner than the others—two or three girls who, alas! for them, had no *bonnes*, and who, in order to avoid detection and unpleasant commentaries, had to leave before the other pupils. Such false pretences are, happily, no longer necessary, and it is without disparagement that girls are now seen going singly or in groups to their "cours," lycées, or schools, though it may not be thought quite decorous for them to take a stroll or to join a pleasure-party unchaperoned.

Of this restriction, however, too many girls make light, and contract, uncontrolled, in the company of young men, a freedom of manners and language more suited to the Quartier Latin than to any other. In fact they often use slang expressions, and even seem proud of their knowledge! I have heard well-educated and perfectly respectable girls say, quite naturally, "*Je ne veux pas leur payer ma tête;*" "*Il n'en menait pas large;*" "*Elle a une sale tête;*" "*Avez-vous des tuyaux;*" "*C'est un lapin qu'on lui pose;*" "*Ils sont du dernier bâteau;*" and the words "bonhomme," and "bonnefemme" are constantly applied to persons deserving of the highest respect. Without attaching undue importance to such venial blemishes, one can but realize that they are not conducive to a poetical conception of maidenhood. But then it is clear that many of our modern maidens do not care to inspire poetical sentiments, for they boast of being more practical than sentimental, since they have to take into consideration the probability of having to provide for themselves

* "Avant 1880 l'enseignement secondaire des jeunes filles n'avait aucun établissement public. Il compte en 1900 d'abord l'École normale supérieure de professeurs femmes de Sèvres; 37 lycées et 3 lycées provisoirs; 25 collèges et 2 collèges provisoires, et en plus le Lycée de Tunis dans le protectorat."—CAMILLE SÉE.

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—marriage having become so uncertain. Truly matters have altered since early marriages were almost a certainty for French girls—so much so, that I do not remember a single old maid in the circle of my girlish acquaintances, though it was rather an extensive one. But the expenses of married life have increased at such a rate during our days that men are wisely afraid of it when they possess no fortune, and are not willing to make a mercenary marriage. They hear the girls they meet with openly express their expectations of varied pleasures, their desires for luxury and show; they hear them laugh at and ridicule the notion of finding happiness in love and duty; a notion which is styled "*vieux jeu*" by the new woman. Meanwhile prudent bachelors reckon how much it would cost to keep them content and satisfied; how little of their time would be devoted to home life; and they stand back.

In bygone days if our grandmothers and even our mothers did not always spell accurately when they left their convent, they were at least proficient in the science of house-keeping, having learned its most important parts successively in the sewing-room, laundry, kitchen, dairy, infirmary and even in the dispensing-room —not merely by watching the nuns, but by doing the work with their own hands, under able direction. And the same practical domestic knowledge was acquired at the parental home by girls of the *bourgeoisie* in the year or two which elapsed between leaving school and getting married. As to the pleasures that they had access to they were—as recently as forty years ago—of the most innocent description; concerts, "*sauteries en famille*," and now and then special theatrical performances in which nothing could possibly hurt the sense of purity; there was even a theatre in Paris "le théâtre de Madame," afterward "le Gymnase," to which girls might be taken without misgivings. While to-day, under the specious pretence of extending their culture or their knowledge of life, they hear—and without a blush—plays that even married women ought not to countenance by their presence. Here is a quotation from a notice in the *Temps* of August 20, 1900, of a play adapted from the "Pseudolus" of Plautus by M. Jules Gastambide.

"On pouvait craindre que Baillon et son troupeau [slaves and prostitutes] ne parussent intolérables à un public contemporain. Quoi qu'il y eut à Orange beaucoup de femmes et de jeunes filles, *elles ne se sont pas même étonnées.*" Then M. Larroumet goes on to explain: "C'est l'ordinaire effet des œuvres consacrées par le temps. Le prestige de l'antiquité fait accepter ce qui semblerait répugnant dans une œuvre moderne."

Despite this benevolent, or artful, explanation, the subject from beginning to end remains totally unfit for the ears or the understanding of pure-minded girls, and cannot possibly tend to their intellectual or moral development. In such cases ignorance is far better than knowledge.

Then it may be asked, why do parents allow their daughters' minds to be thus sullied? In most cases weakness is responsible for it, parents being no longer the disciplinarians of former times; aiming instead at being the *camarades* of their children, and therefore disinclined to forbid anything authoritatively. No doubt it seems hard to be looked upon as a narrow-minded tyrant by your child, who may tell you that it is supremely ridiculous to be forbidden what her friends are allowed to do, and that such restrictions are musty and *rasantes*. Yet the line must be drawn somewhere, far as we have receded from the rule which tabooed to girls of the past generation the mere sight of the printed word *amour*, except indeed in songs, and then only when it was found impossible—on account of the rhyme—to replace it by any other.

The result of this acquaintance with lax literature is often disastrous for girls in fostering the most erroneous notions, which they mistake for knowledge. They fancy that they know much theoretically about the passion of love and the power it may give them over men if skilfully used. They are also lured to mistake the costly elegance of the all-conquering heroines of to-day's novels in their attempts at inspiring great passions, and they forget or ignore that in all ages simplicity has often proved an incentive to love and never a deterrent. It would be well for them not to pass over this passage in Casimir De-

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lavigne's love-letters to Élise de Courtin, Demoiselle d'honneur de la Reine Hortense, whom he married afterward. "Je vous aime telle que vous étiez, avec cette robe de pénitente [she was a Chanoinesse] que vous pariez de vos grâces si simples, avec votre voile et votre schall, jetés négligemment, et même avec cette chaussure dont vous étiez un peu honteuse et qui, je m'en souviens, défendait assez mal vos jolis pieds."

In all times simplicity and natural charms have been sung by poets, but although our fast girl is sure to have heard the following couplets, she has not taken their moral home :

Une robe légère,
D'une entière blancheur,
Un chapeau de bergère,
De nos bois une fleur.
Ah ! telle est la parure,
Dont je suis enchanté,
Car toujours la nature,
Embellit la beauté.

The laborious attempts of modern girls at inspiring great passions by means of expensive toilettes and skill in sports are, however, often fraught with bitter disappointment in the end, even when the outset of a flirtation seemed full of promise, even when the victim-elect has got (in their parlance) "*un béguin.*" As an instance—by no means isolated—it has come to my knowledge that a young and extremely elegant girl, admired by a gentleman to the point of exciting general remark in their circle, became after awhile somewhat impatient for the expected offer, and asked a friend to sound the dilatory lover as to his intentions, and to let him know, confidentially and as an incentive, of the 30,000 francs ready for her dowry. "Why, the interest would hardly pay for her shoes," was the perspicuous reply. So that this girl's wishes were frustrated by the very means she had been using for their attainment and over which her mother had failed to exercise a wise control.

This extension of liberty has, however, brought about, along with some regrettable consequences, a most important change for the better in the condition of the French girl by allowing her to acquire a sense of self-reliance and to use it in choosing her own path in life, now that she has been freed from the debasing habit of considering marriage as a necessity at any cost "*pour vivre.*" Instead of being accustomed to hear her mother repeat, as of old, "*Il faut qu'une fille se marie,*" she is told early to prepare for a profession in order to provide for herself if need be. Even in well-to-do families girls are encouraged to work for their degrees or to study an art which may be turned if necessary to account, because "*on ne sait jamais ce qui peut arriver,*" and if they are never obliged to make it pay, it will at all events give them enjoyment and a certain distinction.

The families in which such arrangements are carried out mostly belong to the middle class, where the professional incomes hardly leave a margin for saving, after meeting the expenses of the children's education and providing a small dowry for the girls.

The salaries given to public functionaries in France are, as a rule, very low, "just enough for a bachelor to live on comfortably," Mr. Hamerton used to say. But, by dint of very careful management and some help from the wife's dowry it is just possible to bring up a small family, so long as the father can earn the daily bread. If he reaches sixty years, there is generally attached to his post a retiring pension barely sufficient for himself and his wife—what, then, if there are unmarried daughters to be kept also ? or in case the father dies too soon for his widow to have a right to part of the pension after him ? The boys have usually contrived to earn enough for themselves, and now the time has come for girls to emulate them. They become teachers, governesses, private secretaries, telephonists, telegraphists, post-office clerks, and book-keepers. A smaller number, more gifted intellectually, who have successfully gone through the course of secondary instruction at Sèvres, get professorships in the national lycées and colleges—situations to which general consideration is deservedly attached. Fewer still, but well worthy of mention are the French girls so pertinaciously courageous as to devote themselves to the study of law or medicine; for even after passing through the usual examinations in a brilliant manner, and wresting the degree of "*Avocat*" by talents and learning from

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prejudiced examiners, the female "Docteur en droit" was until very recently denied the right to plead in a court of justice. This right has at last been granted to her by a law passed in the chamber of deputies in November and promulgated in December, 1900. Her fellow "*Doctoresse-en-médecine*" has been more fortunate, and though she has still to put up with too much resistance, stupid sneers and gross imputations, she has, nevertheless, won the day—at least in Paris, where she is in full practice and great demand. And no wonder, for she is naturally needed in various infantine and feminine maladies. Even within my limited personal experience, several important services—both medical and surgical—have been rendered by lady doctors, where the patient would rather have faced death than a man's intervention. Yet, in France more than in other countries—certainly more than in England or in America—there exists a strong feeling of disapproval for the prosecution of medical studies by females. No doubt it is a remnant of what was formerly expected of them: the candor, ignorance, and helplessness which made their charm, but which are incompatible with a state of scientific development. This lost charm has been replaced by knowledge which places doctoresses on a footing of equality with doctors, as they both go through exactly the same course of studies together, and have to pass the same examinations. I have ascertained from several young doctors that the course of medical and surgical studies in common with men does not seem to affect for the worse the tone of female students. They meet together on terms of fellowship and like comrades—the girls neither receiving nor expecting the marks of usual polite deference customary in social intercourse, but having to bear no wilful disrespect, and marriages are not infrequent between doctors and doctoresses—a fact which may be accepted as a proof of the esteem in which these last are held.

Marcel Prévost in one of his "Lettres à Françoise," of November 29, 1900, says: "On peut prévoir que les mœurs féminines changeront beaucoup et que la différence sera plus sensible de 1950 à 1900, par exemple, que de 1900 à 1850. Jamais l'esprit de la femme n'a fermenté comme à cette heure. La femme reprend par devers soi le souci de son bonheur au lieu de le confier à l'homme. . . . La femme au cours des prochaines années tiendra de plus en plus à rapprocher sa condition de celle de l'homme. Et les habitudes, les apparences même des deux sèxes inclineront de plus en plus à se confondre."

There it no doubt that since so many women can and *do* provide for themselves their condition has been greatly modified. When marriage was unavoidable for poor girls, they had to accept the man who was generous enough to make an offer, almost regardless of their own likes or dislikes, for it was mainly a question of propriety and maintenance; whereas now those who support themselves can afford to wait and choose; and even to remain single if they prefer it. And if they marry, the dignity of their married life is enhanced by reason of their former independence, which shields them from the supposition of mercenary motives.

This is the best aspect of the question, but there is another not quite so satisfactory to be considered.

The accomplished and well-educated girl has, generally, formed tastes for higher culture and refinement which it is difficult to indulge in the married state; when a small income entails much domestic drudgery. Difficult, but not impossible, though in the majority of cases, the difficulty proves insurmountable. Everyone knows that both culture and refinement require time; and there is not much left to a young wife and mother, anxious to keep the home pleasant and comfortable for her husband, and who attends also to the multifarious needs of babyhood probably with only the help of an untrained little "*bonne à tout faire.*" There may be in the beginning a brave attempt at keeping up music and serious reading, but too often will lassitude make the effort too great, and whenever a spare hour is snatched it will be for rest and light reading, probably embittered by the sense of dissatisfaction and discouragement at one's powerlessness, until habit engenders first resignatian and later unconcern. Sometimes the young wife cannot be reconciled to such a mode of life and seeks to improve it by turning her acquirements

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to account in some way, but if her occupations lie outside of the house there is an end — unavoidably — to family and home-life. Husband and wife only meet in the evenings—both tired with the day's work and only fit for rest; and both the care of the children and domestic comforts are left to servants—in such conditions conjugal life is little more than an association of interests.

A more satisfactory arrangement is arrived at when the wife is able to undertake some kind of remunerative work in her own house, such as giving lessons, copying manuscripts or music, writing for the press, or making translations, painting fans, screens, lamp-shades, or bonbon-boxes, for she can at the same time direct servants, watch over her children, minister to her husband's comforts, and remain the centre and soul of the home and family. The earnings are not usually considerable, yet they are always important enough to make an appreciable difference in a modest budget, and it is quite worth while to get a "*femme-de-ménage*" at four pence an hour to replace the wife in the household drudgery if she can, by other and pleasanter work, earn fifteen or twenty times as much in the same space of time.

Therefore the best solution of the problem of women's maintenance now arrived at by a sort of common national agreement, is to provide them early with means of self-support, which may be used or not toward that end. It brings them emancipation from the coercion of hazardous marriages—but, in too many cases, it brings also emancipation from paternal authority and guidance; so that after a dispassionate consideration of the subject under its complex bearings, it is still difficult in summing up to decide whether the "Modern French Girl" is a loss or a gain to her nation. She has grown more like her sisters in other nations; she is better informed, better educated, less dependent than her predecessors; she can shift better for herself, and even prove helpful to others—altogether she is quite a different creature from "the sweetest being on earth" of John Ruskin. Of such, a few perhaps are still living serenely and contentedly submissive to the old traditions, in some retired and peaceful provincial homes, but as a body or a class they belong to bygone times, for their subtle charm and grace have become obsolete and useless in the stern struggle for life in which women have been driven by circumstances to take an active part.

THE POINT OF VIEW

AN event whose significance seems to have escaped general comment, is the formal affiliation of the Chicago Teachers' Federation with the Chicago Federation of Labor. This means that the delegates for the "unionized" teachers are admitted to membership in the central and controlling labor Senate of Chicago, on the same conditions with the delegates of any other "unionized" body of "working people"—the teamsters or the hod-carriers, for example. Here is thrust upon us a novel, practical application of the good old American tradition that "we are all 'laborers' in this country, whether we labor with hand or brain." Yet, familiar as is the tradition, accepted in the matter-of-course way in which we subscribe to the Declaration of Independence doctrine of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," most of us would be at a loss to account for a re-classification of "labor" distinctions in such literal interpretation of the terms of the tradition. It upsets preconceived notions in quite a startling way, and puts present emphasis on a question we are given to asking vaguely: "Where is this sort of thing going to stop?"

A Radical Departure in Unionism.

Whatever the impelling motive that first led the Chicago teachers to organize a union, to offer combined resistance to some form or forms of petty tyranny, to end "the power of

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special privilege," as one teacher put it, such motive has obviously a local rather than a general interest. It may have been a case of the political exaction. For in some American cities, not to include Chicago with no evidence at hand to warrant it, the shameful fact seems to be that public school teachers pay regular "assessments" to the dominant party "machine," and a percentage on the increased salary in case of a promotion, to the official or "boss" whose "influence" has secured it. But whatever there may have been originally behind the Chicago departure, its real significance lies in the final identification of the teachers with a "Central Labor Union." Of this the *American Federationist*, the official organ of the American Federation of Labor of which Mr. Gompers is president, gives an explanation as startling as the departure itself: The need of saving "the democracy of the public schools" from the dominance of university bias. The universities have been largely successful, the article charges, in an attempt "to compel the school course to conform to university requirements, thus making public high schools mere feeders for universities, instead of being the people's universities where the boys and girls of the poor could be trained for the real work of life." University dominance means adoption of "the Greek idea of contempt for manual labor"; a spirit "impervious to all appeals to associate for mutual helpfulness with any trade-union movement"; and the acceptance of a political economy representing "the old exploded school of 'grab-all' economists." In place of "a flexible public educational system which will accommodate itself to the changing industrial, economic, commercial, and social conditions of the people," we have a system modelled on that of "privately endowed educational institutions," which "must teach in accord with private interests or cease to teach." These conclusions are stated largely in the language of the Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics, whose report is quoted at length as authority for them.

Such a revelation of an unsuspected attitude toward university endowment by "private interests," insinuating sinister motives in the educational gifts of great wealth, presents in a new aspect the much-debated propriety of accepting such gifts from donors whose business methods are open to question. But of far greater importance is the direct issue thus raised of a divorce between the university and public school systems, for whose closer union, direct and indirect, through the summer school, the university extension course, and the pedagogic department of the university, all friends of popular education have been unanimously and earnestly striving. Does this apparent tacit endorsement, given as it is in an official explanation, commit a body of representative teachers to the new doctrine of delimiting education in antagonistic spheres? Is the long-settled belief in the solidarity of education, like many other inherited doctrines, now called upon to justify itself? A suggested answer to the first question is found in the cardinal principle of unionism, its most pernicious principle, President Eliot declares, that of subordinating individual development to the capacity of the average. To that principle, essentially hostile to independence or advance in education or professional life, do these Chicago teachers stand committed by their act in becoming "unionists?"

"I do not want to discuss the advisability of the Chicago public school teachers joining the Federation of Labor," says Professor Graham Taylor, "but I know that the action will be of immense benefit to the trade-unions. It will broaden their scope and bring to their assistance thousands of people who have hitherto opposed them." Perhaps. But there is more than a possibility that the modification will come from unionism, that the teachers, instead of broadening the scope of unionism, will find their own narrowed. The dominating force of unionism, its power of resistance, is extraordinary. This is a fact that must be reckoned with in any estimate of the effect of incorporating in it even a selected body of fresh members of a different point of view, such as teachers.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE PROPOSED BUILDING FOR ART EXHIBITIONS

THE artists who are associated together in groups, in the different art societies of New York, are asking the public or its wealthy members for a building in which exhibitions may be held. It is well to state the proposal and the demand in brief words: because the matter has more importance than will be allowed it by those who see in it merely a question of better opportunities for each artist to sell the works of art which he may produce. Even that demand would be reasonable! Even if there were nothing in the proposal more interesting to the community than the providing of such an exchange as that, the community might perhaps have a general interest in the matter. Even if the workers at fine art were convicted of seeking their own worldly advancement, their wishes might be considered. They have proved to be liberal-minded; for it is not the artists who ask for a duty on foreign works of art, or who begrudge the free coming in of what Europe and Asia have to offer, or who protest against the giving of commissions to French portrait-painters in the way of free choice and an open market. The artists are patient and reasonable; but they and the whole community are unable to deny that American work in fine art has received, as yet, less than its due. The artists must have a chance to sell if the community asks them to work, and a good chance to sell, if their work is to be good.

This would be well; but the New York proposal has much more in it than this. It is a proposal for enlightening the community; first directly, then indirectly by enlightening the artists. First, there should be an opportunity to hold exhibitions of fine art in a central location, central for non-residents as well as for citizens, and therefore on the line of communication between the different hotels, and also between the hotels generally and the great shops; and the accommodation should be so ample that many societies could exhibit at the same time. Second, the societies would work with more effect, if their own places of meeting were provided in the same building or group of buildings with the exhibition galleries.

II

IT will mislead the inquirer if he thinks about this scheme as one for a Parisian *salon*, or for something equivalent to what is known by that name in France. You cannot have such an exhibition out of France. There are reasons to believe that our present picture exhibitions, with the less frequent sculpture exhibitions, represent the American art world as fully as the two salons represent the French art world. Five hundred pictures and a few drawings in the United States assuredly stand for American art production, both in its quantity and in its value, as well as five thousand can be thought to represent what France is doing. There used to be one salon only, exhibiting three or four thousand pictures, a thousand or more works of sculpture, as many prints from engraved plates, and a very small number of works of decorative and industrial fine art. There are now two such exhibitions held every year, and the aggregate number of exhibits is increased, though perhaps not doubled; but no one is to assume that there are not other exhibitions, smaller exhibitions, private ones, held in Paris. There are as many of them as there are in New York, proportionally, which is another way of saying that there are five times as many. It has not been observable that the doubling the number of salon exhibitions has diminished the number of exhibitions at private galleries. Whatever may come of the housing under one roof of the two salons, as has now been achieved in *le Grand Palais*, left over from the exhibition of 1900, the change does not seem to have diminished the general interest in matters that are excluded from these two exhibitions; or which are not proposed to them—perhaps on the ground that they will be overwhelmed in the vast mass of exhibits, and therefore, as the owners or authors think, too much overlooked.

Let it be repeated, that as far as New York

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is concerned, representing as it does a vast section of the country, the Academy of Design stands for one salon and the Society of American Artists for the other, fairly well. If the National Sculpture Society were to join forces with one or the other of the above-named societies, mainly of painters, that joint exhibition would be altogether equivalent, for us, to one or the other of the great Paris shows. It is a mere local accident or temporary lack of means that has caused sculpture to be separated from painting in our American gatherings of works of art; it so happens that for fifty years the painters had "flocked by themselves"; there being so few sculptors that the work of these latter was immediately caught up and utilized in public places and in public buildings, while the public was too ignorant to bear the exhibition of those original plasters which should have been chosen to send to the annual shows. The union of the Sculpture Society with either one of those societies which shows a great collection of paintings and water-color drawings every year, would produce approximately a salon; but this would not by any means fulfil the requirements of the moment, or satisfy at all those who are longing to get something valuable, something permanently useful by the concentration of artistic effort in one of the ways above suggested.

III

THERE comes from Paris itself a suggestion of the ideal salon.* It is urged that pictures are badly shown when they are hung on walls in endless succession, horizontally and vertically, without grouping, without the possibility of wise arrangement, without proper setting-off, without surroundings; set side by side in endless and unseizable quantity. To this proposition taken by itself the reader may not at once object; it may even seem a pleasant suggestion to him that, as is proposed by the reformers in question, the paintings shall be grouped with hangings, with decorative furniture, with such sculpture as will not by its white mass destroy the pictures in the neighborhood, with decorative objects set, not behind glass, but on pedestals and on tops of cabinets. That is tempting; one realizes that in his own apartments, if he be well-to-do, or in rooms which he loves to remember or to imagine. In a well-handled, private collection, things are arranged in this way, prettily combined one with another; even a precious painting on the wall helped by the neighborhood of other even if minor works of fine art, and helped, moreover, by such harmonies of color as are derived from the neighborhood of other paintings and from the background itself. The picture in question is not picked out for special insistence on the student's attention; it is when seen far more agreeably seen than if it had been more isolated. The reader will feel that if he had one hundred pictures of value he would not put them in a bare room which had nothing else in it; but then also he would feel that he would not invite as many people as that room would hold, to carry catalogues in their hands and jostle one another in the attempt to see his pictures. He would object to the one feature of a great public show as much as he would to the other. And so it is that it dawns upon the reformer that he is asking something which it would be quite immeasurably difficult to obtain. And, as one reads the arguments advanced by those who desire an ideal "salon," he sees that the grouping of furniture and vases, statuettes, and bijouterie, pictures and hangings, would involve such an encroachment upon the space left for the coming and going visitors and would involve such restrictions and police regulations and so much watchfulness on the part of the care-takers, that the first purpose of these great annual shows would be largely defeated.

On the other hand, it is very true that something might be done; and the annual exhibition of the Architectural League shows in a way what might be done. Great credit is due to the exhibition committees of that society for the independent way in which they have organized what they call their "Decoration" department. The rooms, which are more or less given up to the Sub-committee on Decoration, are used with great discretion, and color is combined with color, form with form, artistic thought with thought, design with design, in a very instructive fashion. It has not been found impracticable there to encroach even upon the floor space in a reasonable way, with decorative pieces of hard pottery, with large bronzes, with chests and screens. The owners and exhibitors of such pieces run a certain risk, of course; but so do those who

*See the Field of Art for November, 1901.

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send an oil painting to an exhibition. There is a tacit agreement among the visitors, a bit of public spirit, which in some way prevents them from fingering the paintings or from poking their umbrellas into wood-carvings. It is indeed but seldom that injuries are heard of and those few are not often serious. A squabble once in every five or six years is the worst of the bad results so far reported; and the conclusion is that the committees who are trying to make their exhibits attractive will do more good than the theorists; for already in the exhibition above named, paintings are hung between "painted cloths" and are none the worse for the neighborhood—marbles grouped with rough designs in pottery and their beauty thereby enhanced. In what is said below about the inexpediency of confounding all the exhibits of the societies into one, there is no implication of any unwillingness to see works of art in different materials or inspired by different lines of thought so compared and contrasted that their difference is the more strongly visible.

IV

A YEAR ago in these columns* there was much insistence upon the great value to the artists and to the whole community of the different societies. Not all of those societies hold exhibitions. Some of them by their very nature are out of the way of doing so and others have not yet begun such work. It hardly appears that the Society of Mural Painters can hold an exhibition very often, because the display of two or three of the productions of its members for the year would fill a gallery; and then it is almost never practicable with our American habits of work to secure the loan of one of these mural pictures for a month; they are always wanted in a hurry, having been ordered about a year too late or called for a year too soon. The Sculpture Society suffers from the same obvious difficulty; but there is now so much sculpture produced that in spite of this a sort of exhibition has been brought together five times in the course of twice as many years. There are then, six societies which hold exhibitions nearly every year; three or four others which exhibit less frequently, and the immediate possibility of the foundation of other societies organized for special purposes, and, in some cases, really needed for the intellectual advancement of the artistic community. Once assume, as it is assumed in this paper, that the separate action of societies with special objects in view, is on the whole very desirable, and it will be found that there is a call for a Society of Portrait Painters, a Society of Glass Workers, with special reference to the making of ornamental windows—"stained glass" as the unlucky phrase puts it—and societies of workers in metal, pottery, and the like, organized to encourage and enlighten those much-needed and really patriotic members of the community who are trying to do needed work. There is, of course, somewhere in the country, a Society of Arts and Crafts which indeed has not yet exhibited in New York, but which, either in its own capacity, or through some of its off-shoots and imitators, may be expected to do so very soon. If not, a society of similar aims will grow up in New York; but this will be only a step toward the inevitable, an aid to the growth of the separate clubs of enlightened handicraftsmen. There is much to be desired and even much to be hoped for in the labor of those workmen at small enterprises of their own, the holders of pottery-making plants with one little kiln, the enamellers who have a single furnace not too big nor too hot to stand indoors, the makers of delightfully designed bindings who occupy a back room with a good, steady north light, the carvers who are not working for great furniture firms. The workers in pastel, striving to stimulate their beautiful art after a century of torpor; the wood-engravers, to whose work we are going to turn again, for pure fine art, as soon as the limitations for photographic copying become familiar; the etchers; the lithographic artists; the book-illustrators *as such*, with thoughts of a great past in their minds: all of these bodies and groups of workmen need their own associations and alliances.

Now what is it that forms the chief difficulty in the way of the foundation and prosperity of these associations large and small? It is the unreasonable cost of city rooms fit for the meetings of any such society no matter how small. The meeting-room must be in a place which the members will find it easy to reach; it must be pleasant, with a good light by day and a fair chance of illumination by night; it must be large enough to allow of the gradual accumulation of books or even of ob-

*See the Field of Art for December, 1901.

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jects of art which, were the rooms themselves less costly, might be within the reach of the funds of each. The more successful of the art societies stagger under the burden of their annual rent, in whatever shape that rent presents itself. The hopefulness and the not wholly blamable ambition of each society causes it to aspire to larger and handsomer rooms than it can really pay for. To this there must be added the further great cost of the halls necessary for public exhibitions. If then it were possible to offer rooms to these societies at such a price as, for instance, they might be had in London or in any other city where the burden of daily outlay is less heavy than it is in New York, the first effect of this relieving of the burden might be to increase unreasonably the number of such societies; but this exaggeration of a healthy sentiment would soon disappear and the number of the societies come back to that which would be within the power of the artistic community to maintain in a fairly successful way.

Now, if there were any doubt of the inherent desirability of there being all these societies with separate objects, the solution of these problems would be easy—it is offered us every once in a while by persons who assume that the little societies should be fused into one big one "in order to concentrate the power of the artist world." But in fact it is exactly the need of the separate schemes, the separate whims, the separate advocacy of separate principles that makes these societies most useful; nor is it in any way likely that much intellectual advancement will come from the very large aggregations of artists which are proposed. The action of a very small society may not be so immediately visible, its utterances may not be as boldly pronounced and may not excite as much attention as might be desired, but the main thing is that the intelligence of its separate members shall be constantly cultivated and helped by their mutual aid. It is of but secondary importance that each society should be recognized by its public utterances; the important thing is that the members of each of these societies should encourage one another in such way that the separate work of the separate artists shall be bettered, as a final result.

V

ALL the considerations presented above seem to tell against the uniting of the different exhibitions into one annual show. There is, however, every reason why there should be simultaneous exhibitions; it would even be a delightful thing if the student could walk out of the room where the paintings are shown into the larger and differently lighted hall where the sculpture of the year would stand about or would be raised upon walls and screens. Again it would be altogether desirable if the maker of especially decorative furniture should be able to compare his own ways of design with those of the jeweller, for instance. Nor should there be any hindrance to the competition of the great commercial houses. If the employers on a great scale of skilled labor and artistic taste would exhibit the proceeds of such labor and taste for direct comparison with the work of those artists who are working at their own expense and risk, the field would be enlarged and unquestionably a vastly greater interest would inhere in the whole combined display. Things cannot be conducted on too great a scale, if they are intelligently conducted; no one will object to a huge building with twenty galleries of different sizes, ten of them devoted to the uses of certain societies, while the other ten stand waiting for the larger needs of the occasional great general display, or again for hiring out to private persons who have a show of art to undertake. No one can object to such an enterprise on however great a scale. Something of this kind was undertaken under excellent management in the case of the handsome house built in West Fifty-seventh Street; and the experience gained by the managers of that society is undoubtedly at the service of the community when a greater scheme shall be in hand.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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